This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

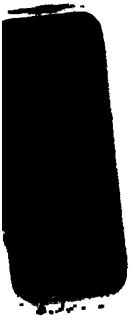
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

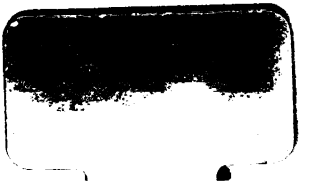
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 07139340 3





BWX

LESTER

☆ Geo. L. Rives.

3 Jan. 1913

Barclay

MY

CONSULSHIP.

IN TEN BOOKS.

MY

CONSULSHIP.

By C. EDWARDS LESTER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

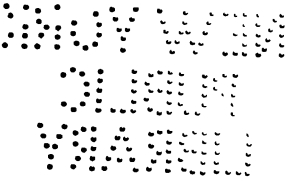
NEW YORK:
CORNISH, LAMPORT & CO., PUBLISHERS,
No. 8 Park Place.

1853.

K C.4

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
584843
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
R 1913 L

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1853, by
CORNISH, LAMPORT & CO.,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.



Stereotyped by Vincent Dill, Jr.,
No. 29 Beekman Street, N. Y.

R. CRAIGHEAD, PRINTER,
53 *Vesey Street, N. Y.*

BOOK FIRST.

I.

At the close of one of the brightest June days of 1846, as the sun was kindling his evening fires on the dome of St. Peter's, in one of the magnificent chambers of the Vatican, Gregory XVI. lay dying. He was a *very* old man: his thin hair was white as silver, and the veins lay large and blue on his hands and temples: and his voice was complaining like a sick child's; and he asked Gaitano, his favorite servant, to turn him in his bed, and then to draw aside the damask curtains of the western window, and let the glorious sun beam once more on his eye. It did shine kindly on his white face; and the golden doors, and the porphyry columns, and the stately hangings of his couch, and even Raphael's *fresco* angels looked kindly down on the old man, and he asked Gaitano if he thought he was *very* sick.

II.

And then that western sky became all gold and purple, and, as it paled into night, the stars came out, still and piercing, through the blue: and a thousand bells sent their Ave-Maria chimings away over the Campanian fields, and

far up among those stars: and the noisy bustle of Rome died slowly into its evening murmur, and the great city's pulse beat calmly, like the night heavings of the sea; and all nature was kind, and the old man said he wished to live.

All Rome was praying before her altars and shrines, at that hour—but not for him. All Rome was bleeding too, and Gregory must die.

The prisons of the Eternal City were full; the arms of the executioners were tired; the spy was by the hearth-stone of every family; the moon was shining on the glittering arms of the brigands, on the mountains of Romagna, and twenty thousand exiles were waiting for the old Pontiff to cease to breathe. And as the moon went up, higher, and calmer, and clearer, the old man of the Vatican breathed shorter, and harder, and faster. How many widows' tears he felt dropping on his cheek as the death-damps beaded his brow; and how many ghosts of murdered men glided across his glazing eye; and how many prisoners' sighs lingered in his ear, when familiar sounds struck its palsied chamber no longer—God knows! When Gregory XVI. was dead, Rome breathed free again.

III.

Gregory XVI. ascended the throne of St. Peter and the Cæsars' the 2d of February, 1831. The preceding year had been made memorable in the history of Europe by the revolutions that had swept over it. The aspect of society had changed—the thrones of tyrants had for another brief hour in Freedom's struggles melted away. France had, for the second time, shaken from her the foul despotism of the Bourbons; Spain attempted to follow her example; and all

Europe was convulsed with the hopes and fears of revolution. The tocsin was sounded from the shores of the German Ocean to the banks of the Danube, and from the falling battlements of Warsaw to the mouldering ruins of Rome.

Italy, too, heard the watch-word, and joined in the universal shout. Liberty had come to others without blood or struggle; and must she, who had so often cast all upon the hazard, be again struck down on her Procrustean bed? Her arm was to be palsied, but not till she had, like Poland, leveled a brave blow on the breast of her spoiler.

During this revolution, Pius VIII. ruled the holy see. Little had been hoped for from his administration, and nothing was done for the cause of liberty. The fervid, the impatient, and the sanguine, rushed blindly into revolution, and throughout the Peninsula there was a general movement. But the wise, the prudent, and the far-seeing, waited for the old Pope to die. After a reign of one year and eight months, he was summoned to his reward.

IV.

Everything now depended on the new election. If a great statesman, or a good man, could then have taken the reins, Italy would have now been far on the road to self-regeneration, and the Church herself purified from her more enormous corruptions.

Our readers know that the Popes are elected by the College of Cardinals. They assemble immediately after the funeral ceremonies of the deceased Pontiff are over, shut themselves up, and have no communication with the world till the new Pope is elected; and he must be one of their number. There can never be but seventy-two Cardinals at one time, and there are

seldom so many. They may be appointed in any part of the world, from those prelates who have passed to the rank of bishops or archbishops; and they are chosen by the Pope himself. Generally they are Italians, and more than half of them reside permanently in Rome. The moment, however, the Pope is dead, couriers are despatched to every part of the world where cardinals reside, to inform them of the event, that they may hasten to the capital of the Catholic world, to participate in what must always be regarded as an important event—the creation of a new Pontiff.

The meeting of the College is the signal for a struggle of ambition. There are always several aspirants for the purple; and it is unnecessary to add, that *any* means are resorted to, likely to prove successful. Sometimes a bold, powerful, and cunning man, seizes on the crown, bearing down all opposition. His friends are zealous, and his enemies disarmed by fear. And thus, between love, hope, fear, promises, bribes, and ambition, the intrepid or cunning candidate succeeds. If, however, there happens at this crisis to be no ruling intellect who can seize the reins with a giant hand, *another* policy prevails. The different *cliques* or parties in the College, settle upon those men they can guide and control to their liking, and the most numerous party prevails. Thus it generally happens, that some Cardinal of *mediocre* talent, or extreme age, or feeble or timid character, is called to the throne; and he is entirely controlled during his pontificate by the party which placed him there. Ambitious, but disappointed candidates, console themselves with the hope that his reign will be short, and it generally is. Pontiffs of this class seldom know what is done under their administrations. They sign state papers without reading them, and the Roman people, and the interests of the

Church, are swayed by a faction who has no ends to accomplish but the gratification of private revenge or ambition.

Gregory XVI. was one of these men. He certainly never displayed before his election a quality which gave him any real claim to that high station; nor after he ascended the throne, did he prove, by a single act, that he was gifted with any of those endowments which fit men for control. But the party which elected him prescribed his acts, and governed his policy.

V.

His reign began with cruelty. All good men felt that the Church and State needed reform, and it was believed that the only effective means to suppress rebellion, quench conspiracies, and quiet the public excitement, was to establish a liberal administration. But poor old Gregory knew nothing about government. He was only a cowled monk: he had lounged away some forty years of his life in the cloister, as far as he could carry himself beyond the cares and troubles of the great world, where, in the gratification of his love of ease, he had to consult only his personal pleasures. He was a man of considerable bookish, monkish learning: but his heart, his head, and his feelings, were with the old dusty ages; which flowed so quietly by, long before the seclusion of the convent was disturbed by the whistle of the steam-car. He was a man of some mildness of character, and if left to himself would have done neither much good nor evil. He was too humane to be cruel, but he was too feeble to keep others from being so: too kind-hearted to be a tyrant, but too weak to hold the reins of state himself.

At first, he was accessible to his subjects, and the loyal, the good, the oppressed, and the afflicted, flocked around him.

They heard kind words, and were encouraged to hope for relief and better times. But petitions, memorials, and applications, accumulated on his table—his ministers even took pains to swell their number; and, at last, it had the desired effect. The feeble old man could not read one in a hundred. Crazed with business, the aged Pontiff sent 'all those troublesome papers' away to the public offices; and ever after, as a general rule, refused, till the day of his death, to listen to the petitions and memorials of his people. It mattered not how grievous was the burden, nor how easily it could be relieved—it mattered not how bold and villainous was the injustice, nor how cruel and wrong the sentence—all applicants were told by the old man, who *should* have been a father to his people, to go to His Eminence, the Cardinal ——, or ——, in such or such an office, and it would 'all be attended to.'

At last, no person who applied to the 'Holy Father' for relief or justice, could see his face. His palace gates were sometimes crowded by a desolate, sad, wronged, and heart-broken company, waiting for hours, in the vain hope that they might catch a glimpse of their Prince, who *must* listen to their prayers when he saw their wretchedness! But the weary old man shut himself up in the deep recesses of his palace, where his tired ear could no longer be disturbed by the cries of the distressed, or the prayers of the poor! How unlike the Son of man and his benevolent apostles!

VI.

I. THE DENIAL OF THE RIGHT OR PRIVILEGE OF PETITION THUS BECAME AN ESTABLISHED PRINCIPLE OF GREGORY'S ADMINISTRATION. This was the first great evil of his reign, and it prepared the way for all the evils which followed. It has always

been the *habit* of tyranny to turn a deaf ear to the prayer of the oppressed—in all ages it has been the distinguishing trait of despotism. I note it as the first and greatest evil of Gregory's pontificate, and the sequel will show how much ruin and distress it brought upon his people. Such would be the necessary consequences under *any* form of Government.

But this bad tree brings forth the most fatal fruit in Rome. By the Constitutions of the Church, as we have received them from Christ and his apostles, his ministers are the 'shepherds of their flocks,' and one of the highest and most peculiar offices of the 'Bishop' of the New Testament is to be an 'overseer, to watch over and feed the flock of God.' This Rome has always preached; and even amidst the blandishments and corruptions of power, many of the Roman Pontiffs have recognized, and partially adhere to, this primitive principle. They have had appointed days, on which *all* their people could have free access to their 'Spiritual Father,' that they might relieve suffering and vindicate the oppressed.

This, too, has always been a practicable custom for the Popes. Their States are narrow, and their subjects few. They may know the condition of *all* their people, and the peculiarities of their office deliver them from the *etiquette* of secular courts. In the estimation, therefore, of all good men, they are guilty of great injustice whenever they close their ears against the complaints of the suffering and the outraged.

Such a policy, too, it is evident, must open the door to enormous abuses and corruptions in ministers. However unjust they may be, however cruel or tyrannical, *their victims have no relief!* They must bear the wrong in silence—they must lie down passively under the grinding heel of injustice, without murmuring, without complaining—a complaint, a

lamentation, a tear even, may send them to the gloomy secrets of a dungeon. Such were the auspices under which the fatal reign of Gregory began.

Before the white hairs of old Gregory were laid in the grave, his kingdom had long been filled with mourning; and when the couriers bore the news to his afflicted people that he was dead, they smiled through their tears, and thanked God for their deliverance.

VII.

Gregory had his reveries often while living—*all* men have them. In these reveries there sometimes mingled, we suppose, thoughts of his people—how they were governed—how many of them died, *on an average*, daily in prison, or on the block, or by Austrian or Swiss bullets, or in exile—and if there were no remedy for all this suffering and scandal. Sometimes, too, it is natural he should have felt unquiet about all this, even when he was yet a hale and rather humorous old man.

It is quite as likely, too, that certain things we are to speak about flung their shadows over his sick-bed pillow:—for dying men have made living ones suppose, that when we feel we are nearing that uncertain world, much of the good and evil we have done is suddenly remembered—particularly the evil—and that nothing can medicine it away. It often gives good men pain to think they have lost a fair opportunity of doing a generous deed—more still to think of wrong done in their names, when they were not present, or did not arrest the hand of the wrong-doer.

In the Middle Ages, a Florentine secreted himself in the chamber of his Prince, and plunged a dagger to his heart. 'And what harm had I ever done thee?' said the dying

Prince. 'None,' replied the assassin. 'Then why hast thou taken my life?' 'Because thy minister took that of my *brother*,' was the answer. 'Alas!' exclaimed the dying Prince, 'I knew not that it was done.' 'Then will I stab thee again,' was the stern reply, as he drove the dagger a second time through his bosom. Sometimes conscience gives us similar responses. From all we can learn of Gregory, this was his greatest crime. It was enough! Men who have power are responsible for it; they should see what is done by their ministers.

VIII.

II. THE CARDINAL LAMBRUSCHINI, THE SECRETARY OF STATE. There seems to be but one opinion of this man, namely, that in duplicity and cunning, in cold-blooded cruelty and tyranny, in hatred to all that was new in civilization, and in littleness and bigotry, he surpassed every minister of Europe. When he missed the Pontificate in 1846, and Pius IX. began a liberal reign, the world supposed it would hear no more of this Jesuit politician. But he so organized his machinery that he at last forced Pius to change his policy, and when Pius became a retrograde Pope, Lambruschini became his minister.

He very early acquired the mastery of Gregory, and ruled the Church and the State without let or hindrance. On his soul is to be laid the blood of many thousands of innocent victims, who have been torn from the altars of God and the embraces of weeping families, to the block of the executioner and the galley of the slave—who have been dragged from the bosom of their friends at night, and hurried away, under the covert of darkness to the frontiers into exile. I might fill a vol-

ume with the dark story of his cruelties, and scarcely open the bloody history. But I must be brief. The Italians themselves estimate his victims by thousands.—It is said by the most intelligent, that during his administration, at least twenty thousand persons, who had committed no deed, which in the sight of good men, ought to condemn them, were sent into exile, and that *an equal number* suffered *death or imprisonment*. I know not how near the truth these estimates may be, but I can say that I never heard a man in the Roman States estimate the number less, and I have, during the last ten years, conversed on the subject with very many persons from and in Rome, of all classes.

IX.

Foreigners who have been in Rome a single season, or indeed longer, may be inclined to doubt the accuracy of this calculation. But it should be observed, that in Rome, more than in any other capital, external objects attract and absorb the attention of travelers. Men go there for what Rome *has been*, and not for what it is *now*. Amidst fallen columns and ruined temples, there is little disposition to contemplate the condition of society. Very few of these many thousand visitors take any note of the doings of the government, except as they affect external affairs. How many victims of bigotry and superstition are concealed in the murky dungeons of prisons; how many families are robbed of their fathers and of their children, to be sent into banishment, *even in the Capital*, the traveler is not likely to know.

Besides, it should be remembered that Rome is almost the only city in the States of the Church, much frequented by foreigners, and that the great proportion of the cruelties in-

flicted on the subjects of the Pope were in the provinces. I have seen educated foreigners, in different parts of Europe, who had just come from Rome, where they had passed two or three months, who had not even heard of a violent outbreak, which ended in the execution of thirty-seven persons, the exile of sixty-eight, and the imprisonment of two hundred and fifty-five; although this all happened within one hundred miles of Rome, and at the very time they were in the Capital. Lambruschini was cunning; cruel men usually are. He worked in the dark. He had reduced one of Shakspeare's well-known sayings to a maxim of state:

"Put out that light, and then—put out that light."

The most profound secrecy was enjoined upon every officer and *employé* of the Roman State, from the minister of justice down to the *scrivano* of the executioner in the distant province; and it was no uncommon circumstance for the citizens of Rome itself, to get the first intelligence of some barbarous and bloody cruelty of the government through the English or French journals, three or four weeks after the event. But to be more explicit:—

X.

III. THE EMPLOYMENT OF SPIES WAS ONE OF THE CHIEF CHARACTERISTICS OF THE GOVERNMENT. Spies form indeed a part of the machinery of every government of Europe. But under Lambruschini they constituted the principal agency.

This pestiferous, infamous class of menials *swarmed* through the Roman States. No other expression will even *hint* the idea of their number. It is said that they numbered *one-fifth of the entire population.* This immense army was composed

of many divisions, battalions, regiments, companies, and small detachments, all officered and duly equipped.

(1.) One of the largest and most effective *corps* was furnished by the persons employed by the government, viz., the host of governors, magistrates, secretaries, treasurers, postmasters, and officers of the revenue and judicial courts; for an almost invariable condition of office, and generally an open or secret oath, required of every person in the employment of the State, the vigilant performance of the duties of a spy.

(2.) The officers and soldiers of the army, who were mostly foreigners, having no interest in common with the people, and paid only to keep them in subjection, made another very effective corps.

(3.) A large portion of the priesthood, more particularly the Society of the Jesuits; and who can measure the extent of that fearful agency! To the ear of the confessional every secret of Italy is sooner or later confided. I do not believe it possible for a conspiracy to have been concerted in the Peninsula during Lambruschini's reign, without being discovered by the Jesuits; nor do I believe there were many families for ten years in the Roman States, whose secrets were not known to the government in Rome, almost as perfectly as to themselves. It was well understood that the ecclesiastics in the capital and provinces could seldom hope for favor or preferment from the court, unless they had 'rendered some service to the State,' or, in other words, been confidential and useful spies. I do not say that the great body of the priesthood was contaminated and disgraced by this infamous trade. There were thousands of noble-hearted, independent men among them, particularly the parish ministers, who would not yield to such villainous practices; but the great body of the *unemployed*

priesthood, and all the Jesuits, stood 'shoulder to shoulder' with the ministry, and supported every throne and tyrant in Italy.

(4.) Finally, the enormous and fearful machinery of the *Department of Police*, which kept in its active service, and under its pay, an army of men of all trades, professions, and pursuits, who were chosen because they were cunning, and ready for any dishonorable deed.

Lambruschini governed the State, and such were his agencies. The courts of justice were masses of corruption. Justice and Mercy and Truth were bought and sold. The acquittal or condemnation of the accused had little to do with his guilt or innocence, or indeed with the testimony of disinterested witnesses. Nearly all the courts conducted their proceedings in secret; the indicted had often no opportunity of reply or defence. Not unfrequently the first intimation he received of an accusation came to him from the executioner himself. I have myself seen individuals, who were sent into exile, who never were able to ascertain the crime for which they suffered; and thousands of others were thrown into prisons without knowing even the charges alleged against them.

In this dreadful state of affairs, the innocent knew they had nothing to gain, and the guilty nothing to lose. The former dreaded any legal process, as the *guilty* dread it in other countries, and the profligate resorted for acquittal to those base means which alone promised success. But when the testimony of spies (which was received in nearly all the courts secretly) was rejected by the judges, and the victim of the government could not be ruined in one way, another expedient was resorted to.

SPECIAL COMMISSIONS abounded. These were arbitrary courts,

which overruled even the highest tribunals. Composed of one or more commissioners, appointed by the minister, to decide cases *according to instructions received from head-quarters*, without the slightest regard to evidence or truth, their proceedings were secret, and the unhappy victim had no opportunity to appear in his own defence. In this manner, individuals who had been acquitted by the regular courts, because the charges brought forward could not be proved, *were frequently condemned*. If the case involved property, unlimited corruption ruled the courts, and the litigant who could bribe the highest gained his cause. Perjury was an every-day crime; but priest (for much less than half the money paid to the perjurer) would grant absolution for the crime. Bribery was still more common, and judges who received but a miserable pittance from their salaries, suddenly became rich, although they divided the spoils of justice with others still higher in power. Justice throughout the Roman States became a mockery; bribery and corruption all but universal; the innocent felt no security, and the guilty no alarm. From those in power, corruption spread throughout all orders of society, till at last things reached such a fearful state that the government lost its authority, and society itself was on the point of dissolution. Nothing kept the State together but mercenary Swiss bayonets, and the certainty that the old Pontiff would soon be called to give his account to 'the Judge of all the earth.'

XI.

We have spoken of Gregory's Minister, the Cardinal Lambruschini, a man about whom there seems to be no diversity of opinion among the Italians. His political faith was, that the only hope of the world lay in retrograding, with all possible

speed, to the Middle Ages; that liberal institutions, freedom of commerce, science, railways, popular education, were carrying the human race to destruction as fast as they could well go; and that if the day which everybody else was hoping for should ever come, the ruin would be complete. Man was something of an item in his calculations, for he could be made rather useful to the designs of the Church, which manufactured the requisite number of miracles for him in this world, and boxed him up and labelled him for the next—all on the paternal principle of taking charge of his conscience here, and his soul hereafter. But man could be useful only when governed by a Pope, and the only man in the world fit to be Pope was himself, or Gregory XVI., who was content to take the crown and leave him the sceptre. The only efficient means of government were police spies, bayonets, dungeons, tortures, and deep sepulchral pits, into which his victims were pitched in the dark, and *where they told no tales.* The Millennium was just dawning on the world as Luther rose and spoilt it all. The Inquisition had done something towards bringing back the good old times, but little could be hoped for till it should be once more established. The measured stroke of that brain-destroying water that fell drop by drop on the shaven head of the heretic, was an invention worth more than the Iliad, and the inventor a greater genius than Galileo.

He was cunning without tact—sarcastic, without humor—bigoted, without faith—a glutton, without the taste of an epicure—and a tyrant, without ambition.

His single soul is stained with the individual blood of *some thousands* of innocent victims; and they were not cut down in the heat of battle, nor drawn up in a file and shot down at once, nor murdered in a promiscious mass on some slaughter

day. It was all done in cold blood. It took him somewhat over fifteen years to do it.

Very few of the uncounted throng of strangers who flock to the city of Romulus take any note of the doings of government. To be told that some modern Rienzi had just been strangled in an underground dungeon of St. Angelo (if by a rare chance the fact were known), or that his aged mother had been found dead on her knees under the merciless walls of that gloomy Bastile, would sound quite stale to the tourist who had just come from gazing on the fearful death of Laocoon and his sons, or the petrified group of Niobe and her children.

XII.

Spies were Lambruschini's chief ministers in Church and State. They tracked the steps of the foreigner even to the altar of St. Peter's, they were in the confidence of every family in the State, they listened from behind the hangings of his private room to the whispers of Gregory himself.

This worst of all classes of men who sell themselves, form, as we have said, a part of the machinery of most, if not all, the governments of Europe, and that under Lambruschini they constituted the all-pervading agency.

A second effective division was furnished by the officers and soldiers of the army, who, being foreign mercenaries, felt no interest in common with the people, whose throats they were paid for cutting on all urgent occasions.

I made out the third and most efficient and subtle spies to be the *priesthood*, and I should be better understood if I said *the Jesuits*. And by what standard shall that fearful enginery be measured? Many years of experience in a Jesuit country, and some familiarity with books, have convinced me that

Eugene Sue's Rhodin is the most masterly and truthful portrait of a complete Jesuit that has yet been drawn, and that the electric Frenchman has not overdrawn his character any farther than Bulwer has done that of Richelieu. In every other country Catholicism is in a great measure a voluntary system; in Italy, however, it is the deepest and most irresistible of all the influences of life. The cross is made on the forehead of the new-born child before its mother has put her lips there; that same cross is worn on his bosom through his thoughtless boyhood and earnest manhood, and when he is dying it is the last object his eyes rests on till it sees Him who bore it up the hill of suffering. And through a long life this man has never heard one dispute the divinity of the Church, nor has a doubt ever flashed on his mind that his soul does not depend on it for salvation. This cross is worn around the neck of the prince and the beggar, the bland Jesuit and the copper-colored galley slave, the most depraved of her sex, the brigand on the mountains, and the bloodiest murderer on the track of his victim. I have heard a polished young Italian talk of Voltaire with praise, and 'the mummeries of the priests,' with scorn, while through his gaping shirt bosom, that ever-present medal of 'the virgin and child;' and in a moment of danger he would have hugged it to his heart. Yes, this talisman of the Italian's faith is nearly as sure to be found upon him, as the sign of circumcision on the scattered sons of the long-descended house of Abraham. During Lambruschini's reign, one hundred and fifty millions of a single Jesuit medal, of the virgin and child, were struck in Rome. The Jesuit books say that this medal is worn in gold, or silver, or brass, by every real Roman Catholic in Christendom. I never knew a Catholic who I was sure did not wear it.

XIII.

To the ear of the Confessional, I have said every secret of Italy is sooner or later confided. No conspiracy can be concerted in the Peninsula without being discovered by the priests; nor do I believe there was a family in the Roman States whose secrets were not known to Lambruschini's spies. But let me not be understood as saying that the great body of the priesthood was engaged in this infamous trade, or even tainted with Jesuitism. Of the sincerity and integrity of the great mass of parish priests, of their paternal love for their people, and their kindness to the poor, I have seen more striking examples than I ever expect to find among the clergy of any other church. I wish I could say as much for their *intelligence*. At the same time, I regard the entire bulk of friars and monks as a useless burden to society, and the Society of Jesus as bad, in every respect, as it has ever been represented by Michelet, or Quinet, or Eugene Sue, or Gioberti. However this may be, it is certain that Lambruschini was warmly and earnestly sustained by the Jesuits; that they were his confidential agents, counselors, and executioners, from the beginning to the end of his fatal ministry.

The last great division of this death-army was the police. To give any adequate idea of an Italian police system to an American reader is difficult. It is not enough to say it is the great organ of the State; that its business is to register the name of the last man among all the millions of the population of the State, and to know all his secrets as well as he knows them himself; that the police have no limits set to their power, and are responsible to no one but the minister; that they can, at any hour of the twenty-four, take any subject of

the king from his bed, or office, or fire-side, to a dungeon; seize and burn, or otherwise dispose of his books, papers, writings, bonds, deeds, or obligations; and that the victims can in no tribunal demand reparation, or even a hearing.

This *should* be bad enough to match the enormities of any system; and yet to my countrymen, whose homes are sacred from the intrusion of spies, these words have not enough of the *fearful* in their meaning. It is necessary to live for years in the midst of the system, where there is no confidence between man and man—where the pure young heart does not dare to whisper its new love into a sister's ear—where the husband dare not trust his secrets to his wife—where even priests are tortured in night-dungeons to reveal the secrets of the confessional; and at last he *feels* the infection in the air he breathes—despite himself he *feels* the slime of the spy on the chair he draws up to his fire-side, after his friend is gone. This, too, is not the common spy—*he is the secret agent of the police*—he is your music teacher, master of languages, your bookseller, who has just bought you some prohibited books, a flower girl, a poet-friend, who, *for show*, has been imprisoned by the police for his songs of liberty. *He* is the only one you did not suspect. If you are not a foreigner he has ruined you. Such has been society in Italy—such was it in the Roman States while Gregory was alive and Lambruschini was his minister.

XIV.

Gaitano, the confidential servant of Gregory, was a personage who cannot be overlooked, even in this brief sketch of the dark reign of that unfortunate Pontiff. This man, who for many years swayed such formidable power in the Vatican,

whose will was law in the pontifical palace, who was courted and feared by cardinals, ministers, princes, and kings, began his career in a *barber's shop*. By perseverance and ambition, he rose from the brush and broom to the razor, and at last a dashing sign announced to the Roman world that Gaitano had become a barber, on his own, individual, sole responsibility.

He sometimes shaved Capellari di Belluno, while among ecclesiastics he was known only by the sobriquet of the *humorous monk*. On one occasion, garrulous, as all barbers are, and polite, as all barbers are not, he prophesied that his patron would one day become a cardinal, winning from the good-humored ecclesiastic a pledge that when the day came, he should make him the *cameriere*. 'And so,' said the barber, as Capellari left the shop, 'when I hear that *your Eminence* has received the hat, I may come to claim the pledge.' 'By all means, Caro Gaitano—I shall expect you among my first visitors,' was the good-natured reply of Capellari, as he went away, stroking his smooth red chin with one hand, while he drew forth his tabacchiera with the other.

Not long after, the prophecy was verified; everybody was astonished, but no one so much as the Cardinal himself, 'Send for Gaitano,' were his first words, as the messenger entered with the news. 'Your eminence need not send far,' responded a smooth voice, and the next moment the barber was at his feet, and had kissed his hand. From that day he never left him. For good or evil, he followed him through life, like his shadow.

A few years later, fortune played her last freak with the humorous monk, and gave him the triple crown, and with it nominally, heaven, earth, and the other place. Gaitano

rose with his master. He now became a personage of no little importance. The cameriere of the Pope is always in attendance on his person; he possesses his unlimited confidence; he is greeted with flattery and reverence wherever he goes; his favor is courted by all who wish to approach His Holiness. He is a kind of private and confidential secretary —a position which shrewd servants often occupy in Italy, where gentlemen can treat their dependants with familiarity without spoiling them.

Gaitano was like one of Goldoni's characters—he could not read, but he could write excellently well, and he was gifted with a kind of natural sagacity and cunning which more than compensated for his literary defects. He had served the Cardinal long enough to be indispensable to the Pope. He perfectly understood the failings and weaknesses of his master, and as he was his superior in intellect, shrewdness, and knowledge of mankind, he gained an ascendant over his mind which at last became complete. He flattered his hopes, aroused his fears, gratified all his desires, and administered to all his pleasures. He diverted his attention more and more every day from public affairs, encouraged every superstitious feeling, touched his sympathies whenever his own interests were concerned, and at last acquired so entire a mastery over poor Gregory's heart, that he rarely adopted any public or ecclesiastical measure recommended by his Secretary without first consulting his cameriere. Even Lambruschini was sometimes obliged to yield to this subtle power behind the throne. Nothing was more common than for the Pontiff to listen with approbation to the counsel of Lambruschini, and when the edict was prepared and sent to his private apartment, refuse to sign it. *Gaitano had had the ear of the Pope.* This

grew into a proverb in Rome; whatever had happened, Gaitano had had the ear of the Pope. Even Gregory's ministers went to Gaitano if they wished a favor from the Pontiff. In fact, there was no little truth in the saying which was on every man's lip in Rome—Gaitano is Pope.

XV.

Such places are sought for, chiefly because they bring money, and, as might be supposed, Gaitano became rich. During the reign of Gregory, few of the many thousands who entered the presence of His Holiness left without paying something in the form of a gratuity, seldom less than a *scudo*, and often a piece of gold. Persons of distinction often gave rich presents. But his gains from other sources were far more considerable. No one expected to obtain offices or contracts from the government without his favor, and they were taxed heavily for it. It is said (and I have never heard it questioned) that when Prince Torlonia obtained from the government the exclusive monopoly of tobacco for the Roman States, he paid an enormous sum to Gaitano. Indeed, so openly and shamelessly was this system of bribery and corruption carried on, that nobody thought of approaching the feet of Gregory except by slipping gold into the hands of Gaitano. In all cases of office or contracts, rivalry existed; Gaitano took pay from all parties, and he who paid best succeeded.

I have spoken of *special commissions*. It was an everyday occurrence for parties in litigation to appeal to the government to terminate the delays of courts, or reverse their decisions. Here money was all powerful, and the loser who approached Gaitano with a large sum, had no reason to fear the consequences. The foulest wrong was thus done from day to

day. The innocent and the true relied upon the justice of their cause, but the gold of the guilty and the fraudulent weighed too heavy.

Gaitano lived in voluptuousness. He had equipages, hunters, mistresses, and dependants. His table was a scene of luxury. His dressing-room contained everything the *parfumeries* of Paris could furnish (and who could judge better in such matters than a barber?) and his cellars were filled with the choicest wines. He claimed precedence for his carriage in public and state ceremonies and processions, and his claim was allowed. On one of these occasions he dashed by the equipage of a foreign ambassador, grossly insulting the minister and court by his insolence. An appeal was made to the Pope, who told Gaitano he was 'surprised the ambassador had taken so much pains to give himself so much trouble;' and they both laughed heartily at the facetiousness of the Pope.

XVI.

At last Gaitano became a count, and sported his arms and heraldic devices (he had learned to read too, it is said). He was married, and his wife was a very comely person, and being the wife of Gaitano, she naturally had a great deal to call her to the Palace. Rome and all Italy were filled with scandal, and used their tongues with a glibness worthy of a better cause, whenever His Holiness and La Signora Gaitano were mentioned.

A painting was one day sent through the hands of a peasant (who received two scudi for his trouble) to the papal palace. It was executed by a master, and it portrayed an amusing scene. The venerable Pontiff was sitting on a gilded damask sofa in a gorgeous saloon, caressing La Signora Gai-

tano, who was arrayed in all her charms. Around the happy couple were playing several gay, radiant children of Gaitano's family; but they all looked so marvellously like the good old Pope on the sofa, that in spite of everything one could not help thinking—of the resemblance. Signore Gaitano, the cameriere, was busily occupied in a distant corner of the saloon in signing the Pope's name to certain papers, burning others, and pocketing the public money. I forgot to say in the proper place, that all the little Gaitanos were dressed in pontifical robes, and wore the sacred mitre.

This affair created some sensation in Rome, particularly in court circles, and Gaitano and his friends, Lambruschini and the Chief of the Police, exhausted all their machinery in trying to discover from what quarter the picture came, and who had painted it. But the artist left no trail where he trode; he kept his own counsels, and his secret will probably die with him. Gaitano wreaked his vengeance on the rude peasant who had brought the picture to the palace, by throwing him into a dungeon for six months. The poor fellow knew not what the parcel contained! Everybody had their say—Lambruschini remarked that he thought fine times had come when the populace could criticise the anointed of God.

XVII.

Lambruschini and Gaitano, the Jesuit and the Barber, were the masters of Rome; they mark a period in the history of the Pontificate not unlike that age of the empire under the sons of Constantine, when eunuchs swayed the Roman world, and the great and the noble children still left of that mother of empires, withdrew from public life, to weep over the impending fall of the colossal power that overspread the nations.

The Rome of the Cæsars had indeed fallen. The Rome of the Middle Ages, too, had passed. And yet there was something more melancholy in the spectacle of Gregory's government than all the solemn ruins of his capital. The very soil of the Roman States seemed to have been cursed with barrenness, and society seemed to be smitten with decay.

The most careless traveler, whose face was turned toward the city of the Cæsars, had his attention arrested by the desolation that struck his eye the moment he passed the frontier of the Papal States. If he landed at Civita Vecchia from the sea, he found himself in a filthy and corrupt city. In coming up by land from Naples, he noticed the change when he crossed the frontier; he was disgusted with the spectacle of a debased and squalid population, a neglected agriculture, and an unblushing venality. If he came down from the garden land of the Arno, the change was still more striking. Industry gave place to idleness, green fields to barren vineyards, a quiet and contented population to a restless and revolutionary spirit. As he went towards Rome, he was surrounded on all hands by the signs of recent decay. The resources of the country seemed to have been dried up ; the face of nature wore that sad and sterile appearance, the fertile oases of the desert are said to put on when the scorching simoom has swept over them. Some of the best writers of Italy have plainly said, that the reign of Lambruschini had covered the Roman States with a desolation which no invading army has spread over that beautiful country since the times of the barbarians.

XVIII.

But there was something sadder than all this. *Society itself bore the indubitable marks of decay.* Not only the face of na-

ture, but man himself seemed smitten with desolation. At no one period of the tragedy of the French Revolution was there so neglected an agriculture in France; at no one time was the society of France in so mournful a state. True, murder marched over the soil of that nation like a pestilence, and for a few days its streams were purple with blood—for the time, it was as fearful and as fatal as an earthquake, but it was almost as transient. The event has shown that France, like a sick man, was struggling for life; the delirium, too, was but a part of her disease, through which her way lay to health. France was wildly working out her regeneration, while the world had pronounced her doom; for few could see anything but the blood and the delirium. She rose strong, calm, and free. The purple stream ceased to flow—the guillotine had done its work—it would return no more—it was already as impossible again in France, as another Louis *Quatorze*. The wounds of the nation were suddenly healed. France had regenerated herself; she began to regenerate the world. But there was no delirium in Lambruschini's Reign of Terror; it was a cool Jesuitical affair. It found no palliation in hot blood—it was not done by an enraged populace, drunk with the first ether-breath of freedom. The blood that flowed brought no redemption, although the sublime doctrine of the New Testament might have taught the minister-priest that, in God's system, blood is sometimes the only price at which redemption can be purchased! Nor was society passing through regenerating fires; that blood was all what Rienzi called *murder-blood;* it was only followed by tears and lamentations. This is the grand difference between Robespierre and Lambruschini. I should hate to be made the apologist of either of these personages; but if I must eulogise one, I could

take for my text those remarkable words of the Guillotine King, and say that, through the purple blood, he saw France marching to freedom and empire—to the new kingdom for which the world had waited so long—the reign of the people. Beyond Lambruschini's half-watery, cold blood-sea, the Jesuit murderer saw Rome crawling back to the Inquisition, and another *auto-da-fè*. There was not even a Code Napoleon beyond it! All such murdering is quite to no purpose.

XIX.

Brigandage had begun to give laws to the Roman State. Whole districts were abandoned to its ravages. Even the great roads which lead to the capital were deserted, and bands of brigands scoured the country in open day, and boldly appeared in the neighborhood of large towns. A great deal has been written on this subject by tourists. Hardly a book of travels (or even a series of newspaper letters) is considered complete, unless the write rcan record some stirring incident, in which the reader is sure to find 'a tall, elegantly-formed brigand of dark complexion, jewel-mounted sword and pistols, with a gorgeous plume waving gracefully in the light of an Italian moon,' which the reader is taught to consider infinitely superior to the modest luminary usually called by that name in other countries. Some fair lady, disturbed from slumber, reclining on the downy cushions of a traveling-carriage, screams and faints—pistols are fired—everybody is very brave except the bandit—groans are heard in the hedge, (there are none in Italy,) and away the post-horses fly on the gallop. Such scenes do sometimes occur in Italy, or consider such a scene did occur once in Italy; for a young Englishman got one up expressly, a few years ago, and paid most of the court journals

on the continent for inserting a stirring account of it by himself. But, generally, we take all such artistically-executed pieces to be merely the limnings of the tourist's pencil. Brigandage we take to be quite another affair, and a *capo banditto* a much more formidable personage. The brigand (*my* kind) is made so by necessity. He is an outlaw, the victim of a tyrannical government, and a Jesuitical religion. His character is a strange mixture of cruelty and magnanimity, of chivalry and crime. And yet, with these apparent contradictions, he is the legitimate growth of Italian institutions, as they have hitherto been; once understood, he opens the arcana of Italian society. Sismondi said that the man who did not understand the history of brigandage in Italy, could know very little of the nature of its institutions.

The Italians have always shown some proclivity to that kind of heroism which brigandage nourishes. Many of their poems and romances contain highly-drawn pictures of the brigand's life. This natural tendency has always been inflamed by tyranny and misgovernment, and brigandage has always prevailed in Italy just in proportion as the people have been oppressed or misgoverned.

XX.

A brigand is a desperate man—an outlaw on whose head a price has been set; the first man he sees would be paid for killing him. Compelled to fly from justice or tyranny, every breath he draws is disputed. His title to life depends upon his brave sword—the bread he eats in his mountain home upon the aim of his pistol.

It was early perceived by Gregory's subjects, that they had nothing to hope for under his reign, and they were not

long in turning desperate. Outbreaks and insurrections often took place. Almost every province was agitated by disturbances. There was no disposition to calm these agitations by politic or rational means, far less to explore their causes, and seek a remedy in their removal. The ordinary machinery of government was at once suspended, and supreme power thrown into the hands of the police. Everybody on whom the slightest suspicion lighted, was seized and cast into prison, or executed. In the alarm many fled—some into exile, and others into the fastnesses of the mountains, (and in Italy a man is never out of sight of the Alps or Appenines,) to lead the life of brigands. One or more of the ringleaders was always taken, as pardon was invariably promised, on condition the man, with a halter round his neck, would reveal his accomplices, and the government was sure to learn the entire history of the movement. Men base enough to betray their companions, (and most men became so with a halter round their necks,) were often base enough to seize so good an opportunity of gratifying private revenge, by accusing all they hated of participation in the crime. Hence, multitudes of the innocent were sacrificed with the guilty, for hundreds were imprisoned, or executed, or banished, solely on the declarations of those who purchased life by treachery.

The fate of the accused was often decided at once, without even the show of a trial; and when judicial forms were allowed, they only aggravated the ignominy of condemnation. The accused were judged by *Special Commissions*—a term which, in our times, sounds as terrible in the ear of an Italian, as the *Council of Ten*, or the Inquisition does to us.

It consequently happened, that by such blind, hurried, and arbitrary proceedings, the innocent were often confounded

with the guilty by mistake; sometimes from private remorseless revenge, (which, owing to a pin being loose somewhere, I am afraid will always be too sweet to the Italians,) and still more frequently were the innocent condemned on mere suspicion, or through sheer alarm for the public safety; for the prevalence of brigandage naturally makes the magistrate feel that the foundations of civic society are giving way around him.

During the fifteen years of Gregory's pontificate, such scenes were continually occurring. They were all caused directly or indirectly by tyranny or misgovernment, as all the world knows; for the moment Pio Nono ascended the throne they ceased. At last they were multiplied to such an extent, that not a man in the Roman States felt his life safe. Exile, execution, imprisonment, assassination, or flight to the mountains, awaited the Roman people at every step. When not a man in four millions can sleep quietly in his bed through the night, some sort of disturbance is likely to take place. Why, a great many millions of Frenchmen slept sound enough before Robespierre was dead. I can conceive of one reign more intolerable than the Reign of Terror—the reign of uncertainty! 'We know what is coming now,' said Danton to his brave Jacobins, the night before execution—'death, and a name in the Pantheon of History;' and they made the bloody walls of the Conciergerie ring at midnight to the trumpet call of the Marseillaise.

XXI.

Bands of brigands were formed in every part of the country, composed of all who had escaped the officers of police after the miscarriage of a conspiracy—of all who had broken

out of prison, or were liberated by some nocturnal attack of their friends—of all who had on alarm or suspicion fled to save liberty or life; and, finally, these formidable bands were augmented by all the desperate men of the neighborhood.

They were numbered by thousands, and their only object was war upon the government of Lambruschini. Cut off from all peaceable intercourse with mankind, they must live by robbery or die of famine; and they were sometimes obliged to shed the blood of men against whom they bore no ill-will. But all their revenge was leveled against the government and its agents. Whenever one of them fell into their hands he was sure to die, or pay more for his liberty than his life was worth to anybody who was a judge in such matters.

The brigands finally became so numerous, powerful, and daring, that they made open descents upon villages and populous towns; and from the spires and domes of the cities they could be seen sweeping at midday over the plains, all mounted on fleet horses, and armed from head to foot. The chronicles of the brigandage of Romagna would tell of a thousand acts of heroism and daring, of magnanimity and generosity, of justice and affection, as well as dark deeds, done by these bold bandits. Many of them were among the noblest men, and the very best citizens of the state—men who would have adorned and illustrated a refined age, if they could have lived under a rationally administered government. Some of the best scholars of Italy were there—astronomers, lawyers, and naturalists, slept in the rocks by the side of smugglers and contrabandieri; and while the moonlight was gleaming from the half-revealed poignards of their companions, poet sentinels were chronicling their heroism and love

of country, in strains that would not have dishonored the muse of Tasso.

The government had nothing to oppose to these fearful bands but the Department of Police and the mercenary soldiers of the state, who were regarded as a plague and a curse by the Roman people. The government had lost all its moral power. No man any longer felt any respect for it. It was known to be controlled by Lambruschini—that injustice was everywhere perpetrated—that rulers felt no sympathy for the people, and were regarded as robbers of the goods and murderers of the lives of their subjects. The civil force was ordered out, and the militia armed and marched against the brigands; high rewards were offered for their heads; threats, promises, flatteries, and pardon, were all resorted to, but all in vain. Throughout the Roman States, and indeed all Italy, more respect and sympathy was felt for the brigands than for Lambruschini's government. By degrees he had so entirely bartered away the power of the State, that at last men ceased to regard it as a government.

XXII.

A cruel system of imprisonments, arrests, exile, torture, and death, was many years practised solely for political offences. To have pronounced a eulogium in favor of liberty, to have expressed in the mildest form disapprobation of the policy of the State, to have written or spoken an unguarded word, to have dined at the house of a man who was at the time, or who afterwards became suspected by the Police, was often death, oftener long imprisonment or exile; while all who had taken any part in a popular movement for liberty were driven *en masse* to slaughter.

Under such a reign, who can estimate the suffering of noble spirits? To speak of the many thousand hearts wrung with the agony of final separation from friends long loved, the keen anguish of the last look the exile casts on the fading hills of his country, as he treads his weary way into banishment, would lead us into almost every family of the Roman States, and require a huge volume of suffering. But to record the darker history of the victims of execution in prison court-yards, and inquisitorial torture in dungeons, would require a longer and a bloodier scroll. It cannot be written in this world; but, with many other sanguinary records, it will come before that final court for the correction of errors, to whose bar all those who have suffered from the hard judgments of their brother men will make their appeals, and where every case will be summed up by justice itself, and judgment pronounced by Him who was made perfect through suffering.

XXIII.

The history of Lambruschini's administration might be summed up in HOSTILITY TO THE PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.

There are three great wants of modern society, for which the people of Europe are struggling, and for which they will struggle till they are granted. The *first is Freedom of Commerce.* Within a few years a new spirit has sprung up in Europe. The age of bloody revolutions seems to be passing away. Philosophical historians are inclining to the opinion that those changes in government and society which are wrought by the slow process of conviction and illumination, are at once more irresistible, permanent, and salutary, than those which are attended with the baptism of blood. Mankind are getting tired of war. The sight of blood is not so grateful a spectacle as it

once was. History is beginning to be written by the pen of humanity. The number of the dead and wounded is getting to be an item of some consequence in the record of battles. Since Europe settled back to its repose (broken by the French revolution of '89) a new generation has appeared, and men have begun to look around them and inquire how their civil condition may be bettered. Prohibitory tariffs and restrictions on commerce are beginning to be regarded as they always should have been, viz., barriers to the free intercourse of mankind with each other, hindrances to the interchange of arts and the means of civilization, and hostile to the progress of social advancement.

This spirit received an electric impulse from the policy of Sir Robert Peel, who did more for civilization in a day than his party had for a century. He has been blessed by the population of the continent, and his name is pronounced with gratitude in the cottage of the Italian peasant—for all the governments of the Peninsula followed his example, and proclaimed *free trade in corn.* Men have attempted to divest Sir Robert Peel of the glory of that great measure, and have had much to say about his inconsistency and betrayal of party. But it will be long before *he* will lose his claim to the regards of mankind, who has shown that he loves justice better than party. If in a world which has so much need of regeneration as this, politicians may not become patriots and philanthropists, sinners of no other description should be allowed to reform. Paul assisted at the death of the first Christian martyr, and at about the same age of life Luther was a bigot in the cell of a monk.

The massive structures of despotism in Europe could never have been sustained except by standing armies; to support so expensive a power, large sums of money were required, to raise

which high tariffs were invented, whose tendency has ever been to restrict commerce, interrupt the interchange of peaceful arts, narrow the relations of mankind, and, as a necessary consequence, retard the progress of civilization. Since the repeal of the British Corn Laws, nearly every state in Europe has reformed its tariff, except Austria; and those who know the policy of that black despotism, expect nothing new in its government, unless it be the discovery of some patent way of lashing back humanity into its kennel—such being the policy of that hoary tyranny which has so long crushed Italy to the dust.

XXIV.

The second great want of the people of Europe is railways. In Great Britain the railway excitement has been principally a monetary matter, and risen or subsided with the fluctuation of stocks. But on the continent, and particularly in Italy, the desire for railways has been steadily increasing from higher motives. They not only create a demand for labor, but promote the peaceful intercourse of nations. To an Italian, the steam-engine seems to carry with it civilization. To his ideal mind it suggests moral and social progress; he has an idea that this mighty power is going in some mysterious way to scare away tyranny; and that they cannot long exist together. So thinks, too, the philosopher, for the 'locomotive is a democrat.' The Publicists of Italy, who have originated almost every great principle of political economy, believe that railways will double the demand for the labor of its surplus population, as well as the resources of the Peninsula; that they will, by bringing its people closer together, and creating new commercial and social relations among them, melt away the solid barriers tyrants have interposed between different por-

tions of the same race, and thus consolidate the national spirit of Italy. The Italians know that they have been enslaved only because they have been kept divided. For ages they have been made the prey of a swarm of petty tyrants, who have preserved their imbecile dominion only by inflaming a spirit of disunion between the different provinces, like those lawyers who, by mutual consent, feed the quarrels of their clients to suck up their estates. Knowing the origin of their calamities, the Italians have set to work to remedy the evil, by removing the cause. Railways will prove one of the most powerful agents in regenerating governments and society in Italy. The steam-engine will make the twenty-four millions of Italians one nation, as they were under Augustus.

XXV.

The third great want of the people of Europe is education. Within a few years only has the desire become strong and universal. Twenty years ago, few of the lower classes ever thought of a book or newspaper, or even of learning to read or write. Now, infant schools and common schools are spreading over the continent, and the peasant who once regarded the man who could read as a superior being, now looks upon him only as a fortunate one. It is becoming a general impression, too, that books and newspapers are among the rights of a man. In Italy these signs had become significant.

The Government of Gregory XVI. regarded this new spirit with apprehension; and its opposition to freedom of commerce, to railways and popular education, could be designated by no term softer than malignant hostility. The people of the Roman States, who were robbed of all the

advantages civil governments are instituted to bestow, and who suffered all the miseries despotism has learned to inflict, knew that liberty was impossible for *them;* they did not dream of it. And yet they felt that even under Lambruschini they might claim from the State some of those more common privileges which nature has conferred on all her children, (viz.,) to take care of the material interests and wants of every-day life. At least, to be allowed to trade with foreigners, to hold intercourse with each other and the world, to sell from their abundance, and take pay in the surplus of their neighbor, and to learn to read and to write. In common with the rest of Europe, they felt the tendencies of the age towards something better than mankind had hitherto obtained, and they attempted to gain some modification of an oppressive and fatal system of commercial restrictions: but they were disappointed. They then attempted to build railways, and were prohibited even from agitating the question. Not an article on railways could be published in the Roman States, and he who did it was declared guilty of *treason.* A final attempt was made to advance civil education, with no better success.

The declared doctrine of Lambruschini was the ignorance of the people; and, in fact, no education was given to the great mass of the people. There were, indeed, schools in a few districts, but the teachers were priests, whose lessons began with the Breviary, and ended with the Offices of the Virgin. Two educated young men, who had collected around them, in a distant village, a few peasant children, to teach them the elements of a common education, were ordered out of the State as public nuisances; and a venerable grey-headed minister, a parish priest, in a secluded mountain village, was

sent to a dungeon for teaching his simple peasants to read the Gospel in their mother-tongue. Benevolent individuals in Rome besought the government to allow them to establish common schools. They were to gather the scholars from the hovels and lanes of the cities—clothe, feed, and lodge them. But the government would allow no book to be used in these schools but the Lives and Miracles of the Saints, or the Offices of the Virgin; nor could the generous persons who were to support these schools, enter their doors to give instruction themselves.

Lambruschini often declared that all the disturbances which rocked the Papal States, were the fruit of new ideas engendered by railways, free trade, and the education of the populace; and he was partly right. He would have been entirely so, if he had varied his proposition a little. 'The people wish to rise. I am determined they shall do no such thing; and yet they writhe even while my heel is on their neck.'

It was the unmasked policy of the Jesuit minister, that there should be no advancement in civil education; that the people should be kept in the profoundest ignorance; that not a new road should be built, even to promote intercourse between the provinces of the State; and he often declared, that while he was minister, no railway should be begun in the territory of the Church. He kept his word. Capital was lying idle—laborers with folded hands were asking for work—that sadder spectacle, in the decay of civic society, than to see them asking for bread; but Lambruschini was immovable. The indignation of Europe was aroused at this insane policy, and foreign ministers appealed to the Pope. But not a pick nor a spade was struck into the soil of Rome for a railway, till those same useful utensils had first been

called into requisition to dig the grave of poor old Gregory XVI.

XXVI.

All this must have resulted fatally in many ways, but in no way more so than in the DEPRESSION OF TALENT IN THE STATES OF THE CHURCH. From the hoarest antiquity, all nations have considered it the highest scope of civil government to develope the genius of their people. We trace a veneration for mind in all the codes of the founders of ancient States. Confucius tanght his Chinese a sublime principle, in proclaiming genius one of the objects in the universe worthy of adoration; and through the vista of the annals of that mysterious empire we discover more institutions for learning than in any other of the race. Lycurgus and Solon made their States the universities of the world, and in the classic dream of Plato's Republic, genius became the principal divinity. All the capitals of Greece fought for the honor of having given birth to the blind old Troubadour, who sang the Iliad before their gates. Numa's sublime genius invoked the inspiration of the nymphs of Egeria to divine laws, which should make his city eternal. The Court of Augustus was a second Athens.

But under the vulgar tyranny of Lambruschini, authorship was a crime, and genius treason. One of her best Roman painters attempted to illustrate the History of Rome under the Jesuit; and he painted the arts as children of the printing press, which he represented as a *Hydra*. What monster to depict cutting off their heads, he was at a loss to conjecture; for all those fabulous beings of antiquity had too much divinity about them, and the superb sketch was thrown aside. When the Emperor of Russia was in Rome, the picture fell

under his eagle eye. He read the design at once. He called the artist, and inquired why he had not finished the work by painting a Hercules in the shape of Lambruschini? 'Because,' said the painter, 'I would not insult the shade of the great Hercules.' 'Then come and dine with me to-morrow, and I will give you a character.' He did, and the Emperor told him of one of the monsters of his ice-island, a deformed and hideous being, half man and half devil, who ate up all the poets of his country in a single night. The painter drew the figure under the dictation of Nicholas. 'That,' said the Emperor, when it was done, 'I take to be Signor Lambruschini. Keep this,' said the Autocrat, putting into his hand a gold-jeweled snuff-box, on which the arms of the Emperor were engraved, 'and when the poet-eater is likely to make a supper of you, show this to my Ambassador, and he will give you a passport to St. Petersburgh. We don't eat poets there any more.' The painter is now in Russia, illustrating the legends of the Norsemen.

The time had been in Rome when even her soldiers were paid a measure of ground for every book of the Commentaries of their General they copied. And when the world was in peace, every school and temple was open but the Temple of Janus. But Lambruschini had reversed the order of the Republic. A sculptor offered to Gregory a *basso-relievo* of Saturn devouring his own children. The Jesuit traced in the head of Saturn too close a resemblance to the good old Pope, and the sculptor received a *rather unexpected invitation* to quit the Roman States within twenty-four hours. He is cutting a statue of Thor for the Czar.

XXVII.

The printing-press was chained to the altar, as Luther found the Bible. No work could appear that would do honor to a man of genius. Schools, colleges, universities, and congresses of learned men there were none. Scholars had no occupation, men of science found no encouragement—a very large proportion of the gifted men of Rome and the provinces had fled from their country, as the Byzantian scholars had fled from the falling towers of Constantinople, carrying their precious scrolls with them. Many of the noblest spirits throughout the Papal States had expiated by death the crime of loving their country and liberty, (unluckily not as Brutus did) and crowds of men who would have done honor to any nation, in any age, were driven away into exile. Artists ate the bread of strangers; engineers, surveyors, mathematicians, and mechanics stood idle, with their cunning instruments in their hands. A pall of death seemed to be slowly and sullenly settling down over Rome. The Temple of glory, where the heroes of the world once went to be crowned with laurel, echoed to the hollow mutterings of licentious monks. The Forum, which once heard the divine accents of Tully's tongue, was wet with the blood of Roman citizens; and he who uttered the words of Roman liberty, which once stirred the heart of an hundred nations, was sent into exile. The city, which had for so many ages been the centre of the world and the mother of empires, was ruled by a bloody Jesuit who, in Rome's better days, would have been flung into the arena as a traitor to his country, to make a Roman holiday.

It was, indeed, a melancholy spectacle that met the gaze of the traveler, as he entered the Eternal City. Those holy

places which are consecrated in the memory of the scholar and the historian, by all that is glowing in eloquence, divine in art, lofty in heroism, and noble in liberty, were desecrated by the slime of the bigot's and the tyrant's feet.

XXVIII.

But the long reign of Gregory was hastening to a close; although the octogenarian Pontiff still seemed hale and vigorous for that time of life, and, to all appearances, would yet live several years.

In the meantime the long succession of outrages inflicted on his people, had driven them into rebellion, and there was everywhere a feeling which could no longer be allayed by Legates, or Jesuits, or soldiers. Every day witnessed new outbreaks against the authorities, and every day new arrests, and flights, and exiles followed. No inquiry was ever made into the origin of these disturbances. No hope held out to the people that their grievances would be redressed. The cities and large towns sent their noblest and best citizens in delegations to Rome, to kneel at the feet of the Holy Father, and implore mercy in the name of God. But Gregory referred all such applications to Lambruschini, and we have seen the consequences. No relief was granted to the oppressed, and at last it became certain that nothing but the death of the Pope could save the Roman States from a general insurrection.

Men every where felt desperate. In the cafés, the public gardens, the corsos, and the piazzas, and wherever the population was accustomed to assemble, could be seen groups of citizens consulting together with the deep melancholy, the unnatural sadness, the compressed and trembling lip, which betoken some desperate purpose. There was a feeling that what

they were suffering would be endured no longer, and this feeling was universal.

Hitherto every popular movement had been suppressed in blood, and an hundred thousand soldiers of Austria were hovering along the frontiers of the Papal States, ready at a single blast of a bugle to descend and slaughter the inhabitants. It was known that the Cabinet of Vienna had supreme control over the councils of the Vatican. Lambruschini was the mere instrument of Metternich, and in this crisis he followed his councils more blindly than ever, for he knew that on no other condition would Austria lend her aid to suppress a rebellion.

Under these circumstances, what hope was there that a revolution would succeed? Within twenty-four hours an Austrian army would be in possession of Bologna, and in less than a week, two hundred thousand soldiers would be marching on Rome. The provinces would be laid waste, the cities would be drenched with blood, every castle and fortress would be given up to the stranger, and the Roman people delivered over to the tender mercies of the most barbarous and despotic government in Europe.

XXIX.

Such were the prospects that awaited the subjects of the Pope, whenever they should strike for liberty. In the past they had nothing to remember but outrage and suffering. More than twenty thousand Roman citizens were in banishment, not one of whom could cross the frontier of his country to close the eyes of a dying father or child, without being arrested, and condemned to a traitor's death. The prisons with their dungeons, and the castles with their strong towers, were crowded with unhappy beings, most of whom had

had no hearing, no trial, no defence. Hardly a man in the Roman States but had seen some relative, or friend, or acquaintance imprisoned, banished, or executed. Agriculture and industry had declined; the resources of the country were dried up; the necessaries of life were scarce, and sold at famine prices, and the people were impoverished. The sources, too, of public revenue were blighted, and the government had gone to bankruptcy, while the people were staggering under their burdens. Monopolies and restrictions had nearly extinguished commerce. Hardly enough was received from the customs to pay the expense of collection. The immediate reliance of the state in every disturbance was on the Swiss Guards, whose pay was frequently in arrears. On such occasions, they were not only paid all arrearages, but donatives, to keep them from mutiny. Bankers would advance no more money except at high rates of interest, and increased securities. Even the table of Gregory was spread on credit.

And yet in the midst of these signs of universal decay, of impending ruin, Lambruschini never thought of changing his policy, or granting justice to the people. But the time had at last come for action. The power of the government had melted away, and there were indications of a general rebellion too clear to be mistaken even by the dullest monk, cardinal or pope. There was no alternative. The Roman people must be finally and utterly crushed, or the government would be blotted out.

An appeal was made to Vienna, and a sudden and general occupation of the Papal States by the Austrians concerted. Every stronghold was to be garrisoned, and every city given up to the military force of the Emperor. This had long been threatened by Lambruschini, and now a bold and terrible

blow was to be struck, which would extinguish at once the hope and the possibility of a revolution. Lambruschini had long had a list of the names of suspected and odious persons, whom he desired to arrest, believing they were the instigators of all the disturbances. But he had not dared to lay his hands on them. He knew they were beloved by the people, and the moment they were touched, the population would fly to arms. And yet he saw that he must seize and crush them, or give up the government. This list is said, on authority worthy to be believed, to have exceeded *ten thousand*, amongst whom were numbered many of the purest and most illustrious citizens of the State. The Bishop of Imola, who was a few days later elected Pope, under the title of *Pio Nono, was one of the number.*

XXX.

But the very day these preparations for crushing the last vestige of liberty were complete, when, to all human appearances, there was no hope for deliverance, God himself revealed his arm. The patience of Heaven was exhausted. It had long enough seen the blood of the innocent flow; the cry of the oppressed had reached the heart of the universal Father, and the grey-headed old Pontiff, whose *death alone* could avert the impending ruin, was suddenly called to his account. The arm that had so long wielded the thunders of the Vatican was palsied by a stroke from Heaven. The couriers who had been standing for some hours with their hands on the bridle reins of fleet horses, to carry to the Austrian army the single word, *march*, were summoned to Lambruschini's presence, and told that the Pope was dead. They were to take different routes, and ride hard for the north; if the couriers, who would be

started in one hour, overtook them before they reached the Po, they knew Lambruschini would show them no mercy.

The Jesuit had been foiled. But his eye was on the throne of St. Peter and he had no time to lose. Austria and the Jesuits were with him.

XXXI.

A thousand conflicting reports have been spread about the last hours of the Pontiff; but the belief in the following statement is now general, and I know it to be, in the main, true. Gregory was taken sick, and Gaitano, his confidential attendant, had supreme control of all the domestic arrangements of the palace. The intrigues and crimes that infamous fellow had perpetrated for many years, had reached such a pitch that he began to tremble for the consequences. He knew that if Gregory recovered his own fate was sealed. Lambruschini feared and hated the vulgar tyrant, who had held so dreadful a sway over the Pontiff, and he was determined, as soon as the Pope was well, to accuse Gaitano, and bring him to justice. Gaitano was aware of this determination, and *not a person was allowed access to the Pontiff!* To every applicant a single answer was given: 'His Holiness has strictly enjoined me to allow no one to enter his apartment, and every person who disregards this order, does so at his peril.' Ministers, cardinals, and friends, crowded around the ante-room, but not a human being was permitted to enter the chamber of the sick man.

What passed there, between the dying Pontiff and the miscreant Gaitano, is known only to God. *For three days he had no assistance; no nourishment, no medicine, was administered to him, as appeared from the report of the physicians who embalmed his body.* There seemed, therefore, to be the strongest proba-

bility that the Pope died from exhaustion and neglect. The belief was very general that his life might have been preserved, at least a few months longer; since the post mortem examination indicated the existence of no malignant or settled disease: only a lack of food!

We can conceive of no spectacle better calculated to impress upon mankind the vanity of regal pomp and grandeur, than the dying chamber of Gregory XVI. History furnishes few instances in which so low a favorite has obtained such unlimited power over a prince; fewer still in which that power has not been used for the vilest purposes. Who can paint the keen anguish of a dying sovereign, deserted at that trying hour by an ungrateful favorite; lying on his gilded couch, far away in the distant recesses of his palace, shut out from the ear of humanity, where no cry for assistance, or groan of distress, could reach the world of living men.

There have been princes whose death filled their country with mourning, who were embalmed with the tears of their people; but when it was known that Gregory XVI. was no more, a shout of joy went up to Heaven from Rome and all the Provinces of that afflicted empire. When the prisoners heard the news they wept with joy, and falling upon their knees, poured out their thanksgivings. The shout of gladness was borne far on every wind; and everywhere it struck the ears of weary exiles, who turned their faces toward Rome, and wept in gratitude for their deliverance.

XXXII.

Gregory XVI. was dead—and with him expired the old age; the age of superstition and darkness. If an angel from Heaven had, at the moment of his death, descended

and stood upon the sombre walls of the Vatican, and proclaimed to the Roman people the events that were about to take place, not a being in Rome could have believed the proclamation. The work of centuries was to be crowded into the space of an hour! A drama was beginning to be played, on which the entire world would gaze with astonishment, hope, and alarm.

At ten o'clock on the morning of the 9th of June, 1846, the Senator of Rome, whose duty it was, caused the great bell on the Campidoglio to toll. It is never struck but for the death of a Pontiff.

The first note told Rome that her sovereign was dead. A response came back from every tower and spire of the city, and thus the news was telegraphed on all sides, from belfry to belfry, till the last hamlet of the Roman States knew that the sad reign of Gregory was ended. It was the first happy day the Roman people had seen for fifteen years.

As the population left their homes, and poured into the streets that lead to the Vatican, they seemed to the stranger, more like a crowd that had heard of a great victory, than of the death of a king!

The Cardinal Tomarso Riario Sforza, first deacon of Santa Maria in via Lata, and chamberlain of the Pontificial palace, assembled the members of the Apostolical Chamber, and at their head proceeded to the Palace, attended by a large number of the officers of the army.

He led the way to the chamber where the body of Gregory was lying, and, kneeling by its side, murmured a prayer. He then uncovered the white head of the deceased while he repeated the *De profundis*, with emotion, over the form of the old man he loved.

The Notary-Secretary then read the acknowledgment of the receipt of the *pastoral ring*, from the *Maestro di Camera*, Medici d'Ottiano. This pastoral ring has descended through a long line of Pontiffs. It is put upon the fore-finger of the right hand of the Pope, from which it is never removed till death.

The chamberlain, attended, by the Swiss Guards, then returned to his residence, robed in the magnificent costume of the fifteenth century, hailed with the supreme military honors due to him, according to custom, during the vacancy of the Holy See.

That night the body of the deceased Pope was embalmed, and the following day, in compliance with the prescribed ceremonial, it was enveloped in fine linen, and laid upon a spread of crimson silk, embroidered and fringed with gold. Four of the noble guards, in their scarlet uniform, with drawn swords, were posted at the head and feet of their dead sovereign, and by their side were keeling the *penitenzieri*, fathers of the *Basilica* of the Vatican, repeating, in low sepulchral chorus, the prayers they began the moment they heard that the soul had departed.

The same night, the *viscera* and heart of the deceased were deposited in an urn, and borne, like those of all the Pontiffs, to the Church of San Vincenzo and Saint Atanasio, under the guard of Monsignore Arpi, private chaplain of Gregory, with two grooms bearing lighted torches walking by the side of the carriage.

XXXIII.

On the morning of the 12th, the grand funeral obsequies began. In the centre of the Basilica, a vast and magnificent

funeral pile, for the reception of the precious urn, had been constructed by the Count Virginio Vespignani, architect of the Chamberlain of the Roman Church. It was sustained by columns, ornamented with statues, and illuminated by grand candelabra, and a forest of wax torches.

The sacred college, and the other dignitaries of the Church, the diplomatic corps, the military authorities, and a host of illustrious personages, were crowded around the illuminated pile.

On the 13th the funeral oration of Gregory was pronounced, in the presence of the sacred college, by a friend of the Pontiff—as every man's should be—S. G. Rosani, Bishop of Eritrea. It was a eulogy, and probably the only one that ever was or ever will be pronounced over the Pontiff Gregory. We can dispense with it, however, without materially impairing the value of this work.

On the morning of the 14th, the College of Cardinals assembled in Saint Peter's to celebrate the Mass of the Holy Spirit, and listen to the discourse on the election of Gregory's successor.

St. Peter's presented a grand apppearance. Rome was crowded together under the arches of that mighty temple, less to witness the magnificent spectacle, than to join in the solemn prayers offered up to God for a blessing on the choice to be made. The sacred college is divided into three orders, and when full, (which is rarely the case,) consists of seventy cardinals—six cardinal-bishops, fifty cardinal-priests, and fourteen cardinal-deacons; a number established by a decree of Sixtus V., to correspond with the number of ancients of the people of Israel, and of the disciples of Christ.

A few hours after this discourse was delivered in St. Peter's

the College assembled in the Church of San Silvestro, and the conclave opened: they were not to separate till they had elected a new Pope. As this imposing train of princes followed the magnificent banner of the cross into the temple, black clouds came rolling up over the Campagna, and settled down over Rome—thunder-peals broke, and lightning flashed along the edges of the clouds. The crowding myriads who gazed on the sight felt that Heaven itself was preparing still darker days for Rome. Those who were more hopeful interpreted the augury as an indication only of a strife of the elements, that would leave a purer air and a clearer sky; while here and there a few, who had faith that better times were approaching, saw God himself coming down in his chariot of fire to scatter the hosts of the enemies of his people, and reveal his almighty arm of deliverance. Some were stirred with one passion, and some with another; but there was not a man in that vast crowd that did not feel his heart beat quicker as the doors of the Church closed on the palpitating thousands, and fifty-two men, in whose hands the destinies of Italy, and perhaps of Europe were placed, entered the conclave.

XXXIV.

From the moment it was known that Gregory was dead, the struggles of the Jesuit, or Austrian, and the Italian or Liberal party, began. The swiftest couriers were at once despatched to every cardinal in Italy, to hurry to Rome, to bear some part in the approaching election. It was understood that Lambruschini was the candidate of the Jesuits, and Cardinal Gizzi of the Liberals.

It may be said with safety, that seldom, if ever, in the his-

tory of Rome, have such vast interests depended on the election of a Pope. Both parties were fully aware of this, and there was no lack of vigilance on either side. The former were struggling for *power*, the latter for *liberty*. The Jesuits knew they were standing on a precipice, and so powerful and subtile were their resources, they already counted on victory; and yet, down that precipice the Italian party was determined to hurl them. By all the pure, the patriotic, and the good, by all the friends of liberty and progress, Lambruschini was dreaded and abhorred.

The crisis was fearful. Interests were at stake whose magnitude exceeded all calculation. If the Jesuits succeeded, the hopes of Rome and Italy were extinguished—that fair peninsula would be brought so completely under the Austrian yoke, that Italy would have been as entirely blotted from the chart nations as Poland has finally been. To have saved its nationality would have been impossible.

A league among the Italian sovereigns could not have been looked for, except to save their thrones from popular insurrection.

XXXV.

A Bourbon—whose crimes, as recorded by Gladstone, have excited the abhorrence of mankind—was on the throne of Naples, and Jesuits were his ministers. Nine millions of people were crushed into the earth under his despotic sway, and Austria was the counselor and protector of the throne—Ferdinand was but a vasal of the Austrian empire, and the empire was swayed by Metternich.

The Florentine state (Tuscany) was ruled by a prince of the Austrian family—with mildness and humanity, it is true; but he was powerless to resist the will of Vienna.

Modena, Parma, and Lucca, three little States, were swayed by three petty tyrants, whose religion was Jesuitism, and whose instrument of government was the *guillotine.*

Charles Albert (of Sardinia) was the only *Italian* prince in Italy. He was descended from the royal race of Savoy—the oldest reigning family in Europe. He had four million subjects, and an army of one hundred thousand men. But he had married his son to an arch-duchess of Austria—his kingdom was virtually but a fief of that empire—he did not dare to take a step without consulting Metternich, who, it is needless to say, was the most violent foe of liberty in all Europe. Count Sola della Marguaritta (the minister of Charles Albert) was Metternich's own pupil, the special protector of the Jesuits of Italy, the coadjutor of Lambruschini, his early companion, and the same bitter foe of liberty and progress. Charles Albert was at best a feeble and vaccillating prince; Jesuits swarmed in his palace; and, above all, he had once betrayed the liberties of Italy, and made his name abhorred by the Italian people.

With Lambruschini, on 'the throne of St. Peter,' there was no hope for Italy from her own princes; and a hundred years of struggle, and exile, and imprisonment, and blood, had show that a *general* combination and union of her people was scarcely to be hoped for.

XXXVI.

What could the cause of Italian liberty hope for, from the GREAT POWERS OF EUROPE? Those who know the history of the Peninsula, know that *for a thousand years it has been the Poland of the South.* Not a foreign army has crossed its frontiers without bringing desolation. Not a foreign ally or con-

queror has set foot on her soil without bringing curses with him.

She has successively been pillaged and oppressed by England, Russia, Spain, France, and Austria. They have never come down the Alps, nor crossed the Po, nor landed on her coast, without unfurling the flag of liberty. And they always left her in chains.

Even Napoleon, *her own child*, who knew her history, and hated her tyrants,—who was greeted at Marengo, Montenotte, and Lodi as her *deliverer*,—who might have made her glad and free—he swept away the thrones of her despots, only to make a place for those of his own family. He carried away her sons to fight strangers in distant lands: they followed his eagles to Spain, to die in the passes of the Pyrenees, and freeze on the ice-plains of Russia. Italy poured her gold into his coffers as freely as if it had been water: she stripped her galleries, and churches, and cabinets of the works of her great masters, and she enriched the sacrifice by the blood of a hundred thousand of her brave men. But all this could not buy her ransom. Napoleon found her a beautiful slave—he ravished her, and then abandoned her to her fate!

For a thousand years the sovereigns of Europe had been feeding on the dead eagle of Rome!

XXXVII.

But could Italy hope for nothing in these new times from CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENTS? Would France, that had had a Revolution, a Napoleon, and the THREE GLORIOUS DAYS, do nothing for her? The French *people* would have done much, could they have spoken through their throne. But Louis Philippe was not the man he was in 1830, when he put on the

dress of a republican citizen, and went on the *Boulevards* to prate about liberty and a Constitution. He had lost sight of France—like Napoleon himself—in pressing the fortunes of his family. He had assisted at the downfall of the *elder* branch of the Bourbons in 1830, and a few years afterward married the Duke d'Aumale, his son, to the daughter of the greatest despot of the same race—Ferdinand of Naples! The Emperor of Brazil had married her sister, and the Prince de Joinville (a younger son) had married a sister of the Emperor. At the risk of the peace of Europe, he had madly pushed on the alliance of the Duke of Montpensier (his youngest son) with the sister of the Queen of Spain, and exhausted every subtilty and intrigue of a corrupt and Jesuitical diplomacy to place his race on the ancient throne of Castile. Without the possibility of benefiting France, he had expended a hundred million dollars in building walls and fortifications around Paris—he had sunk the treasure of France, and poured out the blood of a hundred thousand of her brave sons on the deserts of Algiers, and was pressing on to undermine the throne of Morocco, to found another empire for his children, when an earthquake burst under his throne, and left him drifting on the ocean in a fishing smack! Austria had left him undisturbed in his ambition, with the understanding that she should not be interfered with in the extinction of the Republic of Cracow, nor the ruin of the liberties of Italy. All Europe saw that there existed between M. Guizot and Prince Metternich too firm an alliance to give Italy any hope from *the Citizen King*.

Standing between Austria and Russia, Prussia had neither the power nor the disposition to come to the aid of the Peninsula.

XXXIII.

England was the only power in Europe to whom the world could look for any decisive demonstration; and had she followed the policy she pretends to be guided by, she would have come forward and established the constitutional liberties of Italy, and of all Europe. But the Italians knew England too well to hope for any aid from that quarter. It was she who had fought for thirty years against the regeneration of Europe. It was she who had extinguished the Free States of Italy, and, in the Congress of Vienna, voted away the old republics of Genoa and Venice to the King of Sardinia and the Emperor of Austria. It was she who had leagued with the tyrants and Jesuits of the Peninsula, in 1815, to crush Constitutions and murder patriots. During the long struggle of liberal principles on the Continent, she has stood shoulder to shoulder with the empire of Austria, in the bloodiest and most prolonged crusade ever waged against the rights of mankind. Where, till now, (when she is compelled, or soon will be, to fight for the liberties of Nations, in order to save her own,) was England *ever* found on the side of liberty, when freedom's war was raging? Has it been on the plains of Asia? English statesmen have declared that British interference has cost more lives in India than there are living souls in the British Islands. Was it in Poland, where the sun of freedom set over the crumbling towers of Warsaw? Was it in France, where the struggle was for Bourbonism or a Constitution? Was it in North America, where she hunted down George Washington through seven years of fraternal blood? Was it in Ireland, that now lies bleeding at the foot of liberty's altar, and sends up her famine-stricken voice for

help? Talk to an Indian about *British interference*, and his eye flashes like that of a tigress robbed of her whelps.

This was what Italy could hope for from her princes, and the rest of Europe; and, like a brave man in misfortune, she relied only on God and her own brave arm.

This was the feeling with which the people of Rome gazed on the gilded procession of fifty-two cardinals, as they entered the conclave, to decide what their destinies should be.

XXXIX.

The doors of the Church closed; what was going on in that solemn conclave, Rome could not tell—no soul beyond its walls could conjecture. We shall take the reader inside that secret conclave, and tell him what was done there.

In the meantime, a hundred thousand anxious Roman citizens went to their homes, as lurid flashes of lightning were streaming, and heavy peals of thunder were breaking over the assembled conclave.

The news of the death of Gregory had gone over Europe, and from fifty nations the friends of light and liberty were turning towards Rome, to know the result of that conclave.

And high above Rome, with its cardinal college, its anxious citizens, and its thunder-storm; and high above all Europe, too, was the God of nations, who ruleth among the inhabitants of the earth, and giveth its kingdoms to whomsoever he will. He had not abandoned Italy!

When the doors of the Church of St. Silvester closed behind the procession of cardinals, at two o'clock on the 14th of June, 1846, they assembled in the Paulina chapel. We shall trace, step by step, the doings of the college, for we have

never seen any authentic account given of the election of Pius IX.

The first act of the assembled cardinals was to swear to observe all the regulations and usages of the sacred conclave. They then entered their cells, where they received visits from foreign ambassadors, princes, prelates, and other personages of rank. Every Catholic court of Europe was represented there in the person of a minister, and almost every government of the civilized world, except our own, in the person of some accomplished diplomatist—all working for their distant masters, hoping in some manner to influence the election of the new Pope.

At last the clock struck the hour, which was the signal for departure, and every person except those whose duty it was, by the Constitution of the Church of Rome, to assist in the solemn business before the conclave, withdrew. All the issues and passages to the chapel were walled up, with the exception of the *towers* and the principal door, whose key was confided to the guard of the marshal of the Holy See.

XL.

The sacred college then addressed itself to the solemn business of choosing a new Prince for Rome, and the Roman Church. The carriages of ambassadors, princes, and prelates rolled away, and the crowd began slowly to disperse from Monte Cavallo. The cardinals occupied, according to a custom in use since Pius VII., the building of the Swiss, which extends along the street Pia, as well as the small palace fronting the Four Fountains. All communication between these buildings and the principal court of the grand palace, had also been walled up, except the door of the royal saloon,

by which the cardinals passed to the Pauline chapel, where the votes were examined. Large barriers covered with tapestry, and guarded by Swiss soldiers armed with halberts, intercepted the passage from that part of the street Pia, corresponding to the conclave. The blinds and shutters of all the windows of the place were closed, and the Grand Lodge over the entrance was walled up to the top, and could not be opened but for the new Pope to pass out, to give his first pontifical benediction. The cells of the electors were disposed on either side of the long corridor of the building of the Swiss. Those on one side looked on the street Pia; the others on the pontifical gardens. Cardinal Mastai (Pius IX.) was in one of the latter.

Nine *torri*, (or turning boxes,) opened in the different walls, served to communicate between the interior and exterior of the conclave. Three were reached from the top of the royal stairway, and through these the cardinals must receive their visits and messages. They could not, however, hold communication even by these means with any person without witnesses, for the speakers were guarded and watched by the conservators and prelate-auditors, who had taken a solemn oath never to violate their sacred trust. The other six *torri* were used for passing food to the cardinals, which was prepared in their own houses, and carried to them every day about noon by their own servants, in great state, in the carriages of their masters, escorted by gentlemen in waiting. The dinner, plate, and furniture of the table were enclosed in immense baskets, and in the following order the servants of each cardinal approached the cells of their princely masters:

Two grooms, with golden-headed canes, opened the procession. The body-servant of each cardinal followed, with

the plate of his lord turned down, if he was made a cardinal by the late Pope. Next came the gentlemen of the cardinal's household; and, last of all, two servants to each basket. They all stop in the saloon which conducts to the *torri*, and the prelate-guards, with knife in hand, cut and carve up every dish, pie, or pastry, even to the chickens' wings, to see that no letter, or note, or signal, be thus introduced from the external world. The mace-bearer then proclaims, in a loud voice, the name of his cardinal, and calls for the conclave *cameriere*, who comes to the *torri*, and passes the plate, dinner, etc., to the hand of his master. The passage is then closed for the next twenty-four hours.

All these precautions are taken, since it has been found, by the experience of centuries, that unlimited corruption has been often practised in the election of popes. In this instance, Austria could well have afforded to spend a few millions, for she would have given half her treasure rather than resign the grasp she held upon the arm of Papacy!

All persons who, without being members of the sacred college, nevertheless attend its sessions in its service, are made to pass out, one by one, into the chapel Paulina, and swear on the Holy Evangelists, that they will never speak of, nor reveal, what transpires within the holy walls. There are three *camerieri* (or body-servants) to each elector, the secretary of the college, and three assistants; the sacristan and under-sacristan of the apostolic palace, with three priests to aid them; six masters of ceremonies; the confessor of the conclave; two physicians, a surgeon, and two aids; an architect, a carpenter, and a mason; and, finally, thirty-five general attendants. This ends the doings of the first day.

XLI.

The next morning, at nine o'clock, the electors went to the chapel, to proceed to the election. The Cardinal Micara, deacon of the sacred college, would have marched at their head, but a severe illness detained him in his cell and the sub-deacon, Cardinal Macchi, took his place. The seats of the chapel being removed, an open square was left in the nave, around which were elevated two thrones, surmounted with their scarlet canopies. In front of the door, the altar was already illuminated for the mass. In the centre of the square, a table, covered by a cloth of gold, and surrounded by three rich chairs, awaited the three secretaries. At the right of the altar was the *fumetta*, a kind of a stove, in which the votes were burned after each balloting, till the election took place.

The sub-deacon ascended the steps of the altar with his two assistants; the cardinals took their places on the right and left, on their respective thrones—now all equal—all princes—since any one of them might, in an hour, become the head of the Catholic world. The bishops put the stole around their necks, and the priests and deacons were in full dress for the altar service. The entire college was at this moment robed in those gorgeous vestments with which hierarchy has sought to embellish the emblems of its power. It was an imposing spectacle—those fifty-two old men, from whose number was to go forth a king and a pontiff—perhaps among the last sovereigns the cardinal college ever would elect!

It was a solemn crisis, and all present seemed to feel that a work of awful moment lay before them. One of their

number said to me afterwards, 'If we had known all the mighty consequences which have since followed the doings of that day, I doubt if we should have felt more solemn. It has since been shown that we were applying the torch to a mine that was to explode Europe. Even then, every man present seemed to act as though he was holding the match in his own hand.'

Mass was said in the midst of the profoundest contemplation. Cardinal Macchi explained the prescribed order of proceedings. Each elector took his seat, and the college was left *alone*.

The election was now to be made in one of three ways. 1st. By *acclamation;* that is, when the whole college proclaims the same man without a difference of opinion, which was impossible in the present case. 2d. By compromise; when no harmony exists, and, despairing of union or an election, all agree to leave the settlement to a committee, by whose decisions they are bound—which is never resorted to in the beginning. 3d. By secret ballot, which is the common way of election

XLII.

Printed ballots are prepared by the master of ceremonies, and kept in two urns on the secretary's table, and the electors take them when they please. One committee was chosen to examine the ballots, and another to visit the cells of the sick cardinals, who could not leave their beds. These committees are drawn by lot in the following manner:—Into a purple damask bag, as many little balls are put as there are electors, and their names inscribed on them. The first three drawn designated the tellers; the first in order was to open the

ballots, the second to record the votes, and the third to proclaim the result of each trial. The sub-deacon shakes up the bag and blesses it, and the youngest deacon draws. *Mastai* came out the third: it was his duty to proclaim the votes. Then the drawing took place for the sick: *Lambruschini* (of whom we have already spoken as the bloody minister of Gregory) was one of the committee. The cardinals came forward, ten at a time, took ballots,—filled and sealed them. As fast as this was done, each one took his ballot between his thumb and finger, raised his arm over his head, and went and kneeled before the altar, on which was a large chalice. After a short prayer, he rose, and pronouncing the following oath—'*Testor Christum Dominum, qui me judicaturus est, mi eligere, quem secundum Deum judico elegi debere et quod idem in accessu præstabo,*'—deposits his ballot in the chalice, kneels again, and returns to his place.

When all present had voted, the ballots of the sick (there were five of them) were brought in and deposited in the same manner. The first teller then took down the chalice, shook it, and handed it to Mastai. The number was found to be correct, and they proceeded to open them. At this most solemn moment of the first day more than one heart beat convulsively! The first teller, with his back towards the chalice, took the ballots out one by one, opened them so as not to discover the names, and passed them to the second, who read them in a low voice, and after registering them, gave them to the third, who proclaimed them. Mastai called the name of Lambruschini fifteen times, and thirteen times *his own*. The rest of the votes were scattering.

XLIV.

This first result produced an electric shock on the Assembly. A buzzing noise followed. The college expected the election of the Jesuit Lambruschini, the first balloting. Who was this unknown rival, who, at the first trial, obtained nearly one-third of the votes. The people have since considered it a miracle; and it was quite as unexpected as one. A most strange incident now took place. Cardinal Mastai had hardly pronounced his own name the thirteenth time, when a dove flew into the upper window of the chapel, and, descending, fluttered around his head! The whole assembly started! It seemed to be a miraculous manifestation of the approbation of Heaven. It appeared as though God himself thus put his seal upon his anointed Vicegerent! The fate of Italy and of Europe was balancing.

Lambruschini was feared, for it was known that he controlled the terrible enginery of Jesuitism. The great majority of the college had no leanings towards liberalism; who then should they elect? Not Gizzi, who was to be the candidate of the best men in the college, for he could not command a majority. Mastai was a devoted bishop; a man overflowing with humanity. There were thirteen members who knew his extraordinary virtue, and they voted for him, because they thought he would run into no cruel excesses of arbitrary power; but it is certain that not one of the college dreamed he was so radical in his political opinions as he proved.

If a thunderbolt had fallen on Lambruschini's head, he would hardly have been more stunned than when he heard the announcement that he had but fifteen votes. He had entertained not a doubt of his election up to that moment;

shocked, half unmanned, but hiding his agony under a forced serenity, he struggled like a man carrying a heavy load. He spied the looks, he strained his ears to the whispers of all, and he interrogated the old men of the Conclave (in whom he had most confidence) with affected *sang froid*. When with his two assistants he went to the cell of Micara, on the second balloting, to get his vote, he said humorously to this DIOGENES of the college:—'Well, my good deacon, the struggle has begun: can your Eminence see the issue?' Micara was at no loss for a reply. 'Well, Eminence,' said he, as he deposited his vote for Mastai, 'if the good God makes the election, Mastai will be Pope; if the devil mixes himself up with it, it will be you or I.' 'Ah! very good, very good,' said Lambruschini, as he turned, livid with rage, and left the cell. At noon, and at evening the votes are burned, till the Pope is chosen. The stove-pipe conducts the smoke into the Public Square; and as long as the smoke is seen, the people know that their chief is not elected.

XLV.

Rome was transported with passion. The *cafés* were filled with anxious men. Various and contradictory reports were flying; all was terror and desperation. The Romans were resolved that a tyrant should reign over them no longer. At last the report was spread through the town that the people's candidate, Gizzi, was elected. It was believed: a courier set off to his native place with the news; the city of the cardinal was at once illuminated; his palace was crowded by the people; his servants who had thus, according to ancient custom, become possessed of all his personal property) drank up all his wine, and gave an entertainment of great magnificence.

A few hours after, a second courier arrived with different intelligence. The mistake cost poor Gizzi six thousand dollars, and nearly cost the first messenger his life.

In the mean time a strange drama was playing in the conclave. Three ballotings had taken place; each time the hopes of Lambruschini and Austria were growing darker—Mastai was gaining. The second trial he had gained four votes, and Lambruschini lost two. On the third trial Mastai announced the name of his rival but eleven times, and his own twenty-seven.

The fourth and last scrutiny opened at three o'clock, P. M., the 16th. Mastai was at his post, pale and sad; he had not had the shadow of a hope or prospect of the Pontificate, and he was overwhelmed with the destiny that seemed to await him. He had passed the intervals of the ballotings in prayer. The ballots were now thrown into the chalice for the last time. The opening began amidst breathless silence. Mastai read his name on the first ballot, the second, third, fourth, and on to the seventeenth without interruption. His hand and voice trembled, and he stopped an instant. He went on; opened the eighteenth, and saw his name again. His eyes filmed; he prayed the assembly to compassionate him, and to charge another cardinal to read in his place. Mastai forgot, in the simple honesty of his heart, that a scrutiny even thus interrupted, could annul an election. The cardinals answered, 'Take time; repose a moment; we will wait for your Eminence.' A young member came forward and obliged Mastai to sit and repose himself; one of his colleagues gave him a glass of water; he drank, and sat trembling and speechless. A moment after large tears came rushing down his face.

This shock, so deep, so affecting, and so true, showed that

Mastai felt how grand and fearful a responsibility was before him. To the majority of the cardinals he was almost a stranger. They had passed most of their lives at Court, engaged in intrigues and dissipation; he had long been gone from the capital; and in the holy engagements of his ministry was almost as much unknown to his colleagues, as though he were not one of the conclave. But now they saw the man they had voted for, and their hearts were won by the pure ingenuousness of his character. After some minutes of great solemnity, Mastai rose and approached the table, sustained by two of his colleagues. The opening went slowly on. Again, he read his own name, again and again, till at last (he needed but thirty-six votes—two-thirds of all that were present) he had pronounced it *thirty-six times!* Nearly all the cardinals rose; one voice only was heard in the arches of the chapel; and the election was confirmed by *acclamation.* Mastai fell to his knees. The spectacle of that young Pontiff, on whose shoulders had been so suddenly thrown the weight of a temporal and spiritual empire, bowing meekly before the majesty of Heaven, affected the assembly. Order was at once restored. Every eye but Lambruschini's was filled with tears.

XLVI.

There are certain moments in the life of the historian when he must feel *solemn;* for he is fixing his eye on events upon which heaven itself has gazed as *crises;* towards which all the converging streams of influence and destiny have been long flowing—events for which Providence has been long preparing mankind—events which are to decide what their future fortunes are to be.

Of such events, the calling of Abraham, the Birth of Cy-

rus, the death of Cæsar, the Coming of the Saviour, the Destruction of Jerusalem, the Conversion of Constantine, the Irruption of the Barbarians, the great victory of Charles Martel over the Saracens, the Preaching of Peter the Hermit, the Discovery of the Bible by Luther, the Birth of Galileo, the Discoveries of Columbus and Vasco de Gama, the Triumph of Cromwell, the Embarcation of the Pilgrims, the Preaching of Wesley, the Declaration of Independence, the French Revolution of 1789, the elevation, the victories, and final death of Napoleon—may all come in for a deep and permanent interest in the feelings of all who read history, either for the purpose of seeing the great plans of Providence, or tracing the chequered fortunes of humanity.

The College had been in session forty hours, and the anxiety of the Roman people to know what their destiny would be had reached the last point of intensity. The streets and piazzas were filled with groups of excited men, and citizens seemed to wear on their faces a troubled but determined look, like men who are nerving themselves up to hear of some tremendous calamity. In speaking of this terrible crisis, a venerable and devoted prelate of Rome (who had been long hoping and waiting for a day of reformation in the Catholic Church) said to me: 'I know of nothing in history that could have been so painful, unless it may have been while the flying Hebrews were standing on the shore of the Red Sea, with their trembling women and children, watching the distant cloud of dust that rose up into heaven, as the chariots of the Egyptians came sweeping over the desert, and before the pillar of fire moved on, and the sea divided to let those weary millions pass over.'

XLVII.

Towards evening, on the 16th of June, the Piazza del Quirinale was filled with an anxious multitude, waiting for the smoke coming from the burning of the ballots of the conclave. A thousand bells came chiming calmly and sweetly on the ears of the palpitating thousands, and every eye was strained to catch, through the fading twilight, the blue smoke, curling up the sides of the Quirinal. But no signal appeared, and Rome knew that her prince was chosen. Every man breathed quicker, and asked his neighbor, 'Who is it?' But no one could answer the question.

There *was* a name that might have been uttered then, from the balcony of the Quirinal, that would have sounded the tocsin of a revolution—that name was Lambruschini!—the Jesuit!

At length the report started, that the learned and good Cardinal Gizzi, the acknowledged head of the Italian, or reform party, was elected.

It flew over the city, and the crowd began to disperse. Enough was known of Gizzi to banish the apprehensions Rome had felt for the result, and it was no longer doubted that the Ecclesiastical State would find *repose* from its suffering—more, the Romans did not dare to hope.

At a late hour the capital grew quiet, and waited for the coming day. Early the following morning the population of Rome came rushing up to the great Piazza di Monte Cavallo (only another name for the Piazza del Quirinale; but so called because in the centre of the square stands the classic marble fountain, around which are still seen the celebrated Greek horses, so wonderfully sculptured by Phidias, or some other

master of antiquity) to see the new prince into whose hands God had committed their fortunes. While this vast multitude, in which all ranks, and sexes, and ages, and conditions, were tumultuously blended, was waiting with impatience the appearance of the new Pontiff, the brick began to fall from the window that opens out of the Hall of Conclave on the balcony. This passage, as we have already remarked, had been walled up, that no communication might he left open between the college and the external world.

Through the opening the Cardinal Chamberlain in a few moments appeared, to proclaim the Pope. His face was radiant with joy as he came forward, and beckoned to the dense mass (probably not less than 200,000 persons) below him to hold silence :—

'*Romani,*' he cried in a loud voice, '*annuntio vobis gandium magnum; Papam habemus eminentissimum ac reverendissimum dominum Joanen Mariam Mastai Ferretti, S. R. C. presbyterium cardinalem, qui sibi nomen imposuit Pius IX.*—Romans, I announce to you joyful tidings. We have a Pontiff, the most eminent and most reverend Giovanni Maria Mastai Ferretti, of the holy Roman Church, a presbyter cardinal, who has taken the name of Pius the Nihth." These words were spoken in the tongue which was heard in that same Piazza two thousand years before; but they were understood by the listeners; and a shout came back, '*Viva Pio Nino!*'—Long live Pius IX.

The Loggia was already filled with cardinals, and at last the man whom Rome hoped most fervently had been sent by God as the deliverer of the Italians, himself appeared before them. When the immense crowd caught the first glance of the noble form of the Bishop of Imola, and before the mur-

murs of the first shout had died away, an involuntary burst of joy and gratitude to God went up to Heaven. It was followed a moment after by a wild prolonged appeal, and those who stood on the Loggia have told me that the pillars of the Quirinal trembled to the shock!

XLVIII.

The Pontiff extended his arms, and lifting his eyes to Heaven, blessed his people. That vast crowd was hushed while he spoke; and when the benediction was finished, they sent back their loud *amen*.

When Pius heard their response and their acclamations, and saw their hands lifted imploringly to him, speaking a language that could not be misunderstood, for there were gathered hundreds of thousands of Romans beseeching him to be their father as well as their prince, Pio Nono's heart was melted, and tears of gratitude and consolation flowed down his face. From that hour the angel of concord united children and father, subjects and sovereign, faith and religion. On that same Loggia too stood the foiled Lambruschini, with his trained band of Jesuits, and saw the spectacle!

From the Hall of Conclave, late on the night of the election, Pius IX. wrote the following letter to his

'DEAREST BROTHERS, GABRIELE, GIUSEPPE, AND GAITANO,—The blessed God, who humbles and exalts, has been pleased to raise my unworthiness to the most sublime dignity of the earth. I know, in some measure, the almost infinite weight of such a charge, and I equally know the poverty, and indeed the absolute nothingness of my spirit. Ask the prayers of others, and pray for me yourselves. The conclave lasted forty hours. If the Commune wish to spend anything in giving a

demonstration, see that the sum expended (it is my will) be entirely devoted to something useful to the city, as the Gonfaloniere and Councilors may judge best. As for you, dear brothers, I embrace you with all my heart, in Jesus Christ; and so far from exulting in my elevation, compassionate your brother, who gives to you all his first apostolical benediction.

'P. P. IX.'

At midnight an express was sent with the foregoing letter to Sinigaglia, the Pontiff's native city, and before day-light the gates of Rome swung open to let the couriers fly to spread the joyful intelligence of the election of Pio Nono, wherever Roman exiles were waiting in sadness and hope. Five days after his election, the 21st June, the new Pope was crowned in the Church of St. Peter. We shall attempt no description of that imposing ceremony, nor of the mighty structure under whose sky-reaching dome it was celebrated; for to give an idea of the ceremony, a larger space would be required than my limits can spare, and to give an adequate conception of St. Peter's, by *words*, seems to me to be absolutely impossible. Michael Angelo gave the best description of it before it was built, by saying, 'I will hang the Pantheon in the heavens.'

XLIX.

The coronation of a Pontiff is always a magnificent ceremony; it is the most imposing sight ever witnessed in Italy,—a land where all that is imposing brings its sanctioned tribute on such occasions. The coronation of Pius differed from those which had preceded it, chiefly in a greater degree of *solemnity—St. Peter's was crowded with anxious hearts!* The first burst of joy which attended the announcement of Count Mastai's election had been rather a negative feeling. Every-

body was glad that Lambruschini had failed. It was more exultation over the defeat of Jesuitism than delight at the triumph of patriotism and liberty—little was known of Pius IX. by his people. Mastai had seldom left his diocese—he had become almost a stranger in Rome. He was shut up in the convent of Piratello, (one of the bis-annual retreats he had instituted for pure and benevolent purposes,) instructing his clergy, when a courier on a foaming horse halted at the gate, bringing the despatch which told him Gregory was dead. Indeed, the Romans could know little of their new Pope. Rome was bleeding; thousands of her children were in damp dungeons, or distant exile; despotism reigned; corruption and profligacy were everywhere triumphant; even a reformer would find every step an Herculean labor—if indeed some subtle poison or treacherous knife did not arrest him in his first onset against the Colossus of crime and tyranny that overshadowed Rome. Besides, who knew what Pius IX. would do? Who could decide what his first edict would be? Who so mad as to expect a reformer from the Vatican? It were worse than to look for a republican, born with a diadem on his head, and descended from a long line of kings.

L.

That congregation of I know not how many tens of thousands, gathered before the tomb of St. Peter, with its massive bronze columns and gorgeous canopy, and thousand lamps of silver, and gold, and precious stones, had too much at stake to be joyous: *no* pageant could banish their anxiety. The first shout of joy that followed the election of Mastai had been wild —maniac-like: Lambruschini, the hated, abhorred, dreaded Jesuit, had been foiled—foiled too in the deep recesses of the

Vatican conspiracy; with Austria, and her gold, and soldiers, and diplomacy, and all the black host of Jesuits on her side. But the public mind soon grew familiar with this negative triumph; it could not rest on so unsubstantial a feeling; it required something stronger, deeper, more inspiring. Five days had cooled the popular feeling, and a melancholy that had grown out of many years of suffering was not to be dispelled till some *radical* change had taken place in the political condition of the Roman people. Pio Nono knew all this. He was crowned; and the uncounted multitude poured forth from the Cathedral aisles, and lined the way their new sovereign must pass, in returning to the Quirinal. The Pontifical train swept through dense masses, kneeling on either side; but the cortége moved on in silence. No shouts rent the sky—not a voice was heard even to proclaim *Viva Pio Nono*. But, without a spoken word, a sublime voice went up from four hundred thousand kneeling supplicants, for pardon for their husbands, and fathers, and brothers, and friends, in prison or in exile. That voice went to the heart of the Pontiff. His noble purpose was fixed, but the world knew nothing of his determination; it had not passed beyond the solitude of his own bosom. Blessings were in store for that kneeling multitude, which exceeded all their expectations, and we might also say their desires.

The chilling coldness with which the Romans had assisted at the coronation, and afterwards received the first pontifical benediction from St. Peter's, afflicted the Pope for a moment. Not even Lambruschini could have passed through the scenes *he* had been the object of, without hearing some shout, some applause, some acclamation! And must *he*, who cherished in his secret soul so many sublime hopes and magnanimous purposes for the good of his people, be greeted with no *vivas!* On

his return to the Palace, Pius said to those about him, 'The Romans appear to treat me hard; but I understand the reason. It will not take me long to show Rome and all Italy that no prince or pontiff can be loved by his people, unless he becomes the father of his subjects and children;' And yet *that* night Pius did not sleep!

All Italy was hardly more than a fief of Austria, and Lambruschini had so completely sold and bound over his country to Metternich, it was to be feared that Pio Nono might find it difficult, if not impossible, to pick his way out of the tangled labyrinth of diplomatic relations.

The archives of the State were laid open to his investigation, and those who for many years had been the most faithful and sagacious servants of his predecessors, remarked that the eye of Pio Nono seemed to pierce, with illuminated perception, every subject that came before him. His first object was to gain a correct knowledge of the condition of his States, and nothing escaped his scrutiny. He was resolute in working a total change in the policy of the Papal government, and he was equally resolved on taking his own time for doing it. He was well aware that the gaze of the world was fixed steadily upon him, and that his first step in the reformation he contemplated would arouse the suspicion, and probably excite the alarm, of several of the sovereigns of Europe. He was watched, and he knew it.

III.

The first glance showed him that he had succeeded to a bankrupt State. There was not only no money in the treasury, and a vast public debt weighing down the government, but the resources of the state had been dried up, and its revenues squandered on the prodigal favorites of the past administration. How such vast sums had been expended the books did not show; but it required no very keen scrutiny to make the discovery. Monopolies, and differential and exorbitant duties imposed under the pretext of protection, had almost annihilated commerce. An army of spies, and a vast and expen-

sive system of police, with corruption in every branch of the government, had swallowed up the last *baiocco* of the public treasure, and had the revenue been quadrupled, it would have all disappeared in the same way, like a stream of pure, abundant water poured upon the bosom of a sandbank. Pio Nono, however, saw a remedy for this appalling evil, and resolved to apply it at once. Lambruschini's army of spies, and system of police, he dissolved at a stroke. He banished corruption and prodigality, and introduced the most rigid economy into every branch of the government. Thoroughly imbued with the great principle, which England and other European states have adopted, to save themselves from financial ruin, he resolved to emancipate the commerce of his states. To the first commission he appointed to consider the subject of commercial reforms, he said—'I have long been of opinion that the only protection commerce requires is liberty; that the secret of a large revenue has been discovered in moderate duties.' With this grand principle which is now believed by the most illustrious statesmen of Europe to lie at the bottom of all sound systems of finance, they began their work.

IV.

It was not long before the confidential Commissioners of Pius began to crowd in with their reports, and they were at once admitted to his presence. If they were satisfactory, their authors were dismissed with presents, and the thanks of their prince, or dispatched on some other business. If they were deficient in facts, or superficial in observation, they were sent back to do their work over.

The new Pope was determined to avail himself of all the aids he could, and he appointed a Congregation of six Cardi-

nals on the 30th of June, to assist him in his investigations, and the administration of public affairs. About the same time, he suppressed the Military Commissions of Romagna. He conferred the order of the Knighthood of St. Gregory the Great, on three celebrated men of science, Machetti, the professor, Salvatore Betti, and Professor Venturoli, who had won unequalled reputation in the science of Hydraulics. Pius also declared his intention to aid and protect the Roman Academy of the Lincians, and also to extend his favor to the Scientific Congresses of Italy.

In the choice of the Congregation of Cardinals, he showed what was for a considerable time conspicuous in all his acts—perfect independence and consummate prudence. Macchi, sub-dean of the Sacred College; Bernetti, Chancellor of the Roman Church; Cardinals Amat di San Filippo e Sorso, and Mattei, one of Gregory's Secretaries of State, and another personage, whose appointment astonished everybody except the few who understood how useful a captured spy may sometimes be made in an assault upon the enemy's camp—the worthy Signor LAMBRUSCHINI. But the great Cardinal Gizzi was also one of the Congregation, and there was no very alarming probability that the Jesuit would attempt to trifle seriously with that gentleman.

V.

But while the overwhelming cares of his kingdom were pressing on the brain of Pio Nono, and his heart was aching for his many thousand children, sighing in dungeons, or in exile, for the day of their release or return—when the multitude of strong-minded and resolute men, in his service, had gone to their beds anxious and weary, and no sound could

be heard along the passages of the Quirinal, but the tread of the night-sentinel—in a distant chamber sat the man who ruled the Catholic World. He had been twenty hours by that table, in intense, distracting labor; but his head was cool and clear, his heart was warm and full of humanity. Nothing could disturb the equanimity of his spirit; nothing could interrupt the cheerfulness of his conversation; nothing could confuse his brain; and nothing could bend him from his inflexible purpose.

Such was the position which Pius IX. then held; such were the many and generous purposes he then entertained; such were believed by all men to be the motives by which he was moved, and such were the high and pure resolutions with which he began to address himself to the heroic task of reconstructing a decayed civilization.

Although this seems now somewhat apocryphal, yet other causes we shall hereafter speak of, changed the character, as well as the policy of the Pope.

VI.

Soon after the return of the Abbé Mastai (now Pius IX.) from his mission in South America, in 1825, as he was passing through one of the less frequented streets of Rome, he saw a spectacle, which, however unworthy of a civilized country, has been but too common in every part of Italy, and in other portions of the world which boast of a higher form of civilization.

A young man of seventeen years, accused of conspiracy against the State, and condemned to die, was walking, firmly and calmly, to the place of execution, surrounded by all those signs of ignominy which Christian governments have invented, to insult the departing souls of their murdered citizens. Struck

with the heroic firmness of the young Brutus, as he went to his fate, Mastai stopped, and, calculating the time the condemned would be detained in the *Death Chapel*, listening to the rites of a religion just to be outraged, the Abbé rushed towards the Vatican, as though he were fleeing to save his own life, and not that of a young stranger. He passed the doors of the palace, and flung himself at the feet of the sovereign, and prayed the good old man to have mercy on the boy, and at least commute his sentence of death into imprisonment for life. The venerable Pontiff loved Mastai, and the boon was granted. He hastily wrote an order. The Abbé seized it, and, kissing the feet of the Pope, rushed from the Vatican, and flew to the place of execution. He came, breathless and fainting, as the beautiful boy was about being launched into the future world.

'Hold, executioner,' he cried; 'I bring a pardon from the Pope.'

The boy, who had not yet shed a tear, nor felt a muscle quiver, sprang into the arms of the Abbé, and they wept together. After long years they were to meet again, under circumstances still more affecting, as the following narrative will show. The Abbé remembered his name, and the dungeon to which he was conducted.

VII.

Perhaps, among the many thousand young men who were buried in the under-ground prisons of the Roman States before and at the time Pius IX. came to the throne, no one had suffered longer, more steadily, or more mercilessly than a prisoner named Giovanini. For more that twenty years he had been *buried alive* in one of the terrible *secrets* of the Castle

of St. Angelo—the Bastile of Rome—for no other crime than having dared, in his boyhood, to hope for the liberation of his country. He belonged to a family of rank, in Rome; but neither the wealth nor influence of his father could procure his release. He could not even see his boy; nor could a letter from his affectionate mother reach him. *Political offences were the only crimes for which men could not buy their pardon in Rome.*

Not a ray of heaven's blessed light, not a word of intelligence from his family, had reached him *for nearly a quarter of a century.* How many of his friends were dead; how many Popes had ascended the throne and gone to their account; what was going on in the world of living men—he could not tell. How many years even he had been immured in that terrible dungeon he did not know with certainty; for he had no means of marking the progress of time; and this was, perhaps, (strange as it may at first seem to one who never thought of it,) the bitterest of all his miseries. He could, indeed, tell when the day ended, for he could hear the thunder of the evening cannon from the towers of the Castle; and he could calculate for some weeks the days, and for some months the weeks. He even thought he kept his reckoning for several years. But at last his memory became clouded, and *all* the days, and weeks, and years, blended dimly together, like one interminable expanse of dark ocean, where there is no sky, no star, nor horizon, nor landmark to measure from. Days, weeks, months, and years moved slowly, dimly, sullenly away, and he could calculate the moment only by the beatings of his heart, and the hours only by the recurrence of hunger or sleep.

VIII.

Over this dark and interminable sea of time (which seemed time no longer) he had been drifting—how long he could not tell;—but so long, *he had become an old man*, and he remembered that when he crossed the draw-bridge of that terrible castle, and cast his last long look on the calm blue sky, he was a boy. Hope had long ago left him—if indeed it ever can quite die in a human soul; and all other thoughts, and feelings, and desires, were blended in one long, eternal, fruitless wish to die—*when* the iron bolts of his dungeon, unused to move, sprung back with a shackling creak. The prisoner started from his torpor, and a cowled monk slowly entered with a torch in his hand. The half-blinded wretch turned his haggard, unshaven face on the visitor.

'What dost thou want here?' he could hardly utter, in an unearthly voice. 'Dost thou come to take me to the gibbet? Oh! how welcome thou wouldst be! But then my enemies could no longer count the hours of that agony which cannot die. More cruel than the hangman, they have robbed me of the liberty to die. And did they send *thee*, too, to count the furrows in my face? Hast thou, too, come to feast thy eyes, and glut thy heart over the sight of my eternal despair? Answer me, monk?'

'I come to bring thee news of thy mother.'

'My mother!' exclaimed the prisoner, as he began to tremble and rub his hand hard over his forehead, as if to clear away some thick cloud that hung there—'My mother! Tell me if I *may* die then at last, and I shall see her in Heaven.'

'She still lives, and it is she who sends me to bless thee, and bring thee hope.'

'Oh! bless me then, Father,' the feeble prisoner cried, as he dragged himself to the feet of the monk, and bent his head.

'And I do bless thee,' answered the monk, in a trembling voice, 'in the name of the God of mercy, who pardons the guilty and avenges the innocent. I bless thee, too, in the name of thy mother.'

'God then has pitied me at last,' sobbed out the poor man, 'for he sends me his angel of consolation,'—and the good monk raised him from the stone floor, and folded him in his arms as they wept together.

The prisoner then told the monk his dungeon history, as no one else could relate it.

'Thou shouldst have written to Gregory,' said the monk, 'and asked justice if not mercy.'

'I did, Father; but my letters he never saw, or he would not answer them. I did not ask life, nor liberty; but only a kiss from my mother.'

'Write again to the sovereign, my son.'

'Ah! my letter would be intercepted before it reached Gregory.'

'Gregory is no more! write to his successor!'

'He would never receive it. The hatred of my invisible enemies would shut his eyes and ear, and heart, against me.'

'Perhaps, it might be so—but—'

'Oh, Father, it is surely so.'

'But be assured, my son—Pius IX. is a kind-hearted man—and he has promised justice to all his people—write to him.'

'Who will take the letter?'

'The jailer of the Castle.'

BOOK SECOND.

I.

THE pageant of the coronation passed away, and for thirty days Rome saw little of her prince. He shut himself up in his palace, and telling his people in a proclamation to 'wait and hope,' he began to examine for himself into the state of his kingdom.

He ordered every man who held an office under the government, to stand at his post, and do his duty till further notice. This kept the complicated machine of government in motion, and carried with it an intimation not likely to be disregarded by those who were interested in any department of the administration.

He ordered all judicial and police processes against political criminals, to be suspended in every province of the State.

He called to his aid many of the ablest and best men in Rome, and assigned to each a definite work to do.

Some were ordered to examine the cart loads of petitions and memorials, which had been accumulating for fifteen years, unread—others to trace the origin and progress of civil and criminal prosecutions—some were sent to visit the prisons where murderers, debtors, authors, and patriots, were huddled together promiscuously in foul apartments—others to examine into the advantages and obstacles, the routes and means for

railways—some had commissions for visiting hospitals, asylums, and all kinds of charitable institutions—and others were intrusted with an inquiry into the causes and history of brigandage, insurrection, outbreaks, and popular discontent. In fact, the whole State was subjected to the *surveillance* of a regiment of keen-sighted, honest reformers, who were as deeply interested as Pius IX. himself in detecting abuses and corruption. Each one was provided with a special *passport*, which opened to the bearer every door, bolt, gate, and archive of the State. They had their private instructions. They knew the man they were dealing with, and they believed that nothing would serve him but the truth. Those men were not likely to be bribed or deceived. *Employées* of the State were anxious to keep their places, and they soon discovered the tenure by which they held them. These special messengers were ordered to start without delay on their work—to do it as fast as it could be well done, and to present their reports in writing to Pio Nono *himself;* for in this business he had no confidants. At almost every hour of the day and night, these heralds of the reformation were riding out of the courtyard of the palace, on their way to the provinces. This was the first survey of the Augean stables. Hercules was sure to find work enough to do.

II.

The department of finance, and that of foreign relations, Pio Nono reserved for his own eye. It was a matter of prime importance to see what means he possessed, or could manufacture, to carry on his government; and of scarcely less import, to know how far his movements were likely to be embarrassed by former treaties, despatches, and protocols.

That signature would have been quite useless, if the monk's head had not hitherto been enveloped in a cowl—for when he allowed it to fall back, it revealed the majestic and beaming face of Pius—the new Pope—and Prince of Rome. The time the governor's face took in going through divers changes is hardly worth mentioning.

Giovanini had hardly embraced his mother, who nearly died of joy, before he flew to the Quirinal to ask of the Pope the name of his benefactor.

'Your benefactor, no!' answered Pius, 'but your Father —come to his arms. It cannot be you have forgotten the young priest whom you embraced so warmly at the foot of the scaffold twenty years ago?'

'Oh! God,' exclaimed the exhausted prisoner, 'this is more than I can bear?' and he fell fainting to the floor.

IX.

Toward evening, on the 17th of July, 1846, as the thousand bells of Rome were chiming the Ave Marie, when Pius IX. had reigned thirty days; without previous intimation from any quarter, an edict was affixed simultaneously on the walls and squares, and most frequented parts of the city, proclaiming a *general amnesty* for all political offences.

This was the first note of mercy or peace which had been struck from the broken lyre of Italy for a whole generation—and if the edict had been sent from heaven, and affixed by unseen hands, it could not have been received with greater astonishment.

The population rushed to the corners of the streets, where torches were held, and those nearest read to the crowd the touching words of pardon, which gave back to their bereaved

country so many of its proscribed and unhappy sons. Throughout that populous city, there was not a soul, foreigners excepted, that was not immediately concerned in that edict—hardly one who did not instantly recall the image of some lost one, who would receive those words of pardon in the gloom of his prison, or the bitterness of exile.

A chorus cry of joy rang at the same instant through every part of the capitol. There seemed to be but one heart in Rome, and it beat only pulsations of joy—there seemed to be but one desire in Rome, and that was to see the face of their great benefactor: and, as if by a common instinct, from the most distant extremities of the city a movement began, and from the four quarters of the capitol the thickening stream went rushing up to the palace.

The multitude, wild with ecstacy and gratitude, cried out for their 'father.' Their voice was heard by the good man of the house, and he went upon the *loggia* to thank and bless his people.

X.

As it grew dark, torches were seen flaming at the corners of all the streets where the edict had been affixed, and dense crowds were gathered around each notice. Those in the front ranks kneeled, so that those behind might look over their heads—forming little amphitheatres of overjoyed weeping people, smiling through their tears, and looking up at the edict, again and again, half incredulous, as though after all it was too good to be true. Wherever there was a copy of the edict, there was clustered one of these groups; and there were shining there bright torches, larger and handsomer than even the Romans keep burning before the shrines of their saints.

At dusk, Pius went into the gardens of the Quirinal, back

of the palace, and walked for two hours. He heard the murmur that rose over the city—it came on his ear stronger and stronger, like the inrolling tide of the sea. At last the shouts broke up into heaven. It was the grateful sound he had hoped for—during the thirty days of his reign he had consoled himself with its anticipation. At last it came. He had sounded the bugle-blast of freedom, that was to wake the nations of Europe, and the response of his people had come back; henceforth he knew that he was not alone.

In less than an hour, the entire population of Rome had either read or heard the proclamation of pardon, and the popular enthusiasm broke forth again, wilder than ever—once more the cry rose '*to Monte Cavallo.*' Bands of young men led the throngs which swept in, stronger and denser, till the great Piazza of the Quirinal palace was packed, and again the exulting myriads uttered the name of *Pio Nono.* The Pope appeared once more on the *loggia* of the palace, attended by torches.

It was no longer jubilee nor acclamation. That mighty ocean of men and women and children seemed to be lashed into a frenzy of delirium. Rome itself, as one of her own poets said, had gone mad for love. Shouts and *vivas* rent the sky, so wild, that the tumultuous mass of two hundred thousand seemed to be swayed by the tempest of a revolution. It was the first maniac-breathing of popular liberty, stifled for ages. There is something sublime and fearful in the first movements of a people waking from the dream of despotism. If Lambruschini (the rival of the new Pope) had stood where Pio Nono stood, a Pontiff, the cry would have rang out to *Castel St. Angelo;* and in less than an hour its bloody walls would have begun to reel under the shock of a revolution.

But on that balcony stood the new champion of liberty—the father of his people—the regenerator of Italy—the pardoner; which glorious titles gave him, even by concession of Protestants themselves, claim to that higher title—vicegerent of the Saviour! There stood Pio Nono, the Pope of the people—the first they had had since Hildebrand. He lifted his arms and eyes to heaven, and tried to bless his people, but his heart was too full—his voice failed him, and they could only see his lips move, and the tears stream from his beaming face.

XI.

Rome seemed that night to be swayed by a single will; and as if the wand of an enchantress had passed over her towers, a brilliant illumination rose like a clear daybreak over the city. There had been no expectation of the amnesty on that day—there had been no concert among the people; and yet from the entire city a light broke forth, and flashed far up into heaven! The stately mansions of the rich gleamed with large wax torches, and the humble dwellings of the poor twinkled with tiny wax tapers. The illumination brightened as the hours passed on, and at midnight the city seemed bathed in an ocean of flame.

The crowd once more called for the Pontiff, and again he appeared with his blessing. They answered him with a shout, which was heard in the distant extremities of the city. It penetrated many a sick chamber, and the dying asked what it meant? It was the music of *pardon*—that rich word, which, in the solemn hour, sounds dearer than all others. It was the last word which fell upon the ear of many a dying sufferer in Rome that evening, and the first word that greeted him in heaven. When the sovereign laid himself down to sleep that

night, the last sounds he heard were airs of liberty and triumph, from a thousand instruments, mingling with the wild shouts of a finally-emancipated people.

While Rome was sleeping, late that night, fleet horses were bearing couriers with the joyful news, to the four quarters of the globe, through which the sons of Italy had been driven, waiting in sadness and hope, like the scattered children of Abraham, for the coming of the Deliverer. As the couriers spurred their steeds across the last hill-tops that overlooked the distant capitol, Rome seemed to the flying messengers like an enchanted vision. Cæsar's City, too, was to have her *Three Glorious Days*. Thus ended the first.

XII.

On the following morning, the population of all classes gathered around the massive walls of the Castle of St. Angelo —that grand but gloomy Bastile of Rome, within whose lofty towers and damp dungeons the strong hand of tyranny and superstition has, for successive ages, drawn the bolts of despair.

These towers and dungeons were haunted by brave men, who, having dared to act like freemen and ancient Italians, had been condemned to wear the rest of life away in hopeless imprisonment—buried alive!

The gates of the castle opened, and the liberated captives came forth. I cannot describe the scene which followed, and I shall not attempt it. It is not strange—when fathers and sons, husbands and wives, and mothers and loved ones, pressed to their hearts, under the free open sky, those whom they had expected to meet no more in this world—that even those who had no personal interest in the spectacle, could not refrain their tears.

These scenes of tenderness were renewed at every corner of the streets. From every door the prisoners passed, came flying some friend supposed to be dead. Some of the prisoners rushed wildly to their homes, in distant parts of the city; and others, who had no homes to fly to, when they first found themselves under the kind free heavens, stopped and gazed about them for a moment, like beasts let out of cages where they had been long confined, uttered piercing shrieks of joy, and burst into tears, or dashed away through the multitude of gazing strangers, to some solitary place, and sat themselves down and wept! It was a day of great sadness, and of immeasurable joy; more tears flowed in Rome on that day of universal liberation, than any tyrant could have wrung from the same people by the horrors of the rack. So much stronger is clemency than despotism!

XIII.

Many of the emancipated prisoners, for the moment forgot all other feelings in the desire to see their Prince, and they hurried to the Quirinal, to cast themselves at his feet. There were two whose heroism and sufferings had excited a peculiar sympathy, and for whose liberation the most unwearied applications had been made to Gregory's government—but all without success: for men who had laid one obstacle in the way of Lambruschini's ambition there was no mercy.

These two were Renzi and Galletti—names dear to all Italy. One afterward became a minister of state under Pius IX. They were at once admitted to the Pontiff's presence. They fell at the feet of their deliverer in tears—but they could not speak. Pius raised them kindly and embraced them with the love of a father who had just found his lost children.

As he held these bold conspirators to his breast, he said: 'I am happier to-day than I ever was—my sons have come back. You will never leave me—you will love me—your reason matured by experience and suffering is strong enough now to overcome the impetuosity of youth—you will be good subjects?'

'I swear it,' said Galletti, kissing the pontificial cross, 'by this sign of our redemption.'

'My mother,' said Leonardi della Massa, to a friend, after the pardon of Pius IX., 'was the sister of a Pope. I conspired against my uncle—for I believed my country required me to do it—I stifled in my heart the voice of natural affection that I might hear the voice of the people. I staked my head in the game of death with the executioner. My hatred against the temporal power of the Popes was so great, that I would have broken with the best friend I had on earth, if he had told me I should one day become the zealous admirer of a Pontiff. Twenty years passed, and these twenty years I have worn away in exile or prison—and now I declare that I love Pio Nono more than I abominated his predecessor. So well do I love him, if he should ask my life, I would answer, 'Holy father, you ask too little! demand that of my wife also; and both of us love you too well, not to consider the day of our death the most beautiful day of our lives.' Such was the enthusiasm that seemed to transport the Roman people, when they heard the name of their new sovereign mentioned.

The sun had hardly gone to his setting on the day of the 'Liberation,' when the city, as if impatient to give vent to its joy, shone forth with another illumination. With the exception of the houses of those men who had been too deeply

concerned in the reign of bigotry and despotism that had just closed, there was not a dwelling in Rome that was not illuminated. From the corridors, the open galleries and high windows of the palaces of the noble, to the humble dwellings of the poor, tall wax candles and little tapers were gleaming. Those who looked with coldness and suspicion on the new government shut themselves up in their houses and darkened their windows, while the rest of the population poured into the streets to mingle with the crowd of prisoners who had that day emerged from the dungeons of St. Angelo.

XIV.

Before nine o'clock, the entire piazza of the Quirinal was crowded. Bands of young men in tens, twenties and hundreds, came up from every quarter of the town, with torches and banners, and songs and airs, in praise of the Pontiff. Uniting in the centre of the Square they formed an immense crown of torches, with colors waving on every side. One of the banners showed the family stem of Mastai (the name of the Pope), on a white and yellow field, ornamented with sprigs of olive, in token of peace. There were many of the tri-color—which had not been seen in Italy for thirty years, except as a sign of revolution—bearing inscriptions—*viva la clemenza—viva Pio IX. —viva l'amnestia*—while others bore the edict of pardon, printed in gold, and enriched with emblems of peace, liberty, and hope. A few moments after, high and clear above the shouts of the multitude, a stirring chorus burst forth from one of the large streets opening on the Piazza, and a thousand flaming torches lit up the scene like a conflagration. The chorus came from twelve hundred of the *Filarmonici* of Rome, with several of the best martial bands of the city blended into

584843

one. They had that day met at the theatre *Argentina*, to practice a new hymn, written by Verdi in honor of the Pontiff.

Preceded by torches and a magnificent standard, the procession entered the Piazza, and as the crowd opened they advanced under the windows of the Quirinal. A great deal has been said about the musical genius of the Italians, but it probably surpasses all ideas foreigners have formed of it. This occasion illustrated it; the crowd learned the chorus after hearing it twice, and more than an hundred thousand voices joined harmoniously in the triumphal pæan. When the chorus ceased the name of the Pontiff was on every tongue.

XV.

Soon after the great Loggia of the palace was opened, and a train of attendants appeared to signify that the sovereign was coming. He appeared and was received with deafening shouts and vivas.

The enthusiasm of the preceding night, which had seemed so wild, was now surpassed, for there was a new class of men there—the liberated prisoners, who had that morning emerged from the gloom of St. Angelo's dungeons. The beloved Pastor of Rome lifted his hands and poured down from his full heart the blessings of the God of peace and liberty upon the silent host, bowing lowly to the dust. And there was kneeling a band of grateful men, breathing the free air of Heaven for the first time in many years. In the torchlight their faces wore that sepulchral hue, which should never cloud the human image of God, for it can never be acquired but in a dungeon, and God's glorious sun was made to shine on *all* his children. Erring and sinful though they may be, He never hides his

blessed beams from any of his creatures till the fitful dream of life is over.

Methinks that were a sight that might well make any man weep! 'Father—Father!' exclaimed the weeping captives under the loggia—and they could say no more. 'Yes,' answered Pio Nono through his tears, 'I *am* your Father, and I always will be; you, too, shall always be my dearly beloved children.' The good man stood for a few moments with his hands clasped on his bosom, and his eyes lifted to Heaven, as if praying for his people. And the dense throng, with their torches held steady, and their banners drooping, kneeled before him in silence, gazing on the noble form of the Pontiff, who seemed, like Moses talking with God on the mountain, to embrace at a glance all the tribes of Israel. The spirit of a better world had descended upon those worshipping myriads, and they kneeled in silence till the man of God had retired into his dwelling.

When the charm which had hung over the assembly was broken by some stirring *viva*, the crowd formed into marching order with that readiness and tact for which the Italians are remarkable, and went in a vast procession through the Corso, stopping to shout their grateful acclamations under the windows of those palaces where the most brilliant illuminations appeared. The entire *façades* of some of the edifices of Rome were covered with burning tapers, inscriptions, portraits of the Pope, and the arms of the Mastai family, wrought in silver and gold. The illumination shone on, and ended *Rome's second Glorious Day!*

XVI.

The enthusiastic joy which had now reigned for two days in the metropolis had hardly subsided on the day of the 'Libera-

tion,' before Rome was in motion again, for it was known that Pio was to proceed at nine o'clock the following morning to assist in some religious service in the Mission church, in the central part of the city. The way the pontifical *cortege* was to pass was crowded soon after daylight. At nine o'clock the bells announced the departure from the palace.

When the Pontiff's carriage came in sight, acclamations rose from the piazza and rang down the street, which was lined by crowds on either side. The most beautiful *bouquettes* were thrown from the balconies, and every step of the way was strewn with flowers. From the windows the most gorgeous draperies of different colored satins, velvets and cloths of gold, with ornamented banners, were streaming.

On the return to the palace, the crowd had thickened, and the popular enthusiasm broke out into the wildest joy. A company of young men presented themselves before the Pope, as he came forth from the church, to drag his carriage. This was at once refused. But when the *cortege* reached the Piazza Colonna they renewed their request more earnestly. Again the Pontiff kindly but resolutely protested. 'You are men—you are Romans, and I beg you to desist,' were his words. But the fierce joy of the populace could not be restrained. The same band of young men presented a solid phalanx before the carriage—the horses were detached—a rope, two hundred yards in length, was fastened to the coach, and straightened through the crowd, and under a continued shower of flowers they dragged their new sovereign with triumphant shouts back to the Quirinal. From the Loggia he dispensed his blessings upon the palpitating multitude.

XVII.

Late that night a considerable company of pale, emaciated men, who had just come out of prison, went up under the windows of the palace and waited till morning in tears and silence. They were poor men, whom the Pope had, from his private purse, that day redeemed from the debtor's prison! The Romans heard of this with delight, and emulated the noble example. A subscription was started, and in three days not a debtor in Rome was left in one of its prisons.

It is impossible to say where the mad joy of the Roman people would have found its limits had not a proclamation appeared, expressing, in the most benignant manner, the thanks of the Pontiff for the affection his subjects had shown him, accompanied by an order (in the form of fraternal counsel,) that the public feeling should be restrained, 'Since moderation in all things should be the motto of a state that tended to progress.' The import of these kind but firm words was universally understood, and the public joy was content to manifest itself in a more quit way. But the nightly illuminations were continued, and the Pontiff never appeared without being hailed with vivas and acclamations. All felt that a new day was breaking upon Italy.

Thus ended Rome's Three Glorious Days!

XVIII.

The first convulsion of joy for the Pardon had not subsided, before Rome was astonished and delighted by the promise of railways, while at the same period the most lively encouragement was given by the Pope to associations and meetings for agriculture, commerce, manufactures and mining.

A Commission of enlightened practical men, was appointed to examine the plans of the railways projected for the Pontifical States. The commissioners went vigorously to work, and on the 7th of November the same year, lines were chartered from Rome to the frontier of Naples—to the port of Anzio on the Adriatic, to Civita Vecchia on the Tyrrhean sea, and to Ancona and Bologna along the traces of the Flaminian Way. These routes extend in five directions from the Capital, like the ancient post-roads over which the couriers of the Roman Empire flew to carry laws to the sovereigns of the world.

The edict which showed that Pius IX. (however objectionable the idea of the temporal power of the Pontiffs had become in the minds of most of the enlightened friends of the Church itself,) was disposed to use his power as a civil prince, for better purposes than many Kings, or some Presidents, had been inclined to do, was received with almost as much enthusiasm as the amnesty had been, and gave rise to another succession of festivals and celebrations. The citizens of Rome began to feel that they were then received back into the circle of human brotherhood, that they could again, without blushing, hear their own State reckoned among the family of nations. Capitalists began to cluster thick on 'Change, and the dull half-dispirited look of the unemployed classes, gave way to the hopeful expression of active men, with strong muscles, who have something to look forward to. There was every where manifest the spirit of business; the consciousness that money was no longer to be hoarded up to rust, and that good strong arms were no longer to be folded idle over the deep breasts of hungry men. Laborers now had their festas and banquets, and princely bankers could now drink toasts to the pick and the spade—those cunningly shaped

iron tools that are spreading civilization faster than the spears and the eagles of the Roman legions. Some thousands of the modern Romans who have fallen so far below the hardy race from whom they have derived their origin, only because they have been crushed by tyranny and besotted by ignorance, flung aside their crazy hand-organs from which successive generations had ground most dolorous music, and took up the more useful inventions of Tubal Cain, the brother of their former patron Jubal. The fireworks of Prince Torlonia, the great banker of Italy, inaugurated the new reign of the pick and the spade.

XIX.

About this time the Spanish marriages had been secretly decided on in the cabinet of Louis Philippe. The whole world now knows that this silly step on the part of the French King was one of the principal causes of his overthrow. M. Rossi, the French Ambassador to Rome, had hitherto been an enthusiast for Pius IX. A native of Italy—an exile from his country—having gained a high position in the scientific world of France, where he had been promoted to honor and dignity, and achieved a well-deserved eminence—was withal a settled intriguer. He was not an honest man; and although the world rang with the guilt of his murder, he courted the dagger of the assassin by selling himself to that royal Jew, Louis Philippe, who bought up most of the men and pictures in Europe for sale, always giving the preference, however, to pictures in flesh over those in oil.

We know absolutely that M. Rossi, during his ambassadorship at Rome, was continually intriguing with the Jesuits, who were the confidential agents of Louis Philippe, under the

generalship of M. Guizot, the Protestant minister and ci-devant schoolmaster, but always the cool, imperturbable, smooth, noiseless, heartless politician, and just shallow enough to fall a victim to his own silly attempts to breast up his little five-foot body against the tramp of two hundred millions of men, with George Washington's republic in the western hemisphere, holding out the banner of liberty to all nations, full on their view. Well, M. Rossi had been called to Paris, after he had lain all his mains in Rome, to receive new instructions to regulate his conduct on his return, in reference to the affairs of the ecclesiastical states, and the other governments of the Continent, particularly of Austria. He returned soon after, and his course very quickly demonstrated that it was the policy of Louis Philippe to conciliate Austria at any expense.

XX.

The Pope found this out very quick; and to one of his confidential friends he said, 'I have lost Rossi, and now there is not a diplomatist in Rome who would not be glad to see my throat cut.'

That same day Padre Ventura went to the Quirinal, where at that period he was always welcome. 'Well, father,' said the Pope, 'France abandons us. What I feared a short time ago has become a fact. There is no longer a power in Europe with us, except the Turk.

'Well, father,' replied Ventura, 'God, and the people, and justice, are with you—with such allies you can dispense with diplomatists and kings.

But the hammer was leveling steady, merciless, unrelenting strokes, hour by hour, and second by second, upon this mountain crystal, which was at last to be broken to pieces.

Ceaselessly, by the adamantine foundations of this noble castle, the all-wasting stream was flowing. The structure seemed, in the one case, to divide the flow of ages; in the other, no blow seemed to be heavy enough to break that light-giving eternal diamond. Nor was it a single blow—no blast could have torn up the roots of this mighty tree. It went branch by branch; it bent day by day; it died a slow and lingering death; and yet the crystal *was* broken, the castle was undermined, and the oak at last dried up at the roots. It stands there still; but the soldiers of the French are there too; and he has been the master-workman of the Society of Jesus. Poor old Pio Nono! But we will go on with thy glorious days. They did exist. Once thou wert beloved; once this mountain crystal shone the Kooh-i-noor of empire and of love. We have been through that castle, when not a tremor responded through its great halls, or along its frowning battlements, to the threatening surges of that finally resistless torrent; and under the shade of that majestic tree we sat many days, looking up in the blue heavens through its all-spreading, serene, strong arms.

XXI.

In the mean time, the 8th of November, the day when the Pontiff was to take solemn possession of San Giovanni di Laterano, was approaching, and preparations were making for the magnificent ceremonies, in honor of the occasion. The public mind was prepared for this celebration by the publication of new reforms. The attention of the Jurisconsults of Europe was arrested by the announcement that he had appointed a Commission for the reform of the Civil and Criminal Code of the Roman State; and that Silvani and Giuliani

and Pagano, the most learned professors of jurisprudence in Italy, had been entrusted with the immense labor. Perhaps no nation in the civilized world had a code less worthy of an enlightened people, and certainly no country had produced so many illustrious jurisconsults. Under the Cæsars, Rome had given laws to the world; and when the vast fabric of the Empire had fallen to the earth, and tumbled its ruins over two hundred millions of men, the world dragged from them the Pandects of Justinian, which laid the foundations of every state and society in the modern world. From the era of the republic of Amalfi, down through the Middle Ages, Italy had been almost the only fountain of legislative, judicial, and civic light. The nations of the centre and the north of Europe borrowed the institutions of Italy, as the moderns had copied their sculptures from the marbles of Greece. Napoleon laid contributions on the genius of all Europe for the compilation of his Code, and yet when it was brought to him he said, 'Is it true, then, that there is no other basis for jurisprudence but that of Rome.'

'I know of no other,' was the honest reply of the jurist to whom he spoke. 'The Romans were right, then,' replied the Emperor, 'in calling their city Eternal, for Rome will rule the world by her laws, when the last stone in the Coliseum has become dust.'

XXII.

And yet this mysterious City, which had been the university of mankind, whither young Europe had gone for its laws and its civilization, had, like the devoted bird, torn out her own vitals to feed her young. Roman laws were unknown in Rome!

It was, therefore, a grateful spectacle to the enlightened jurisconsults of Europe, to see a commission appointed by a Pontiff of Rome, to reform the code of that solitary remaining fragment of the ancient Empire. Oh, what days those were in Italy! The Phœnix seemed to be rising from its ashes.

A COMMISSION WAS ALSO APPOINTED TO INQUIRE INTO THE WANTS OF THE POOR IN ALL THE PROVINCES OF THE STATE, AND TO PROJECT PLANS FOR THEIR RELIEF. We have already, in depicting the condition of the pontifical States, spoken of the decadence of the Roman States, and the consequent prevalence of squalid suffering and crime. We have glanced at the causes of this alarming condition of things. With an eye which seemed to be gifted with ubiquity of vision, the successor of Gregory XVI. had detected most of the evils of society, and the corruption of government, and begun to apply remedies as rapidly as possible. The most appalling evils and corruptions had been ended by a few strokes; but society could not be regenerated in this way—it had to wait for the slow action of time. That no possible agency might be wanting, the Pontiff called into his service the best—in fact, it was even said the only man in his dominions to investigate and act for him. He did his own thinking, and displayed extraordinary sagacity in the choice of his men, for without regard to party, rank, or opinion, he secured the ablest men in his State, and not unfrequently intrusted commissions to foreigners. He said in his justification for this course—'Am I not the head of the Catholic Church, and is not the Catholic Church the universal church?—Are not its children found among all nations? True, I have a nationality as an Italian, but I have a paternity which is universal. Let

ıe, as the head of the Church, impersonate St. Peter's, the ıodels of temples—with an altar where in every tongue under eaven, a man can confess his sins, and find the intervention f a priest, who will talk to him in his own language. Therebre have I sought for wisdom, whether God sends it in the rain of a Frenchman, a Russian, an Englishman, or a man ·om the western world—I greet him as a guest-messenger, nd I accept the augury.' The zeal, fidelity, thoroughness—I want a strong word)—and inveterate resolution, with 'hich the Pope's commissioners mastered their business—the eadiness and fearlessness with which Pius introduced his eforms—their marvellous appropriateness and practicability—he quietness with which they went into operation—and, peraps above all, the cheerfulness, and cool clearheadedness, the quanimity, and even the leisure, with which the Pontiff went n his way, under the mountain-load he had to carry; here we ave a feeble glance at what he was *then*.

XXIII.

His commissions were quite different things from bodies nown by that name in England and America, where it is enerally understood that where a measure is referred to a ommission, it is sent with all becoming pomp and convenince to oblivion; or, if a long and learned report is made, no ction is taken on it, except to waste money in printing it in amphlet form, some months after it has been published in a housand newspapers.

Pio Nono's commissioners were working men; and when hey proposed useful reforms, they were adopted, and went nto execution at once. There was no windy, vapid discusion—no interminable report to be printed and lie over till

doomsday ; in a word, there was no humbug ; let it be done, and it was done. One such man, if he could last in a State, is worth more than all the Presidents and Kings, from Cromwell to Fillmore.

The Pope had already encouraged the formation of mining and iron associations, as indispensable aids to the completion of Roman railways, and the introduction of a better state of things in economic regards. Two establishments of this kind were at once set up, and went into vigorous operation ; one with a capital of $600,000. They stand on the banks of the rivers Ano and Velini, at Tivoli and Terni. These founderies were entirely supplied by the mineral wealth of Italy, which has been known to be inexhaustible for three thousand years, if not more, dating from the florid period of the Etrurians. They were supplied with the best premises, magazines, and habitations for laborers, and with the most improved machinery for manufacturing railway iron, and other fabrics and productions called for in the process of plying the levers of this century to pry up a rotten old empire, and infuse into it electric life.

XXIV.

No foreigner accustomed to survey the institutions of society, has probably visited Rome for the last fifteen hundred years, without hearing of the Ghetto ; where, since the times of Constantine, those members of the Jewish nation who have resided in that city, have been compelled to fix their habitations. And there are hardly two other moral facts in the history of the world, which have excited the surprise of philosophers in every age to such an extent, as that a people who had for two thousand years been the chosen depositaries of heaven,

to whom the archieves of the true Religion had been confided —a people whose weary millions were led out of a land of slavery under the guidance of a 'pillar of fire by night' into the chosen land where God himself was to dwell among them by the visible manifestations of his presence, and for whose redemption the Son of God came to suffer and to die—should be finally abandoned of heaven, and driven to the four corners of the earth, to become the by-word of all nations. And that this same people should be ground into the dust, and covered with the most unmeasured obliquy by those, who, calling themselves Christians, aspired to rival the severities of a God, whose great attribute of vengeance, they supposed they saw legibly written in the appalling destiny of that overwhelmed people.

XXV.

But whatever may have been their interpretation, these facts stand out bold on the surface of history—that no nation has ever stood on so great an eminence, or fallen into so deep an abyss.—It is equally certain that with very few exceptions, the great mass of those who have professed the Saviour's name, have through successive ages considered themselves doing God's service, by outraging every law of humanity in the treatment of the despised race of Jacob. Until recent times, this ferocious sentiment has been proof against even the progress of civilization; and Rome itself has shown an example to all her followers of unmeasured cruelty toward the Jews. Few of the Pontiffs have ever extended toward them any of the rights of man, far less any of the charities of religion.

XXVI.

We have spoken of the Ghetto. This is the district where the Jews of Rome have always been compelled to live. It was originally raised 'amidst the swamps of the Tiber, at the foot of the Capitoline Hill, surrounded either by lofty walls or houses, which were not permitted to have even a loop-hole to the exterior. Originally, five massive gates, guarded by halberdiers of the Roman magistracy, were opened at sunrise and closed at sunset, to emit and receive back the descendants of Abraham—bees laden with a spoil sweeter to them than honey—that of the persecuting, but outwitted; the insolent but cheated Christian.' And there this solitary, despised people, were shut up with all their wrongs; with no passion but the unsleeping thirst for gold, and no hope but for the coming of their Deliverer.

Although the decencies of modern society had tempered the ferocities of the Popes, yet they still continued to treat the inhabitants of the Ghetto like dogs. Few of the Pontiffs have regarded them with even humane feelings, or traced in the sharp lineaments, and keen gray eye of the bearded Jew anything but the crucifier of the Saviour. Hitherto they had seen little in the religion of Christians worthy of One, whom the ancient prophets had clothed with those glorious attributes, that were to adorn the Son of David.

XXVII.

This deep blot rested on the Catholic Church till Pius IX. became Pontiff. Not many days after his coronation, while he was riding, to the surprise of everybody, towards the Ghetto, his carriage was stopped by a crowd of people,

gathered round a man who had fallen in a fit—'What is it?' asked the Pope—'Only a Jew,' was the answer of some Christian standing by. 'And is not a Jew a man and a brother?' exclaimed the Pope—'Make way for us!' and he stepped from his carriage. The crowd opened with reverence for their Prince, and he approached the sufferer. The man was gasping in convulsions on the ground, from which no one would raise him, *for he was a Jew.* Pius took him in his arms, and bearing him to his carriage, ordered the coachman to drive to the Jew's house. He stood over him, rendering every assistance till he was completely restored, and left him with his blessing and a present of money.

This act of humanity, which would hardly be worth mentioning if the world had not grown very bad, introduced a new era in Rome. Both Jews and Christians heard of it with astonishment. For several days nothing else was spoken of in Rome, but the strange fact that Pius IX. had condescended to touch a Jew.

XXVIII.

Not long after this, a deputation of old men, with long grey beards, plain garments and sad faces, presented themselves at the Quirinal, and requested to be admitted to the presence of the Pope. They were a deputation of Israelites, who had come from the Ghetto, to present to Pius the most magnificent offering he had ever received—an antique golden chalice of great intrinsic value, and of exquisite workmanship. It was believed to have been brought from Judea, and for eighteen hundred years preserved by the Jews from the wreck of the holy things of the Temple of Solomon. It had, at all events, for ages been used in the solemn ceremonies of their

religious worship, and was consequently the most venerable object the Jew could present.

The deputation was announced, and immediately introduced into the presence of the Pope. Bowing themselves low before him, as neither they nor their fathers had ever voluntarily bowed before a Pontiff, they uncovered their sacred offering, and begged him to accept it, as a token of their gratitude to him 'who had showed kindness to one of their afflicted brethren.'

Pius was greatly moved by so unexpected and touching a recognition of a deed for which he claimed no sort of merit. 'I accept your magnificent gift, my children,' he said, 'with pleasure and with gratitude: will you tell me how much it is worth? I do not speak of its value, of course, as a work of art; for that is inestimable—nor as having been consecrated to the worship of the true God.' 'It weighs five hundred Roman scudi,' answered the chief of the deputation, who was very likely to know.

The Pope stepped to the table and wrote rapidly on the first strip of paper that fell under his hands, *Good for one thousand scudi: Pius IX.* Handing it to the deputation he said, 'Accept in your turn a small pledge of my love for my poor Hebrew children. Divide it among the poor families of the Ghetto, in the name of Pio Nono. The deputies wished to decline the gift, magnanimously offering to quadruple the sum, and distribute it among their poor brethren. But the Pope refused to accept the chalice on any other terms than he had proposed.

XXIX.

The interview was protracted. The most generous and humane sentiments were uttered by the Pontiff, and he

indulged in many expressions of kindness and love for the Jewish nation, which had so long been shut out from the light of God's face. When the old men heard these words of tenderness, tears, which had not perhaps for half a century filled their eyes, fell fast on their white beards, and they could not speak their gratitude. They bowed at his feet; and as they left the apartment, their quiet step and solemn bearing had an air of that oriental veneration men were wont to feel, when the angels and the prophets of God walked among mankind.

It is impossible to describe the scene that was witnessed on their return to the Ghetto. The young men and the maidens, and the mothers in Israel, crowded silently around the Rabbis; and the white bearded patriarchs leaned tremblingly by on their staves, to hear the wondrous words. A feeling of surprise and delight, that had much in it that was solemn, and thoughtful, and distrustful, was manifested by the whole assembly. They began to break up in groups, and some more bold and hopeful, and others who were tired of looking out of the windows, ALWAYS, ALWAYS, ALWAYS waiting for that mysterious Deliverer who never came,—began to whisper, softly and fearfully, 'Who knows but it's Pio IX. that we have waited for *so* long?'—And the half uttered reply was 'It may be he!'

And from day to day that voice of inquiry grew more and more distinct; and the little children laid their dimpled cheeks reverently on the old men's knees, and looking up hopingly in their sad faces, asked if, when *their* deliverer came, He would not do just as Pius IX. did.

And when the dark-eyed maiden said her evening prayer, and came to those sublime words that have for so many

ages sustained the lingering hope of Israel, reminding Jehovah of his time-hallowed promise to send the Deliverer, those solemn thoughts, that had never before invested a *human* form, called up the image of the new Prince, who had been the first to speak words of consolation to her afflicted people! And every where his name was uttered with veneration and love by the most neglected and despised son and daughter of the Ghetto. What might not those who profess the Saviour's name (be they Catholics or Protestants) have done for our unhappy world long ago!

XXX.

Not long after the incidents just recorded transpired, a rich Hebrew left a dying request that a large sum of money from his estate should be paid over to Pio Nono. He accepted the legacy on the following conditions, which were made known to the executors who communicated to him the intelligence: 'I appreciate,' said he, 'the generosity of your deceased friend, and I have a request to make of you, by complying with which you will place me under very great obligations. I am somewhat better acquainted perhaps with the condition of the inhabitants of the Ghetto than some persons in my station might be. I have many poor children there, whom it would make me very happy to relieve. Will you make me out a list of one hundred of the most indigent Jewish families in your part of the town, and give it to me as soon as possible.' This was early in the morning. In a few hours the list was furnished, and before sunset that same day the rich legacy had made glad an hundred suffering families.

XXXI.

These acts of private munificence were followed by a pontifical edict which conferred upon the Jewish nation throughout the Roman States all the rights, the privileges and the dignities of citizenship. That long insulted people were raised in a single day to a level with the most favored subjects of the Pope. If space permitted, a common feeling of humanity would induce me to enumerate the civil and social inabilities under which the Roman Jews had hitherto labored. Very few of those barbarous restrictions which had been imposed on them during preceding ages had ever been removed; and the Jews under Gregory XVI. were governed by the inhuman code which had been made for them by the early pontiffs. They were still restricted to the narrow limits of the Ghetto—they were still driven at the point of the halbert into their quarter every night as the sun went down, as though some act of ferocity was to be apprehended from men who had no motive for even putting themselves within the range of a Christian's eye, except to get his gold. No hospital received the infirm and the sick of the Ghetto, although God sent among its forlorn inhabitants his sun-light and his pestilence, as he sends it among 'the just and the unjust.' No institution of learning opened its doors for their admission, and their voice was never heard mingling with the popular festivals. The state gave them no protection; and when they broke its laws, they knew it was vain to ask for mercy. The humane words of the Son of God they never heard, although in the streets of Rome, as they skulked by the doors of Christians, they often heard the Saviour's name blasphemed.

There was indeed a very ancient custom, which might in an

earlier age have had its origin in a laudable motive, of sending among them once a year a priest of the Catholic church, with the pretence of preaching to them the Gospel. It is not difficult to conceive of a preacher to whom they might have listened at least with respect; and had we not so many fatal examples to the contrary, it would be difficult to conceive of a Gospel to whose melting words they might not have listened with an occasional feeling of tenderness.

XXXII.

But whatever may have been the motive of this annual ceremony, it had long ago degenerated into an annual insult of the most galling description. Some stormy declaimer, whose coarse and irritating language qualified him specially for such a work, marched to the Ghetto on the appointed day, attended by a formidable troup of halbidiers and a noisy populace, and in some public place, when the Jews were forced to gather and compelled to listen to the pretended messenger of the Prince of Peace, poured out upon the prostrate heads of the children of Abraham, the blighting wormwood Christians have learned to distil from the blessed Word of God—that blessed Word which fell from the lips of the Saviour on the stormy sea of human passion, as his calm voice was wont to lull the waves of Galilee—which had proclaimed 'liberty to the captive' and pardon to the guilty—that same voice which had, with the dying accents of the Saviour, invoked the blessing of God on his murderers, as he suffered on the cross, and promised a home in heaven for the expiring malefacter at his side—that voice which is yet to woo back to virtue the last wanderer from his hallowed fold, and utter its world-wide benediction on the recovered family of man. But such was

not the voice of the Church sounded once a year in the ears of the despised dwellers of the Ghetto. The declaimer had no message—but to become a believer in the Creed of Rome, or to suffer the wrath of the Being they had murdered.

XXXIII.

If anything else were needed to confirm the Jews in their blindness, it was this annual insult to them as men—this outrage upon them as believers in the true God. This day was considered a day of licence to every wretch in Rome, to perpetrate some outrage upon the despised Israelites. It not unfrequently saw its sun go down over the spilled blood of a Jew who had fallen a victim to barbarous cruelty—a kind of heathenish holocaust to appease an incensed Deity. For such wrongs all appeals to the law were vain, for the Jew was not a *Roman citizen*, although in the time of the Saviour, Paul could boldly make that boast in the presence of a governor of pagan Rome. There was indeed a more silly and perhaps a more disgusting spectacle than this, introduced as a kind of afterpiece to the tragedy, in the baptism of a Jewish convert every year. For even up to the present time, it has been a custom, during the Holy week, to produce some converted Israelite, for whose appearance the populace clamoured as loudly as their more noble ancestors did for the gladiator, to to be brought into the arena. As this sort of treatment was not very likely to gain many proselytes, it was said that their number was so scarce it was necessary to have a stock actor for the occasion, who, for some stipulated consideration, it was understood would be on the spot to go through his part with commendable decency. If this gentlemen happened to break his engagement by being surprised by a visit of intoxication, death,

or any one of the many evils which flesh is heir to, the magistrates pressed into their service the first Jew they happened to light on, who was set at liberty after the performance, with the worthless pledge he would be on the same spot just twelve months hence, armed and equipped as the law directs. These barbarous relics of what writers have taken the liberty of call- the 'dark ages,' often recall to my mind the touching lines which I give below.

A Hebrew knelt, in the dying light,—
His eye was dim and cold,
The hairs on his brow were silver-white,
And his blood was thin and old!
He lifted his look to his latest sun,—
For he knew that his pilgrimage was done!—
And as he saw God's *shadow* there,
His spirit poured itself in prayer!

'I come unto death's second-birth,
Beneath a stranger-air,
A pilgrim on a dull, cold earth,
As all my fathers were!
And men have stamped me with a curse,—
I feel it is not *Thine*,
Thy mercy—like yon sun—was made
On me—as them—to shine!
And, therefore, dare I lift mine eye,
Through that, to Thee,—before I die!

'In this great temple, built by Thee,
Whose altars *are* divine,
Beneath yon lamp, that, ceaselessly,
Lights up Thine own true shrine,

Oh! take my latest sacrifice,—
Look down, and make this sod
Holy as that where, long ago,
The Hebrew met his God!

'I have not caused the widow's tears,
Nor dimmed the orphan's eye,
I have not stained the virgin's years,
Nor mocked the mourner's cry;
The songs of Zion, in mine ear,
Have, ever, been most sweet,
And, always, when I felt Thee near,
My 'shoes' were 'off my feet!'

'I have known Thee, in the whirlwind,
I have known Thee, on the hill,
I have loved Thee, in the voice of birds,
Or the music of the rill!—
I dreamt Thee, in the shadow,
I saw Thee, in the light,
I heard Thee, in the thunder-peal,
And worshipped, in the night!
All beauty, while it spoke of Thee,
Still made my soul rejoice,
And my spirit bowed within itself,
To hear Thy 'still, small voice!'—
I *have* not felt myself a thing
Far from Thy presence driven,
By flaming sword or waving wing,
Shut off from Thee and heaven!

'Must I the whirlwind reap, because
My fathers sowed the storm,
Or shrink—because *another* sinned,—
Beneath Thy red, right arm?

Oh! much of this we dimly scan,
And much is all unknown,—
But I will not take my curse from *man*,
I turn to Thee alone!
Oh! bid my fainting spirit live,
And what is dark reveal,
And what is evil, oh! forgive
And what is broken, heal,
And cleanse my nature, from above,
In the deep Jordan of Thy love!

'I know not if the Christian's heaven
Shall be the same as mine,
I only ask to be forgiven,
And taken home to Thine!
I weary on a far, dim strand,
Whose mansions are as tombs,
And long to find the father-land,
Where there are many homes!—
Oh! grant, of all yon starry thrones,
Some dim and distant star,
Where Judah's lost and scattered sons
May love Thee, from afar!
When all earth's myriad harps shall meet,
In choral praise and prayer,
Shall Zion's harp—of old, so sweet,—
Alone be wanting, there!
Yet, place me in Thy lowest seat,
Though I,—as now—be, there,
The Christian's scorn, the Christian's jest;
But let me see and hear,
From some dim mansion, in the sky,
Thy bright ones, and their melody!'

The sun goes down, with sudden gleam,
And—beautiful as a lovely dream,

And silently as air,—
The vision of a dark-eyed girl,
With long and raven hair,
Glides in—as guardian spirits glide,—
And, lo! is kneeling by his side;
As if her sudden presence, there,
Were sent, in answer to his prayer!
(Oh! say they not that angels tread
Around the good man's dying bed!)
His child!—his sweet and sinless child!—
And as he gazed on her,
He knew his God was reconciled,
And this the messenger,—
As sure as God had hung, on high,
The promise bow before his eye!—
Earth's purest hopes thus o'er him flung,
To point his heaven-ward faith,
And life's most holy feeling strung,
To sing him into death!—
And, on his daughter's stainless breast,
The dying Hebrew found his rest!

XXXIV.

In Italy, more than in any other country, perhaps, domestic and family ties have been ruptured since the times of the middle ages. Many are still the families, when brothers and sisters meet each other daily in society, without a word or look of recognition for years. Infidelity in married life, which, without being by any means so common in Italy, as most tourists would have us believe, exists to a considerable extent. But it was acknowledged on all hands that it received a sensible check, under the auspices of the commencing reign of the Pope; and many an unhappy family that had been robbed of its fireside peace, recovered its cheer-

fulness in the recognition of a new spirit of love and charity, which beamed out from the noble example of the new prince of Rome. The following facts will serve as illustrations of the different classes of society.

On one of the popular festivals of the Church, sixty-three liberated prisoners who had just come from the dungeons of the castles of the Roman States, assembled in the church San Pietro, in Vincoli, to render thanks to God for his mercy, in granting liberty to them, and to their country. There was a young man among this company of grateful worshippers, who had suffered as a galley-slave at Civita Vecchia, for a crime he never committed. He had loved and married a beautiful girl, who had long been the object of the wildest passion of a rival. The marriage had taken place in the morning, but the disappointed suiter was bent on revenge. He offered his services to the government as a spy, and lodged, that same day, an accusation against his hated rival. The young bridegroom was seized and thrown into prison, and passed his bridal night on the floor of a dungeon. Secure of his victim, the rejected lover again pressed his suit at the feet of the weeping bride, who dreamed not that the wretch before her had blasted her first love. But his addresses and sympathies, and caresses, were all in vain. He could not steal away the jewel of her love, although he had robbed her of her lover. She remained faithful to her husband, who clanked the chain of the galley-slave, through long and dreary years.

XXXV.

But Pio Nono came, and the weary prisoner embraced his faithful bride. In his chains he had sworn a dreadful oath, that if he ever lived to use his free hands again, he would

tear the heart of his rival murderer from his bosom. He did live; he embraced his wife a free man; and among an overjoyed multitude he was bowing before the altar of the Saint, when he remembered his terrible oath, (and here let the reader be sure not to forget, that an oath has more sacredness to an Italian than any other man in the world.) He started to his feet, and was on his way to find his enemy. He thought of Pio Nono and stopped. 'Cannot I, too, forgive?' he said. He returned to the altar, and resolved he would not rise from his knees till he had forgiven his malignant foe; and then he knelt and struggled with his oath and his revenge.

The congregation broke up, and one by one the pardoned worshippers withdrew; but there, still kneeling, praying, struggling, was the freed galley-slave; and long, fierce, and heroic was the struggle.

At last he rose, calm, firm and decided. There were traces of suffering on his cheek; but the infernal gleam of revenge was gone.

How few of us ever achieve so sublime a conquest. It was a great man who gave us the maxim, that 'he that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city;' and it was a wise and great and good being who told us, 'Vengeance is mine.' That night, while the pardoned and the pardoner was sitting with his wife before their own hearthstone, they heard that on that very day the disappointed rival had hanged himself behind the temple of Cæsar.

XXXVI.

Fifty days had gone by since the three days of unrestrained enthusiasm we have described, and although the popular

demonstrations had been subdued out of regard to the Pontiff, yet the national *festa* of the 8th of September was approaching, and there were everywhere manifest extraordinary preparations for a popular celebration in honor of Pio Nono.

The feeling which had on the first occasion been confined to Rome and its immediate neighborhood, had now spread through the Peninsula, and every heart in Italy that felt a throb for its national independence was stirred by new feelings, and inspired with new hopes. Everywhere the glorious deeds of the Pontiff had been rehearsed, the most minute feature of his history and character had been scanned, and among all classes and ranks of men there was displayed the wildest enthusiasm. The long dark night that had hung over Italy seemed to be passing away, and her rising millions awoke to greet the new dawn that was breaking. Men began to use another language when they spoke of Rome and her prince. Those words which, to the stranger, would have conveyed the deepest emotion, seemed to the Italians to be destitute of meaning, and the soberest minds were transported with fanaticism.

XXXVII.

No country could look back on so glorious a history—no country had been plunged into so deep an abyss. It had been the spoil of a thousand conquerors. Her own Pontiffs had hung around her neck like millstones. Every promise of the stranger had been broken—every stroke for liberty had ended in blood; and even hope, whose light beams all over the earth, shone no more on these unhappy shores. What wonder, then, that when through the thick darkness that

shrouded that ruined country, the broad daylight came streaming, and from a quarter of the heavens where it had never come before, men first gazed with stupor, and then went mad with joy!

In the gloomy Bastile of Italy, twenty-five millions of human beings were buried alive, and its ponderous gates were guarded by the Angel of Despair.

Sudden as a thought—a shock—the bolts of the prison fell, and worn, pale myriads, half blinded by the light, turned inquiringly to each other, and asked what it was.

When that mysterious word—Liberty—which means to an Italian more than to any other man, smote on the ear of a whole nation at once, there was manifest, everywhere, what we read in the face of one who receives joyful but unexpected tidings—it seemed too good to be true.

But when the incredulity and stupor had yielded to sober reflection, and men saw in Pio Nono a great temporal deliverer, firmly, calmly, and earnestly executing 'the work given him to do,' it was difficult to say whether the Italians were more transported with joy for their deliverance, or with gratitude to Him who had achieved it.

XXXVIII.

I might crowd these pages with a thousand citations from the writings of the Italians at this period, which would illustrate a state of popular enthusiasm bordering on frenzy. It is my sober belief, after witnessing the demonstrations of gratitude which I saw while a boy, clustering thousands of Americans around the footsteps of Lafayette,—and the sight and the shouts of more than half a million of men in Paris to Lamartine, when he stood on an eminence above the nation,

and glory covered him; and again, when I saw Broadway, from the Battery to Grace Church, with all its houses and squares and windows palpitating, as transported hundreds of thousands came to greet the Hungarian patriot—that I have never seen, nor have I ever read of anything in the form of adoration for a man or a god that approached the feeling with which the Italians uttered the name of Pius IX. I do not believe that in any age or in any nation there has ever been a man who swayed such moral power over a nation as Pius IX. did at this period. The venerable Pietro Giordani, who, for more than half a century, had been the foremost among the illustrious and gifted philosophers and patriots of Italy, thus gave vent to his feelings, from the brink of the grave into which he was descending without gloom, after he had toiled and hoped for his country, for more than sixty years. A friend had requested him to write an inscription for a monument the Bolognese were offering to the Romans.

'Saturday, 8th of August, 1846.

'AMICO:

'If I were dead I would come from the tomb to adore this stupendous miracle of a pope. If I were really alive and not a dying body, breathing with difficulty, I would write for him a panegyric better than I ever wrote for Napoleon. * * * I cannot now write anything beautiful, and this ought to be arch-beautiful—for I am a poor old man, more dead than alive; but I did not refuse, lest I should seem either to discourage the most just fanaticism of a grateful people, or appear ungrateful myself for so extraordinary a benefactor of the human race * * * I am fanatical for this Pope.

'Your most affectionate,

'PIETRO GIORDANI.'

In another letter he says, 'Everybody admires and adores his Holy Pontiff. I am confounded. I have become a fanatic or Pio Nono. In my younger days I was an enthusiast for he principles of Bonaparte; now old and suspicious as I have rown, I am inflamed by this inspired prodigy. Stupendous an! how admirably he discharges the duties of a priest! Iow stupendously those of a prince! He does everything vith a sublime mind and a generous heart. He will encounter reat obstacles, but my heart tells me he will trample them nder his feet; and as he now fixes the gaze of all Europe, so vill he be regarded by posterity as the honor of the present ge.'

If a dying philosopher could feel thus, how must have felt he millions of Italy?

XXXIX.

On the day which preceded the grand annual Festa, Rome vas busy with preparation. From all the towns and villages n the neighborhood vast masses were hurrying to the capital; nd that night one hundred thousand visitors had crowded nto the city. Every hotel, and convent, and house had been hrown open, and was now filled, and thousands were obliged o sleep in the open piazzas. It requires no self-denial to do his under the purple skies of that holy land of beauty. This ush was unexpected, and for several hours there was no bread n Rome, for everybody came hungry; and when an Italian is ungry, he always eats bread first. The sun went down, but o night-shadows fell over the city. The Romans could not estrain their joy, and a universal illumination flooded the apital. The great streets and squares were filled with excited nultitudes, singing the new songs of liberty, and the name of Pio Nono was on every tongue.

XL.

A most touching and beautiful description was given of this visit, by a country curate to his parish on his return. From it I translate a few extracts.

'I write because my heart feels the need of pouring itself out to others. From my parish, where I remain all the year, busy in my sacred calling, and where I have grown old, I went with my peasant flock to Rome. None remained at home, but the aged and the infants; and some of them went with us. I felt the need of seeing Rome—of being blest by the presence of the great Pontiff. The echo of his fame, of his incomparable virtues, had resounded in our mountain home. In my hours of leisure, I had read those poems, which admiration, love and holy enthusiasm had consecrated to the glory of the great prince, who sits in the chair of Saint Peter, and whose name has been pronounced with reverence even by the Protestant world.

'From the lips of those who came to visit Pius, and through the press, I knew that he had proclaimed a universal pardon to his unhappy children, in prison and in lands of exile, far away from their beloved wives and innocent babes; I knew that he had diffused all over his kingdom a joy that makes the good weep—that he would reign by love—that he loved the poorest Roman with all the tenderness of the charity of Christ—that he had granted railways to increase industry, commerce, and civilization—that he had inaugurated justice, clemency, and truth on his throne. But when I came to see his right hand held up by heaven, as its anointed, raised to bless me, a poor curate, and my good peasant children, we felt that better times had come. At

Ponte Felice four hundred of us took the steamer—the ten hours *flew* by. The good people talked all the while of Pio IX. There were a few Romans aboard, and they were more enthusiastic than we. An affecting spectacle met us as we passed the gates of the city. A vast multitude received us with waving handkerchiefs of the Pope's colors, [the Pope's colors are white and yellow,] and every scene of brotherhood spoke, to say you are welcome—you are come to honor our good father and pastor, who governs us with such wisdom and love. Come, then, come all; for we are brothers. Oh! how these good Romans have imitated their prince. In a few minutes I was in the midst of all that is grand and beautiful in the Seven Hilled City.

XLI.

'But I cannot describe what I saw—for my poor pen, is used only to write simple things about the Saviour for my peasants; I cannot tell what I saw. There are, I think, some things, too, which were not made to be described—for we *feel* enthusiasm, wonder, and joy—we cannot describe these. You know the Corso of Rome. Well, two lines of high columns were planted on the sidewalk, on which were hanging two flags crossed—white and yellow—with the stem of the Pontiff, bearing the motto, *Viva Pio IX.* They told me there were eighteen hundred of these banners, and they were all of an elegant form. I will not speak of the thousands which were borne in the hands of the young. Even the little children carried them; for the Roman boys no longer ask their fathers for toys, but for the flag of Pio. This enthusiasm is preparing for us a glorious future. At the end of the Corso, rose a majestic Arch of Triumph, ninety palms in height, (mod-

eled after that of Constantine,) constructed in fine taste, and executed in the short space of nineteen days. Among the significations and inscriptions commemorative of the great virtues and achievements of the Prince, it was surmounted by a collossal group, formed of these statues,—the Pontiff, with Peace, holding a branch and the crown of love, on the left, and Justice, with the tiara by its side, on the right—explanative of the words inscribed, *Justitia et Pax osculatæ sunt.* It pains me to think that this magnificent arch, modeled and executed in so masterly a manner, should so soon be destroyed.' [This most chaste and superb arch was taken down immediately after this day of triumph, because the artists who had erected it felt that it was too sacred, from such a consecration, to be used for common purposes,—so deeply had the sentiment of veneration for Pius IX. penetrated every heart in Rome.]

XLII.

The dawn of the 8th of September broke serene as the prayers of the Roman people, who prayed a thousand times to the Virgin, that no rain or cloud might disturb that day, consecrated to Her and the sovereign Pontiff. The entire Corso was decked for the Festa, like a banquet-hall; tapestry hangings, damasks, clothes of gold, and garlands were suspended from the windows, cornices, and balconies, with silken streamers and rich velvets, blazoning in gold the name and the arms of the Pontiff. At every loggia, the Pope read as he passed, some chaste and classic inscription, auguring many happy years to him and to Rome. Some of these inscriptions were exceedingly touching.

At the noble hospital of St. Giacomo, there were read

these golden letters,—uttering the voice of the feeble and the dying, who prayed to the Chief Pastor for his holy benediction, since they could not come to the windows to see his face.

A TE PIO IX.

NON POTENDO DI TUA PRESENZA ALLIETARSI,
INNALZANO UN GRIDO DI PLAUSO
DAL LETTO GL' INFERMI:
E, IL DOLCE PENSIERO
CHE AD ESSI SEI PADRE
FA MENO ACERBI I DOLORI.

XLIII.

And there were many thousand inscriptions, to bespeak the sentiments of every class of the Roman people. They were all represented; from some floating banner or waving drapery every generous feeling of an emancipated people spoke, and not one was dictated by adulation,—the ruin of princes and the scourge of peoples,—but by enthusiasm, which always works great things. And this enthusiasm, which is the fount of poesy, of science, and every magnanimous undertaking, is attended by love, without which it would have no meaning —love for a prince, who signalized the beginning of his reign by a solemn act of pardon! who dried the tears of a thousand families; who made all his subjects brothers, and inspired them with one sole thought—to honor themselves, religion, and country, by holy and generous deeds! Here enthusiasm was the fruit of that love which the Roman people bore to their Sovereign Pastor, who, without turning over whole volumes of policy, listened to the voice of his own heart, the diplomacy of the gospel, the wants of the age, and said, I PARDON.

XLIV.

The mountain curate again says in his description of this visit. 'This word smote Europe, and fixed its eye on Rome—exciting the hopes of the world for our happy future. This enthusiasm, is the child of gratitude—begotten by the virtues of Pius IX. It is dictated by hope, the sweet comfort of life—for under such a Leader, all things may be ours. Arms cannot subdue mind; it is done by truth, and *opinion*, which has already become queen of the world. Therefore let no one marvel if this enthusiasm is not so easily arrested, however transient this beautiful sentiment may in its own nature be. But hark! a thousand festival bells announce the coming of the Pontiff. The Corso is pressed with people panting in loving expectation to see Pio Nono. His noble train comes slowly, preceded, not by fierce battalions, but a band of beautiful boys, bearing olive branches, and a streaming banner on high, singing hosannahs! What a triumph! The Cæsars, still dripping with the warm blood of subjected nations, went in the car of glory to the Campidolio, to thank a blind divinity; and with their shouts of joy were mingled the sighs and curses of those who felt weighing on their heads the approbium of defeat—but Pio Nono goes to his triumph on the Corso, with the beaming smile created by the consciousness that he has made many wretched glad; and myriads salute him in the frenzy of love—there is no enemy, no sighing here. And he goes, not to the altar of a false divinity, but to the temple of the living God, to pray for the divine Spirit to guide him in the government of his people, and in the wild storms coming, to serve the Pastor and his flock. In his way, the forgiven and the praying, cast flowers and olive branches

—from tender white hands, exotic flowers rain down, and flags are flying, and kerchiefs waving, and knees bending, and one long, loud, mad *viva* breaking up into the clear sky. And all were pressing to catch a beam of that divine face, which diffused all around this ocean of joy. I, too, saw, him, and I poured out my tears; and with me wept those who had never wept before, for such days Rome had never seen. '*In the light of his countenance I found life, and his favor was to my spirit as a cloud of the latter rain.*' [Proverbs xvi. 15.]'

XLV.

The noble train halted before the Arch of Triumph, and the pontiff, gazed on the glorious pile that had risen like enchantment from the dust of Rome—a pile which recalled the Cæsar days. He had the sweet thought that the enchantress that raised it was Gratitude.

In the centre of the Piazza of the People, stood the Pontiff, and from a thousand windows and loggie, from the Seven Hills, banners were waving; and the wild chorus bursting up into heaven. And on that spot, where the Cæsars went to greet the millions of Rome, this mighty multitude saw their beloved prince, and they called for his blessing in silence. Hundreds of thousands kneeled, and that blessing was distilled on their heads.

XLVI.

So this memorable day wore on midst shouts, and banners, and benedictions, and tears. The train came back, and the Pontiff had scarcely ascended the palace of the Quirinal, when he went on the grand Loggia to bless his people. He appeared amidst the shouts of an innumerable multitude, but the moment he lifted his hand, that ocean of passion was stilled

at his feet; and nothing could be heard but the flowing of the fountain in the piazza, where the limpid water of the Italian mountains was throwing its spray over Phidias' horses! The Pontiff turned his eyes to Heaven and prayed for the kneeling myriads, and then gave them his benediction. The mighty response came back, and that sea of hearts was again leaping. Nightfall, and the grand illumination of the Festa began. The Corso was a stream of flame. Rome was one vast festive hall. The greatest masters and poets of Italy, had prepared triumphal hymns for the Festa. They were sung in every piazza by a band of young men, who had learned them before; around them pressed the people to listen, and in an hour those hymns became immortal. Their familiar strains were soon heard on every mountain side, and through every valley in Italy.

All through that day of triumph, the eyes of Pius were dimmed with tears; and, when he retired to his palace that evening, he said—'If princes knew how little it costs to gain the love of their people, they would certainly do it, for who would rule by terror, when it is easier to reign by love.'

XLVII.

This glorious Festa was but the first note of the chorus of joy and praise which the Roman nation sent up to Heaven. The voice of festivity and thanksgiving was heard in every valley along the Appenines, and every hamlet of the vales of Romagna. There were processions and songs, and banquets, and illuminations everywhere throughout the pontificial states; and everywhere the same effects were seen. Brothers who had not spoken together for years, embraced each other—communities which had kept local antipathies alive for ages,

buried their revenges—the wildest and fiercest brigands came down from their mountain fastnesses, and surrendered their arms to the Pope—there were *Te Deums* in every church, and swarthy faced peasants wept around their altars. Everywhere Italians greeted each other as brothers. There seemed to be but one family in the Roman States—they were all the children of the Pontiff—they had but one father—Pio Nono. Never had earthly prince so strong a hold over a people—never had the Pontiff of Rome so mighty a control over the spirits of men. 'It seemed,' said Padre Ventena to me in his convent, in the month of March, 1848, 'that the kingdom of God has indeed begun in Rome, and that men are not only to have Jesus Christ again on the earth, but George Washington.'

XLVIII.

The Italians began to understand Pio Nono, and help him forward in his great design of regenerating his country. We are continually tempted to exceed our limits by quotations from the writings that fell under our eyes at that period. We will, however, content ourselves with one citation here. Another curate, from a distant mountain village, had heard in Rome the hymns of triumph to the new Pontiff. Two seemed to impress him most deeply. 'These choruses,' said he, 'I carry back with me to my home. Little by little I will teach them to my children, and young people of my flock. With me, too, I take a parcel of beautiful poems, printed on loose sheets of paper, in praise of the Pontiff, and one by one I will read them to my beloved people, who are my children in the Lord. I will give these poems to them to read; but O! God, I grow sad at the thought that few of them can read at all. They have been to no school; but now, that I

feel the utility of public instruction, and it is lawful to do so, I will open a school, and become the teacher of it myself. Pio Nono has inspired me. The circular of the Secretary of State, recognizes the civil and religious education of the lower class, and I, having no teachers maintained by the State, will, with the help of God, supply the defect by my own exertions. Pius IX. has, with his reign, opened a new and teeming book, and the priesthood must everywhere coöperate with him. If we all remember the Holy Ministry God has confided to us, and execute the mission society gives us, we shall have a glorious future, and the ministry of the sanctuary will reap the benedictions of God, and all the good in this life and that which is to come. So far, then, as the Catholic world is concerned, let the priesthood remember that the civilization of the earth is in their hands; and he must be a bad priest, indeed, who cannot unite in this noble work. * * It is my destiny to pass my days in that mountain country, but there is much to cheer me in the reflection that even there I may do good to humanity.'

This is but a single illustration among a thousand we might cite, to show the benign influence of the example of Pius on the ministers of religion and the progress of society. If this could have only endured!

BOOK THIRD.

I.

THE dominions of the late King Charles Albert, cover an area just half as large as the State of Ohio ; with a population of five millions, and an army of a hundred thousand men. Carlo Alberto was descended from the House of Savoy—the oldest reigning family in Europe. His ancestors have worn crowns for eleven centuries. In 1815, by the treachery of the British Government, the venerable Republic of Genoa was extinguished, and voted away to the King of Sardinia. It was the oldest free State in the world.

Like the other Princes of Italy, the Sardinian Kings have been compelled to lick the dust where Austria trod. Charles Albert did not bear this humiliation with remarkable grace. To understand his character—confessedly a riddle which no one has found any too clear—we must glance at his history.

II.

He was born in 1798, of the Savoy-Carignano, or Cadet branch of the family ; and as there were not wanting heirs to the throne, he did not expect it. In 1821, Italy attempted to emancipate herself from the yoke of her ancient tyrants, who had resumed their sway after the Battle of Waterloo had extinguished the hopes of Constitutional Liberty. Charles

Albert had some taste for war, and early in the movement began to contemplate how he could turn it to his advantage. An incident occurred which removed one of the obstacles that lay between him and the throne of Piedmont. Vittorio Emanuel had taken an oath never to grant a constitution to his people, and as the tendency of the times seemed to be towards the undermining of absolutism, this humane Prince abdicated in favor of his brother, Charles Felix, who nerved himself up for the storm as well as he could. He had four daughters—the eldest had married the Duke of Modena, the *protegé* of Austria. But as she and her sisters were, by the *Salique* Law, excluded from the Savoyard Throne, there might be a hope for Charles Albert, if Charles Felix should have no male heir. The birth of a son would extinguish the hopes of the ambitious young Prince of Carignano. For the present, he thought his chances fairer in the storm of a revolution, which, if successful, would conduct him at once to the throne. He indulged the dream of becoming Constitutional King of Italy—a sort of *cavalaresque* idea of the middle ages—and particularly Quixotic for a man of his parts. And yet, if he would have played the automaton—the king of straw—Italy would have made him her Sovereign; for she was on the point of gaining her independence, and had already achieved it in Naples and Modena.

III.

The countenance of a Prince of the Blood has always been considered indispensable to the success of a conspiracy against an Italian despot: and when Italy rose in 1821, the Prince of Carignano put himself at the head of the national movement. His adhesion sanctified the liberal cause, and the

spirit of revolution went through Italy like a flash of electric light. He not only aided and abetted the popular cause, but he may, in a certain sense, have been considered the originator of the revolution. He certainly was so in Piedmont and Genoa. The liberal party had every reason to confide in him. His descent from the most ancient royal family in Europe, lent a great *prestige* to the movement, and the blood of a long race of heroes flowed in his veins. Besides, for a national revolution, no man in the peninsula could have given such a sanction—for on all the thrones of Italy, and among all her princes, he was the only one who was Italian by blood and birth: the rest were all foreigners, or sprung from foreign stock. He had, too, been largely and liberally educated in Paris in the Polytechnic School of the Empire: for several years he had been a page to the Emperor Napoleon, in constant attendance on his person. He had afterwards manifested the greatest veneration for his hero-master: he seemed to have embraced his grand conceptions: and he acted as though he might one day become King of Italy, and carry out for that fallen country the great designs of Napoleon. All these things were fresh in the heart of Italy, when he came forward to lead the movement of the *Carbonari* in 1821.

IV.

He corresponded with the patriots: he plotted with the conspirators: he entered into their plans: he gained their entire confidence: he put himself at their head, as the *Constitutional King of Italy*—and when the hour came that a single blow, well leveled, would have done the work, he betrayed the patriots and their cause into the hands of the Austrians.

How the Prince of Carignano saved himself the world knows, and it must judge of his motives. We only relate facts. The consequences are all summed up by Berchet, in a word—'On the day of Carignano's betrayal of our dear country, the eagle of liberty fell from the Italian sky, as if his heart had been cut in twain by a rifle bullet.' Many thousand men were compromised in every part of Italy: the cause of independence was betrayed, and a host of brave men butchered in cold blood, or buried in hopeless dungeons, or sent into exile! I have read history and I have found everything bad in it, (who said history was but a record of the crimes of great men,) but I never found so wholesale a treachery as this, nor do I believe one ever was perpetrated, that cost so much suffering.

V.

We know there is a report occasionally heard in Europe, to the effect that the Prince of Carignano wrote a letter to Admiral de Verey, the Governor of Genoa at that period, saying, 'The cause of Liberty and Italian Independence is lost. I shall only compromise patriots still worse, by staying in Italy, and as a matter of prudence I withdraw.' The letter, however, has never been produced, nor do I believe it was ever written. De Verey's son never saw it, nor heard his father speak of it; and if it had existed, the king's friends would have been quite likely to bring it out long ago.—But whether such a letter were ever written or not, it would only have been made an evident lie, by the subsequent conduct of the prince. From the field where he had betrayed his country, he fled to the court of Vienna—the only spot where he was safe. He appears to have gone there to make

his peace with Metternich. General Bubna presented him at court with these words: *Voici le petit roi d' Italie.* The traitor never forgot those words—they festered in his heart till he saw (long years after) his tri-color floating triumphantly from the walls of Milan.

VI.

What passed between the Prince of Carignano and Metternich can be pretty fairly conjectured, from subsequent events. Austria held the fortunes of the Sardinian throne in her hands, and with eyes fixed on its glittering summit, Carignano bowed himself at the feet of Metternich. Perhaps no pledges were given or exacted. Austria could dispense with them on the part of the humiliated traitor, for he was in her power! *She* probably gave him none.

Carignano went to Spain to atone for his patriotism, by fighting against the Constitution of the Cortez, in the French army under the Duke D'Angouleme. More than two thousand Italians, whom Carignano had betrayed, had fled to Spain, to fight for the cause of liberty. He probably took good care not to cross steel with *them.*

VII.

Years went by, and Italy, betrayed, hopeless, remembered the *Savoyard traitor.* He had made himself as immortal as he who lit the flames that made the temple of Ephesus ashes. Ever after, there was *one* word in the Italian language which men never uttered without thinking of the Prince of Carignano.

Giovanni Berchet was one of his principal advisers and confidants in 1821; and in the general ruin he saved himself

by flying to England. He was a man of genius, and in the depth of his suffering and long exile, he wrote bitter satires on Charles Albert. The following stanza has become universally known:—

Esecrato Carignano!
Va il tuo nome in ogni gente;
Non vi é clima si lontano,
Dove il tedio e lo sqallor,
La bestemia di un fuggente,
Non ti annuncia traditor.

Which lines, rendered literally, say:—

Execrated Carignano!
Thy name has gone throughout the world;
There's not a clime removed so far,
Where the tedium and the squalor,
And the curses of some fugitive,
Do not proclaim thee traitor.

And yet when Berchet was dying in England, Charles Albert sent him a passport to return, and go freely to any part of his dominions, and signed it with his own hand. Berchet could not believe the fact, nor that the document was genuine, and he wrote to the Governor of Turin, who replied that the passport was authentic, and that the King said he considered it a glory to his throne to have a man of such genius in his State. I can record facts, but I cannot always explain them. In justice to Charles Albert, I will relate the good I know of him with the evil.

VIII.

Maria Teresa, the wife of Vittorio Emanuel, had offered one of her daughters to the Prince of Carignano, and he had

declined the alliance (which he thought it impolitic to form) with the excuse, that the princess, being a twin sister, the surgeons said she could never bear children. The unlucky princess then married with the Duke of Modena, and from that hour she and her mother became the implacable foes of Carignano. Maria Teresa was particularly bitter towards him, for he was likely not only to cut her off from influence with the throne she herself once sat on, but he refused to put her daughter there. Her pride was wounded, and she never forgot the insult.

We have already said that the abdication of her husband had given Charles Felix the throne. This event reduced her to private life. She had thus been stripped of her honors before her time—her life had been embittered by having borne no male heir to the throne—and her cup of disappointment had been filled by the humiliating refusal of Carignano. In the meantime, Charles Felix had mounted his brother's throne, and the Prince of Carignano had borne himself with so much circumspection, he had in part softened the disdain of his uncle, who for many years would hold no intercourse with 'the traitor.'

IX.

Charles Felix was a firm, generous, and humane prince, and his people loved and revered him. He was a man of great honor and truth. When the news of the *Three Days of Paris* reached Turin, he said, 'The French have done well. Charles X. violated the pledge he gave to his people, and kings above all men should speak the truth.'

There was an illumination that evening at the opera, and the King was in his box enjoying the happiness of his people.

The theatre was a scene of enthusiasm; and when the opera was over, the Turinese dragged the carriage of their beloved monarch back to his palace.

The Prince of Carignano had gradually won the favor of the good king and married a Tuscan princess, the sister of the present Grand Duke. It was known that Charles Felix would leave his throne to Carignano, and the disappointed Queen Dowager was untiring in her efforts and intrigues to win crowns for her four dowerless daughters. The eldest (rejected by Carignano) she had married to the Duke of Modena, the second to the Prince of Lucca, the third to the late Emperor of Austria, and the fourth to the present King of Naples. The haughty and wounded queen now felt herself strong enough to carry her grand *coup d'etat*, and, with the aid of the emperor and three of the Italian princes, cut off Carignano from the Sardinian throne. Austria hated the man who had leagued with the patriots of Italy to put an end to her dominion in the Peninsula, and Metternich is said to have entered into the design of his royal master and the Dowager Queen. An attempt was made to induce Charles Felix to abdicate in favor of the Duke of Modena, (Francesco IV., a monster of crime, and father of the present duke,) but he resolutely refused. He would not even make Francesco his heir. The emperor, filled with chagrin, told Metternich that Charles Felix must be made to yield, and if one means would not serve the purpose, others must. The wily minister understood his meaning. A grand fête royal was given at Milan in honor of the nuptials of the emperor with Maria Anna, one of the daughters of the indignant Dowager Queen. The imperial pair, the courts of Vienna, Modena, Naples, and Turin assembled.

The most magnificent *spectacles* were got up for the occasion, treasure was lavished, and Milan, which had witnessed nothing so brilliant since the great fêtes of Napoleon, was filled with gaiety.

X.

After the nuptials were celebrated and the royal personages had assembled at the banquet, the proposal was boldly made to Charles Felix by the emperor, to declare the Duke of Modena heir to his throne. The king refused—resolutely, as was his wont. Every motive was brought to bear on his mind—every prince of the court exhausted his petty stock of argument, and every diplomatist his *finesse* and eloquence. At last intimidation was resorted to—but the good, the just old king, was firm as Metternich himself, and a thousand times more burly!

A few hours of *such* banqueting began to open the poor king's eyes. The banquet moved on like a cold play, all of whose interest lay in the last act. The dishes were untouched, all eyes were fixed on him; there were ominous whisperings, (for even bad breeding shows itself at courts,) among groups and corteries of pale diplomatists, bloated kings and palpitating princesses in coronets, dentel lace, and royal diamonds—and Charles Felix saw that a plot was going on, and he knew that he was amongst conspirators. He was troubled! He took his noble queen aside and whispered in her ear. She did not *start*—but she half fainted. A shock of horror went through the banquet hall! Was it possible a mistake had been made? Had the queen drank from the goblet of her unyielding husband? The king allayed the excitement by saying 'there was no cause for alarm—her

majesty often had such attacks—she would soon recover.' It is said that Metternich was for once in his life agitated, (not thrown from his guard,) and flirted water in the face of the fainting queen! She came to. Metternich's marble face was itself again; and the countenance which he has now borne unchanged through the changes of half a century, looked as it had looked all through that nuptial scene and banquet; as it looked on Napoleon when he asked him how much England had given him to make war against France; as it looked when he heard of the *Three Days;* as it looked when the news came of the flight of his friend, the schoolmaster and Barricade King; as it looked when he landed on the shores of England, an exile; as it looked when he went back to Austria; as it looks now; as it will always look, even when he is dead.

XI.

Charles Felix ordered his traveling carriage! In half an hour six fleet horses were flying with it on the road to Turin. The King began to be seized with unusual pains in the stomach! The frightened queen called to the postillions to drive faster. The king grew worse—'On'—'on'—'faster'—'faster!'—and all the while the foam was flying from the horses' nostrils, and the blood dropping from their flanks.

The king reached Turin in a dying state, and was carried to his chamber. The pains grew more excrutiating—the poor king was in torments. The queen would call the surgeons and reveal her suspicions, but her husband would not suffer her. He even made her swear to him that she would not allow the surgeons to examine his body after his decease.

Through that night the royal sufferer lay on a couch of

torture, and it was evident he was fast approaching his end. Still the queen begged him to allow the surgeons to know what had happened, and still he refused. When he felt that he was dying, he called his family, ministers, and familiars around his bed—even his servants, his faithful servants—and gave them all his dying charge. His heir was Charles, Prince of Carignano. It was his will and his prayer. They all kissed the hand of their kind master, and dropped on it grateful tears of grief and affection. The room was cleared, and the queen was left alone with her dying husband.

XII.

In an hour he was dead. The news flew to Milan, where the bridal train, the kings, the princesses and diplomatists were still assembled. They instantly departed for their courts, and Francesco was to be raised to the throne of Sardinia. But some link in the attenuated chain of subtlety and intrigue gave way. The Prince of Carignano was proclaimed king, and assumed the name of Charles Albert! Metternich had the mortification (he never had a deeper feeling) of thinking he had perpetrated a crime to no purpose.

The afflicted queen of Charles Felix still lives. Wherever her carriage passes the crowd give way and show her every sign of respect. But she has long ceased to know what it all means. She believes herself to be *still* the Queen of Sardinia. She says they poisoned her Carlo Felice! Poor wronged woman!

Maria Theresa lived but a short time after the miscarriage of the conspiracy which was to have placed her daughter on the ancient throne of Savoy. She was found dead in her bed: no one was with her in the last moment. She died,

too, without the attendance of a priest, and the vulgar said it was a judgment on her for her crimes. Her memory has perished. I had lived five years in the kingdom she once ruled, before I heard that such a woman ever existed.

I am aware that many of these statements appear now for the first time. But I have asserted nothing that is not well known in Italy.

XIII.

Charles Albert was on the throne—he looked around him and he saw difficulties enough to encounter. The Anstrian conspiracy was general in his own State. Many of the noblest families, most of the governors, generals, ministers and employês of the kingdom were in league against him, as he stepped upon the throne. He knew that he was hated and abhorred by all the patriots and liberalists in his kingdom and throughout Italy. He could not drink a glass of water, without thinking that some treacherous hand might have dropped the poison into it. He could not lie down, without thinking he might wake with the dagger of an assassin in his heart. The shadow of the murderer's steel rested steadily on his path—it made his hair gray before his time.

Carlo Alberto had now but the choice between two courses. Either to proclaim a Constitution and rally around him the friends of liberty and Italian nationality—and his throne would have become the firmest in Europe: the period of Italy's emancipation been hastened many years: and a sea of blood and tears been spared that ill-starred land.—Or he had to play the Jesuit, and act with consummata prudence and cunning, to give to his policy the color of present events —to trim, and veer, and shift, hoping to steer his ship through the stormy sea on which he had launched.

XIV.

Charles Albert could hardly be called his own master, in the beginning of his reign. Austria, on one side, was plotting his fall—the Liberalists, on the other were ready to seize the first chance of hurling him to ruin; and his State, his army, and even his own palace, were swarming with spies and traitors. A brave man, or a true one, would have taken some decisive step—done something to mark his reign, his character, his times. Charles Albert was not equal to this. And yet he might have redeemed his character, at least in the estimation of most men; he might have nearly obliterated the stain, deep as it was. It was hoped by thousands he would grant a Constitution. Europe had risen to shake from her galled limbs the intolerable fetter of tyranny; the *Three Days of Paris* had made France free, for the hour, at least. He began his reign with his eyes wide open—if he had lacked ight, Guiseppe Mazzini's celebrated letter would have furnished it to his old companion and fellow-conspirator. He ıad known Charles Albert in 1821; his desertion of the popuar cause at that period, had made Mazzini an exile. From is banishment he directed to him a solemn and touching ppeal. It was received and read by the King, when, says he writer, 'He was ascending the throne in the fervor of outh, with the solemn promises of 1821 still fresh in his ınd; amidst the dying murmurs of an insurrection, which had gain taught him the desires of the Italians, and those hopes, l but universal, which pointed out to him his duties. I made yself the interpreter of those hopes—not of my own.' I ake some extracts from this letter to show the position of harles Albert *then*, and make it clear afterwards.

XV.

'SIRE—If I believed you a vulgar king, a silly or tyrannical soul, I would not address to you the words of a *free man:* such kings leave a citizen only the choice of arms, or silence. * * Italy knows you have something more of royalty then the purple. * * To save your throne from disgrace, to dissipate the cloud of maledictions that envelopes it, to encircle it with love, you have nothing to do but listen to the truth. I presume to tell it to you, for you alone do I deem worthy to hear it. No one of those who surround you can tell it to you entire. Truth is not the language of the courtier; it falls only from him who has nothing to hope or fear from power.

'You do not mount the throne obscure. There was a moment in Italy, when States looked on you, Sire, as their Liberator—a moment when time stood for you, and if seized, must have given you the glory of many centuries. And there was another moment, when mothers cursed your name, and the million hailed you *traitor*—for you have devoured hope, and sown terror. Those, too, were solemn moments, and they will live long in your memory. We have sought on your brow the lineaments of the tyrant, but they were not there; nor could the man who had made a solemn and sublime vow, descend by a single plunge to the baseness of premeditated perfidy. The Prince saw it from afar, and would not trust the great hope of Italy to the desperate hazard. Perhaps, too, his lofty mind recoiled from the thought that calumny might strip the leaves from the most immaculate garland, and whisper, 'the Prince conspired for the liberty of his country that he might anticipate by a few years that throne, which no one could snatch from him.'

'he *first* is the way of TERROR.

'error, Sire! Your heart has already forsworn it. It is ıd of crime and blood: nor do you wish to become the entor of your subjects. God has placed you on the ɛst step in the social scale. He has thrown you to the ɔf the pyramid. The millions are standing around you, ting you, father, liberator! And will you give them ıs, plant the executioner by the side of your throne, lift ıx between the present and the future, and drive humanity through ages?

ire! humanity is not crushed by scaffolds and axes. It re- a moment to measure the blood spilt, and then devours lites, tyrant and hangman! And yet, in the man who ; this track, courtiers sometimes nourish a hope that the ratus of terror is enough to suffocate the germs of re- ıce: show yourself strong they say, and the rest will

XIX.

ire! once, when ignorance and superstition chained the s of men, and no one looked on the past or future, and ɛause of peoples counted no triumphs, terror to the eyes ıe multitude was as good as power. Now, all know that r organized into a system is weakness; a reflection of alarm gnaws the soul of him who shows it; the necessity of a desperately lost, who has only this doubtful recourse left. ats have lost their force. It is necessary to *be* atrocious, ɜppear so—to live and die a tyrant; to blindfold the eyes, go forward brandishing the blade to the right hand and left. To throw away the mask of man, and bathe in l.

ire! will you do this? And doing it, would you succeed?

And for how long? There are men, Sire, who have sworn never to repose except in the sepulchre, or in victory. Will you exterminate them all? Will you put down with the bayonet the popular movement they will excite against you? * * Sire! it is a harsh word to hear, and hard to pronounce by one who abhors crime. But suffer me to pronounce it. Who will save you from the *dagger*? * * Who will save you from the stiletto of the soul? Censorships, proscriptions, banishments? But the world is too wide not to give some corner to the *writer*. * * *

XX.

'The second course which courtiers will propose to you is that of concessions, changes in administration, economic reductions, improvement in codes, destruction of certain abuses, milder rule—in a word, slow, temperate, insensible reform—but without the guarantee of institutions, without any fundamental charter, without political declarations, without a word recognizing in the nation, a right, a sovereignty, a power. Thus you repose on neither of the two parties that divide the nation; on the bad who speculate on the tyrant king; nor on the good who invoke the citizen monarch. Thus you alienate the Austrian without gaining the Italian: [and this being his course, such was the result.] Thus you show that you have neither the energy of crime, nor the consciousness of virtue. Sire! this is not enough; you will defer for a while, perhaps, the moment of ruin, but you make it more sure by such a policy, * * Why! an incident you cannot foresee, an imprudence. a shout from the lips of a fervid and bold man, will make a ruin of the edifice you will have so laboriously raised. * * The Italians want the recognition of the rights of humanity,

which have lain at the mercy of arbitrary power for so many ages. * * Since the shout of 1789 broke the sleep of Nations, Italians have sought for the titles with which they could present themselves before the great European family, and they have found nothing but fetters; derided, oppressed, dismembered,—they have no name, no country; they have heard the stranger call them *the Helots of Nations*, and freemen visiting their shores exclaimed 'there is nothing here but ruin.' They have drained the bitter chalice of slavery to the bottom—they have sworn not to taste it again.

* * * * * * * * *

'And then, when threatened on every hand, and alarmed at the abandonment you owe to your indecisive policy, and you are thinking of saving yourself, will you find refuge in the help of the stranger? Will you invoke Austrian bayonets to prop up your rocking throne? Do it! Swear submission to a foe you have hated from the beginning; become the slave of a foreigner; but beware, Sire! you are at the point where the system of *terror* kills you, branding you as infamous; and *concessions* kill you, by betraying your weakness. You cannot live execrated—you cannot fall great!

XXI.

'Sire! are these the only ways that open before you? Can you reap nothing but odium or contempt? There is a *third* road, Sire, which conducts to true power and immortal glory. There is a third ally, surer and stronger for you than Austria or Louis Philippe. There is a crown more brilliant and sublime than that of Piedmont—a crown that awaits no one, but a man bold enough to conceive the thought of seizing it—firm enough to consecrate himself wholly to the execu-

tion of such a thought—pure enough not to soil its splendor with designs of low tyranny.

'Sire! have you never cast an eagle-glance over our Italy, beautiful in the smile of nature, crowned with twenty centuries of sublime memories, the home of genius, abounding in resources, lacking nothing but union; so belted around with defences, that a strong will, and a few breasts, would protect her from the insult of the stranger? And have you never said it was created for a great destiny? Have you never contemplated her people, splendid, despite the shadow servitude has cast over their brow, great by instinctive life, light of intellect, energy of passion, * * elements from which nations are made? Has the thought never stirred you, to make, like God from chaos, a world out of these disjointed elements—re-unite these scattered fragments, and pronounce—*It is all mine, and it is happy?* You shall be grand, and twenty millions of men will exclaim, God is in heaven, and Charles Albert on the earth!

XXII.

'Sire! If, indeed, your soul be dead to great conceptions, and if you have no wider scope in your reign than to confine yourself to the little circle of the kings who went before you; if you have not the soul of a vassal, stay where you are; curve not your neck down under the Austrian rod, and be a tyrant—but a tyrant in truth—for the first hint you give of a step beyond the line prescribed, you will make the Austrian your foe. The Austrian distrusts you; but throw to his feet ten, twenty victims' heads—make the chains heavier on the rest—pay him by unlimited submission for the contempt which ten years ago he made you drink. Perhaps the tyrant

of Italy will forget that you joined in a conspiracy against him—perhaps he will allow you to preserve for him a few years the conquest he meditated as long ago as 1814. * *

'Sire! Repulse Austria! Leave France behind. Construct the Italian League. Put yourself at the head of the nation, and inscribe on your standard—*Union, Liberty, Independence.* * * Declare yourself the vindicator, the interpreter of the rights of Peoples—the Regenerator of Italy. Liberate Italy from the Barbarians! Shape her future! Give your name to an age! Begin an era for yourself! * * Compel history to write under the names of Washington and Kosciusko!—'There is a name greater than these. There was a throne erected by twenty millions of freemen, who wrote on its base—'*To Charles Albert, born king! In him Italy was reborn.*'' * * Victory is in your hand. * * Throw down the gauntlet to Austria, and the name of *Italy* into the camp. That ancient name will do prodigies. Appeal to all that is great and generous on our shores. Ardent, brave youth—fired by two all-powerful passions, hatred and glory—have lived for years only in one thought—they are waiting only for the moment of carrying it into execution. * * * Everything lies in knowing when to seize the moment! and it has come *now*. * * On the soil of Lombardy the fate of Italy and your own will be decided: soil which waits but a regiment and a banner to rise *en masse*—soil which will devour its foes as in the time of Frederic, and triple your army. But be strong and decided—cast away diplomatic calculations, cabinet intrigues, and lying treaties. Your salvation lies in the point of your sword. Unsheathe it, and throw away the scabbard. Make a treaty with Death, and you will have made one with Victory.

XXIII.

'* * The cause of despotism is lost in Europe. Civilization can no longer be made to march backward by the insanity of a few. * * Tyrants are struggling desperately with the age, and they will be swallowed up. * * But you, Sire! are unstained with *regal* crime. You are worthy still of interpreting the spirit of the age. Before the spirit of the age, which his great mind perceived, Napoleon grew pale, when the 18th Brumaire found him opposed to liberty, in the Hall of the Five Hundred. It was the only time Napoleon turned pale: a few years after, he commented mournfully over that pallor, when in St. Helena he said those memorable words—*J'ai heurte les idées du siecle, j'ai tout perdu.* Sire! By all that is most sacred, ponder these words well. Will you die utterly and vilely? Fame relates, that in 1821, an Austrian slave insulted the flying Charles Albert, saluting him *King of Italy.* That affront, Sire, calls for blood; spill it, in the name of God, and the bitter retort shall fall on the head of our oppressors. Sieze that crown! It is yours if you will it.

'Recall promises—acquire the love of millions. Between the song of the free and the strong, and the groan of the slave, choose the first. Liberate Italy from the barbarian, and live for ever. Sieze the moment! another hour, and you will be too late. Remember the letter of Flores Estada to Fernando! Remember Potter's to William of Nassau!

'Sire! I have told you the truth. Freemen look for your answer in deeds. Whatever it may be, be sure of one thing—that posterity will proclaim in you, the first among men, or the last of the Italian tyrants.—Choose!'

XXIV.

No comment is required on this letter. Charles Albert read it, and he knew that it interpreted the universal heart of Italy. What did he do?

He ascended the throne the 27th April, 1831. A part of his regal inheritance was—the prisons of State, where the men he had betrayed were still pining and cursing his name. Hundreds were in banishment, and many had died in want among strangers—messengers he had sent on beforehand to await his appearance at the Great Trial. At all events, he could pardon *them*—the crime of having been betrayed!—Righteous Heaven!

Charles Albert was in the flush of youth, when in 1821, from a hill-top, he overlooked the glittering hosts of 'the army of Italy.' If now, in 1831, when he had reached the age at which Alexander *died*, had he wished to show that he had yielded ten years before, to convictions of duty, or motives of policy, a transport of boyhood—or that he had repented of his youthful rashness—that now he had become wiser, and, being his own master, he would show the world his true character;—that world would have forgiven him; for it has learned to overlook a great deal in kings! He certainly had a fair chance to act like an honest man! What did he?

He let his prisoners groan on—and his exiles sigh on—and their families weep on. But this was not all. He had become expert in bloodshedding—had profited by experience. He had been king a short time; the world was waiting for his constitution and amnesty, and one fine morning the secret mine he had prepared was sprung, and a regiment of fair brave young patriots were butchered in every great town in his kingdom! They had committed no crime but trusting in the

truth of a traitor! They only cried from the fullness of their hearts, *Viva la Costituzione!* In this new slaughter, some of the noblest young men in Genoa, Alexandria, Nice, Turin, &c., were despatched by the bullets of Charles Albert to another life, to reinforce the *corps* of witnesses sent on ten years before to await *his* coming. They were all shot 'at eight o'clock A. M. precisely.'

XXV.

We must let a blank of years go by now in this man's life.

The blood of *thirty-one* had been poured out, and gone to mingle its fresh crimson with the purple stream of *twenty-one* (a decade of suffering); and aged mothers who had held their infant boys on their bosoms, and folded back their golden locks, wet with the moisture that comes up warmly on the child's forehead as it sleeps on its mother's breast, had wept their tears all away for their brave boys, and gone to heaven to greet them; and Charles Albert had tried to forget his own history, and the effort must have been a very hard one; or something else, (not a bodily evil,) had at the age of forty-four, made him a very old man. I conversed with him in 1843, and he looked and acted very much as men seem to me to act and look when they are about eighty. And yet this does not give the idea exactly—for it was not like common old age. I once saw a person whose hair became gray in a single night. If one could conceive of the *face* of a young man going through such a change in an hour, it might look like Charles Albert's. The skin was pallid—the hair nearly white—the eyes sunk deep in the head—the face ploughed very deep, not with wrinkles, but seams—the fore-

head a white skinny bone—the ears were large, and stood out clean and colorless from the head; when he shut his eyes he looked as though he had just *died of trouble.*

I have never seen a man who looked to me as though he had suffered so long and intensely. They said he had periodical turns after *twenty-one*, and more particularly after *thirty-one*, when he seemed to be undergoing some excruciating pain, that the surgeons could not relieve by any of their remedies, and that at such times he could not 'sleep o' nights.' He used to wake with a scream of terror on many a tempest night, and call his Jesuit confessor, who was always on such nights stealing, black and still, through the corridors of the palace, to come and bring the mouldy bones of his saints and spread the relics about his bed, to scare away the bleeding ghosts of his victims! The Jesuit miracle-monger used to stay by the bed-side of the king till daylight, when the *Prince of Carignano* generally got quiet and slept! There were many other strange things said about it, and some men talked very dubiously, and did not seem to know (unless they were *very* sure of their company) how to account for the king being so sad—so very prematurely old—so corpse-like.

When I knew his history I thought I had a clue to it all—only when I saw the man, he looked much older and sadder than I expected to find him.

But slow as *moments* sometimes seem to go, the years glide rapidly. Italy had felt the electric shock of Pius IX. and sprang to her feet. The regeneration of Italy was preparing, and the pale King of Sardinia had his part to play.

XXIV.

This chapter opens very dry—but it is important.

A treaty (for salt) made just a hundred years ago, between Austria and Savoy, was to have no little to do with the final decision of the fate of Italy. At that period the Savoyard Prince was restricted in his dominions to Savoy, Piedmont, and the Island of Sardinia. The independent Republic of Genoa stretched along the sea coast, dividing that island from the king's possessions on the main land. No satisfactory arrangement could be made with the Genoese for the transit of the salt of the island across the territory of the Republic, and a treaty was made between Austria and Piedmont, by which the latter was supplied by the former with her salt from the Adriatic. It was stipulated, however, that the Savoyard Princes should not sell the article to the Swiss Republic, as the Emperor wished to retain the monopoly of the trade. The treaty was observed in good faith by both parties, till, with a thousand others, it was drifted before the tempest of the French Revolution of 1789. For twenty years the Savoyard Princes had no occasion to think of salt, any further than where they should get the small quantity they needed in the indifferent *minestra* they ate in their exile.

XXVII.

In 1815, when the Republic of Genoa was blotted from the chart of nations, and subjected to the sceptre of Savoy, the Sardinian kings found it much more convenient and politic to get the salt (of which the throne still exercised the exclusive monopoly) from the inexhaustible mines and manufactories of the Island of Sardinia. That stipulation, which

·ohibited them from selling salt to Switzerland, was nullified ith the rest of the treaty, and what had formerly been a)nsiderable source of revenue to Austria, was transferred to ıe Treasury of Piedmont.

There was no *causus belli* in this matter. The treaty had ɛpired *by lapse of time*, in a natural way; and Austria would ɜver have thought of questioning the right of the Sardinian)vereigns to get their salt from their own dominions, or ːlling it to their neighbors, had not Charles Albert begun y degrees to raise his bowed neck from the Austrian yoke. [e was not, indeed, quite so much a sovereign *by grace of Austria*, as his cousin Leopold of Tuscany, and yet the ɜbinet of Vienna held the reigns over him with a very espotic hand. His cabinet, the governors of his principal)wns and fortresses, and his chief intendents-general of olice, (hitherto the most important trust under the goverɴ-ıent of an Italian prince,) were all appointed by Austria, or ɛtained at her pleasure—most of them were in her pay. Metternich had his spies scattered over Charles Albert's tate, and they knew their business. At every step he took ı his home or foreign policy, he felt the galling of his fetter. He wished to charter a great railway from Genoa to Turin, ɣhich would half prostrate the trade of Trieste, and make Genoa again 'Queen of the Mediterranean,' and bring the ommerce of America, and of the East, in golden streams into ıer bosom, to swell Charles Albert's revenue and enrich his tate; but *Austria forbade it*. He wished to conclude advanageous treaties with foreign states—to re-organize his interıal administration on a larger and more liberal scale. In act, his own dignity, as well as the vital interests of his state, ːequired a reform in his government. But at the first step,

he saw a hundred thousand bayonets leveled at him from the northern bank of the Po.

XXVIII.

His subjects at last began to sympathize with him; for they saw the embarrassment of his position, and they felt humiliated in the degradation of their king. Charles Albert, who had never resorted to any very ingenious expedients to gain the good will of his people, began to encourage this new feeling, and tried to yield in some smaller matters to the popular desire. In Genoa, for example, the great seaport and key of the kingdom, which supplied two-thirds of the revenue, there was an Austrian governor—the Marquis Paulucci, a barbarous and ferocious man, who was equally hated by the king and the people. He was a bloated, stormy old soldier, who had won his honors by fighting against the regeneration of Europe in the times of Napoleon. His eyes rolled red and lazily around inflamed sockets; he protected villains, and set spies upon the track of even the guests who ate at his table. His hatred of liberty and constitutional governments he never pretended to conceal. There was not a home in Genoa that was not sooner or later polluted with the slime of his spies. The king hated, abhorred, and dreaded this man; but he did not dare to dismiss him. Every time he came to Genoa he was obliged to receive this Austrian governor and spy in great state, and hold his hand to his lips for a Judas kiss. The king offered him full pay to retire on—and as he was an avaricious man, he was disposed to accept it. But he could not do it till he had interrogated his master at Vienna, and Metternich refused, by return post; it being a matter not worth troubling the Aulic Council about.

In the meantime Austria, who had watched the new symptoms of insubordination in her refractory baron, began to bethink herself of a remedy; and every day some new thorn was driven into the quivering flesh of the Sardinian king.

XXIX.

Charles Albert wished to be an *independent* not a *liberal* prince. But events were taking a direction which no diplomatist could foresee; and the Ruler of Nations had assigned to Charles Albert a higher part in the drama of his country than he had ever merited or probably desired. He could bear the Austrian chain no longer: it had cut too deep into the nerves, and he determined to snap it asunder. His eye was fixed on his *own liberation;* but in achieving his purpose, he was compelled to contribute in the same degree to the emancipation of his country.

In contemplating his policy for two or three years before the election of Pio IX., we shall perceive that it was the very same policy a great statesman would have been likely to adopt, if he had had in view only the freedom of the state. The felicity of the result was owing to the fact that this was the only policy he could resort to, in making himself an *independent sovereign.* It was necessary now for Charles Albert to encourage a feeling of nationality in Italy, that he might have something to fall back on when his final rupture with Austria should take place. There was no external sign of change in his policy in the beginning; for he felt the necessity of keeping up appearances, in order not to excite the alarm or the suspicions of Vienna. But private orders were given in the proper quarters to mitigate the severity of the custom houses and censors of the press, that works which

seemed calculated to stir the national feelings of the Italians, might circulate with greater facility.

XXX.

There were three political writers in Piedmont whose works did more to prepare the way for Pius IX., than all the works of their cotemporaries. The greatest of them all was the celebrated Abbé VICENZO GIOBERTI, (recently dead); who was recalled from exile by Charles Albert, and placed at the head of his ministry. The Italians awarded more credit to Gioberti for the transient *Risorgimento* of their country, than to any other man but the Pope himself, and they were probably right. They also regarded him as the most learned and profound moral philosopher of the age. In this opinion the Germans do not concur; nor, probably, the French. But his great genius in philosophy and social polity cannot be denied—and his patriotism and exalted Christian virtue can hardly be doubted. In 1843–4 he published *Il Primato d'Italia*, while the darkest hour of the night of Italy was sounding. The object of that great work was to electrify the Italian Nation, by reminding them of what they had been at other periods, and what they might once more become, if Jesuits were banished from the councils and cabinets of Italy, and the vast enginery of the Vatican were turned against despotism. Gioberti wrote with a fearless pen. He tore the veil recklessly away from the hideous form of tyranny and ecclesiastical corruption; the foul abominations of a Jesuitical Pontificate were dragged into the blinding glare of sun-light, and a philosophical defence was entered of the great principles of the Religion of the Gospel. The writer showed that the only hope of Italy, and of the true church, lay in the elevation of

ome bold Reformer to the Pontificate: he prescribed the ath he must tread, and forewarned him of the obstacles he ould encounter. This portion of his work attracted little ttention at the time—it seemed to have sprung like any ntasy of a heated brain from the enthusiasm of hope—it was ie day-dream of a great patriot, and a good man, who, espairing of ordinary agencies, had turned away to the mira- ulous intervention of Heaven.

The writer was an abbé of the church of Rome, of the most xemplary character. He had once been the private chaplain f Charles Albert; he had been driven into exile by the esuits; and this voice of the Philosopher, the Patriot, and riest, went to the ear and the heart of his countrymen. His ook was the creation of the times; it interpreted the feeling f the age and country. His name was still fresh on the lips f the Italians, when the world was startled by the announce- ient, that a Reformer had been elevated to the Holy See. fter the first electric shock had passed through Italy, every ye in the Peninsula was turned towards the author of the *rimato d'Italia*. The election of Pio Nono had made that ook *a prophecy*. The new Pontiff was the Pope the writer ad described; and he had begun to tread the rugged path is forerunner had laid out for him.

That such a supreme Pontiff would ever appear, few but ioberti expected; and when he did come, it *was* difficult for ie soberest reader of the *Primato* of Italy, to rid himself of ie idea, that the writer had forecast the future with the gaze f a prophet. Cardinal Mastai (now Pius IX.) read this work, nd there is reason to believe that it became a sort of text- ook and guide to his administration. It is certain that it ontributed to his election, and prepared Italy for his coming.

XXXI.

A work appeared soon after, by Count CESARE BALBO, of Turin, which sent another stream of fire through Italy—*Le Speranze d' Italia*, (the hopes of Italy.) This book was leveled straight at the breast of Austria. If Charles Albert had written it himself, it could not have wounded the cabinet of Vienna more deeply. There was but one idea in it; and that was that the yoke of the *barbarian* must be broken, by a union of the princes and people of Italy; and the writer did not hesitate to declare, that the day of this holy crusade against Austria had come. The spirit of this work was worthy of the best days of Italy, and it everywhere stirred the indignation of the Italians against their ancient foe, that has so long crushed their nation into the dust: converting even the religion of their fathers, into the most deadly instrument of intellectual and political degradation.

With Balbo, began that rational and salutary idea, (which secured to Italy at least two years of peaceful reform,) that if the Princes of Italy would free themselves from the chafing fetter of Austrian servitude, they must make common cause with their subjects; and if the Italians would recover their liberties, they must make common cause with their Princes. This idea became the moving principal of Italy, when she began to raise up her dust-polluted brow. It explains the spirit and the progress of the Italian Revolution. Whenever and wherever, the sovereigns of the Peninsula have been in accord with their people, reform and independence have marched side by side. Society has seemed to heave like a troubled ocean: *but there has been no violence, no outrage, except where Princes either betrayed the cause of their people, or tried*

to arrest their progress. The supremacy of law has been unbroken; and even to the last hour, sovereigns who moved on in good faith with the progress of the times, have felt their thrones growing strong under them. It was so in Rome. Said D'Azeglio a year after the elevation of Pius IX, 'That throne, which tottered under the feet of Pio Nono, when he ascended it, is now the firmest in Europe'—and it was so then, and it continued to be so, *as* long as the Pope *led* his people on in the path of reform and progress. The first moment he *halted*, he lost in a day, the most brilliant fame a Roman Pontiff ever won—the first moment he took a step backward, his throne crumbled to ashes—the Roman people had been launched by Pius IX. upon the tide of progress, and it was no longer in his power to arrest them—they could not arrest themselves.

From the beginning of the Revolution, LEOPOLD, (Grand Duke of Tuscany,) who, was always inclined to liberal measures, put himself at the head of the Reformers, and in the midst of the wildest rockings, he sat firmly on his throne. In Naples and Lombardy, there was no union between princes and peoples, and tyranny and anarchy made a 'reign of Terror.' Milan was shrouded in crape; there was not a house in which there was not one dead. Messina was nearly laid in ashes, and fifty thousand Neapolitans and Sicilians died in the struggle for liberty.

The moment it was perceived that Charles Albert was coming over to the popular side, his throne began to grow firm—his people began to put their shoulders around it. The king is supposed to have known of this work of Count Balbo before the world knew it; and it is said that after it appeared, he used to read it often alone, and walk his room hours

together with it in his hand, sometimes in his library, sometimes in his bedchamber.

XXXII.

The MARQUIS MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO, well known to Europe as the author of 'The Challenge of Barletta,' 'Niccolo de' Lapi,' &c., also entered the political field, and published *Gli ultimi casi di Romagna*, dedicating it to Cesare Balbo, as the latter had inscribed his to Gioberti.

This powerful *brochure*, laid open the enormous corruptions of the court of Rome; the appalling barbarities of Lambruschini's administration; and depicted the general desolation of the Roman provinces, under Gregory's reign. It contained a solemn and fearless appeal to the old pontiff, in view of the judgment-seat of God, before whom he would (and did) shortly stand, and to whose tribunal the Roman people had carried up their cause. This little pamphlet contained scarcely more than three score of pages; but it went to the heart of Italy—it gained for the writer the affection of the entire Italian nation. Pius IX. invited him to Rome, and *covered with honor the man against whose books the anathemas of Gregory had been launched;* and the world will hereafter reckon him among the few gifted and heroic men to whom Italy owes her regeneration. The son of Charles Albert made him his chief minister. Austria saw the effect of these three books; she felt their influence throughout her own dominions, and she was filled with alarm. A new power was being conjured up that she had never before had to contend with—*a sentiment of nationality growing out of a union* between the princes and peoples of Italy.

XXXIII.

These three books had been written by subjects of Charles Albert, and however little he may have seemed to have had to do with them or their authors, Austria regarded him as responsible for *the insult!* The Austrian ambassador at Turin complained to the king, and required him to prohibit the circulation of the *odious books*. The king replied, that they were prohibited already! 'But they are found in every part of your majesty's states.' 'They must be smuggled over the frontier of my Swiss neighbors.' 'This your majesty should prevent.' 'We cannot always do as we would. I am told these same books circulate still more extensively in Lombardy, and this we know cannot be owing to their not being prohibited by the emperor, nor to his frontiers not being well guarded.' There was much said, and Austria blustered, and to save appearances some new and more *terrible* orders were issued by the king; but other messengers followed hard on the heels of the first, 'telling the *proper persons* not to give themselves any unnecessary trouble about *those books*.'

XXXIV.

But Carlo Alberto had done another thing still more objectionable. He had given a private order *to strike a medal*, that was to have no mean influence in bringing about the consummation. It was designed to be a symbol of the national feeling of Italy, of Sardinia particularly. On one side, was the head of Albert, surrounded by those of the four greatest Italians—Dante, Michael Angelo, Galileo, and Columbus. On the reverse, the Lion of Savoy was trampling the double

headed eagle of Austria under his feet, with that stirring motto which tyranny has introduced into every tongue—

J'attends mon aste. (Ancient Gallic.)
I wait my star.

One fine morning, this medal began to circulate in the streets of Turin—it stirred the Piedmontese like the call of a trumpet.

Austria was cut to the quick. Something must be done. How could she *wound* Sardinia? The fine wines of Piedmont were consumed in large quantities by the Austrian states, and had long been admitted at a nominal duty. Piedmont derived great advantages from so near and extensive a market. It was closed in a day, by an edict of the Emperor, which imposed a duty greater than the value of the wine. An illustration of the effect of this retaliation was afforded to the traveler on his road from Genoa to Milan. A narrow river divides the States of Charles Albert from the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. A bottle of the fine red wine of Piedmont on the *south* side, cost ten cents—across the bridge, the same thing cost fifty. Naples was on good terms with Vienna: Ferdinand hated Pius IX.: Lombardy must have wines from some quarter, and those of the Two Sicilies were admitted at a merely nominal duty. The *pretext* of Austria in this step was the *salt*, (of which we have spoken,) the *reason* was the *medal*.

XXXV.

Such was the posture of affairs in Sardinia, when Mastai became Pope. Charles Albert must have saluted his early reforms with exultation. He began to breathe freer than he had ever done in his life. 'Now I am no longer *alone*,' he

must have often said to himself. 'I have found a powerful ally in the church: with the help of the Pontiff, I will become an *independent* prince.' Here was a great point gained for *himself*. At the same time he had compromised himself too deeply towards Austria in the affair of the medal; he could not go back: he had cut himself loose from that hated power. Here was a great point gained for *his people*.

But Pius IX. did not stop with amnesties and railways: he was then evidently marching on to things more significant. Charles Albert became alarmed. At the end of all this he saw, the dissolution of *absolutism*—a CONSTITUTION, and, as it afterwards turned out, *he had privately sworn an oath to heaven that he would never grant a constitution to his State!* An oath which made him paler than ever a year afterward; an oath which he sent a courier to this *constitution*-Pope to get absolution from; while he waited two long days and sleepless nights, walking from room to room, as the wild shouts of an enraged people rang through his palace. Besides, things were taking a direction far different from what he intended. He had been setting all his machinery in motion to emancipate *himself*—he seemed to be emancipating *his people* at the same time. He now discovered, for the first time, probably, the drift of events; for *his* scheme, which was admirably laid for the accomplishment of his object *under the Pope and the Italy of the 1st of June*, 1846, became quite another affair under the Pope and the Italy of the *15th day of the very same month*.

XXXVI.

So Charles Albert, who seemed to have been born under a stormy star, (if there be such a one,) was still in trouble: he was probably more embarrassed than ever. 'I find myself,'

he must have often thought aloud, as he paced up and down that *crimson room* (it was finished in green, but we call it crimson, for a very good reason, our readers will know in due time,) 'I find myself in a trying position. If I oppose Pius IX. (who at that time was regarded as the Washington of the political world) I become the enemy of Italy. My people will stand by me no longer. To save my throne I must throw myself at the feet of Austria, and sue for mercy like a coward slave; and clank the fetter the rest of my life; and make war on God's vicegerent (and this thought made him tremble, for he was a very devoted believer in the church;) and receive his maledictions; and wade through streams of blood; and people the DARK of my bed-chamber with *another* swarm of shrieking ghosts; and go darkling down to the grave with the curses of good men on my head; and, *above all*, die as I have lived, THE SLAVE OF AUSTRIA; if, indeed, I am not brought to the block by an infuriated people I have twice betrayed,—OR, I must part with my power, tear the plume of absolutism from the helmet of Savoy, and yield at last to the constitution I fought against in Spain, and break my oath! what shall I do!'

XXXVII.

It took him just one year to decide, and during that year—*that wonderful year* 1847—which prepared the way for that still more memorable year 1848, we will leave him to his treacherous, wily minister, DELIA MARGERRITA, a smooth, cool, snaky Jesuit, a supple instrument of his master Metternich; to his Governors and Intendents, whom he knew to be doing the work of Austria, and whom he did not dare to dismiss; to the deep and fearful intrigues of the SOCIETY OF

JESUS, who had thus far held him in their iron hands; to the swarms of Austrian spies who haunted the very air he breathed; and, above all, to *his own thoughts*, and God knows the poor pale king of Sardinia had enough to think of!

XXXVIII.

Thus marched the Revolution. I unfold some of its *causes*, and depict some of its scenes; and this must satisfy the reader—the results I have no room to record. In fact, this entire book is intended to be only one of hints and suggestions: careful reading alone can fill it out. I try to show headlands only—the minute liniaments of the political coast, must be traced by each navigator for himself.

From the rockings of old empires, let us catch one glimpse of the triumphal progress of our great Republic, which is enacting in the West, scenes the Romans never dreamed of.

XXXIX.

Early on the morning of the 29th of September, 1847, a vessel was telegraphed from one of the fortress-crowned hills of Genoa. She was reported as a vessel of war, bearing the American flag. Our ships have never appeared in the Mediterranean, without exciting a peculiar sympathy among the people of those beautiful countries. Thousands crowded the shores, in eager expectation of the arrival of the mysterious stranger: for the telegraph had not ventured to tell what kind of craft she was; and the public curiosity was the more excited by the appearance of a battle ship, nearing the port, without the aid of sails, or, apparently, of steam; for her slim masts shot gracefully up from a dark hull, without sails, and the sea was all calm around her, except far in her wake,

where the early sunlight played on the waters. And yet nearer and nearer she came, dashing up into the beautiful harbor of Genoa.

The crowd increased; the vessel entered the port, and, casting her anchor, swung gracefully round to the breeze, which came freshly down from the Appenines, loaded with the fragrance of the vintage.

'Who is this mysterious stranger?' went rapidly from one to another, in the dense mass that already darkened the shores. But no one could answer. The vessel had no sails, no wheels, no funnel for fire, made no smoke—and yet she seemed to be entirely under the control of those who guided her. There she lay in the quiet blue waters of the port; thousands gazing on her dark form and delicate yards, shooting sharp and slim into the sky!—who; what could she be?

In a few minutes a light boat was lowered from her side, and went sweeping gracefully over the water, with the measured stroke of a man-of-war's oarsmen.

'Dev' essere un Americano,' all exclaimed, 'perchè si vede la bandiera degli Stati Uniti—Non vi è punto di dubbio: ma che razza di vascello può essere quella, che non mostra, nè fumo, nè ruote, nè vele?'

XL.

The American Steamer Princeton had been in port some days, and a succession of dinners, *soirées*, and hospitable entertainments given to the commander and his officers, which the generous gallantry of 'the service' required should be returned. I was, therefore, requested to invite as large a party as I pleased for a trip of pleasure along the coast, in the new and beautiful steamer, on the 2d of October, if the day should be

fair. The Admiral, the Prince, the Count of Syracuse, (brother of the king of Naples,) the old Marquis di Negro, foreign ambassadors and consuls, with a large number of distinguished strangers from every quarter of the world, were to make up the party.

There was but one opinion about the place we should visit—it was to be the birth-place of Columbus, down the western riviera of Genoa. No American vessel had ever honored that little place by a visit—it was only eighteen miles from the city—it was one of the most beautiful shores in the world —there were, in fact, a score of reasons why we should make the trip to Cogoleto.

XLI.

A thousand hopes, too, were excited, and a thousand fears agitated the hearts of those whom fortune had numbered among the invited guests—for on the day the invitations were issued, it rained till eight o'clock in the evening, and there seemed little prospect of enjoying the expected pleasure. But as the sun went down, he burst forth for a single moment from a dark bank of clouds that hung heavily over the Alps, and flung a golden stream of light over the mountains, the shores, the city, and the sea. The fair Italians prayed to all their fair-weather saints for a beautiful day, and the Americans shook their heads and did as they do in Rome—let it rain!

But that single glance of the sun's fair disk, as he went down, seemed but a treacherous gleam; for the clouds went hurrying away in dark masses over the west, and the path of the thunder was cut by forked lightning as it leaped among the bald Alpine peaks. Late that night, a black canopy, without a star, shut down over Genoa, and heavy peals

shook the marble city. It seemed that fate had decreed disappointment; but the light of the next morning had hardly begun to break, when a heavy signal gun from the Princeton sent its echoes up the sides of the Appenines to greet the sun in his coming, and disturbed the slumbers of the city by announcing to the guests, that a fair day was breaking, and that the steamer had lighted her fires.

XLII.

At ten o'clock the guests were all on board,—except a few who could not believe the ship would sail exactly at the hour appointed,—the Princeton weighed anchor and turned her prow to the sea. The Mediterranean, which had so lately been lashed into fury, was now sleeping as calm as though its bosom had never been ruffled, and as blue as the heavens above it.

The noble ship swept round the light-house, and went gliding down the coast. In an hour the birth-place of Columbus came in sight, and many a brave tar, who had heard so much of the first sailor that ever let go anchor on the coast of the New World, saw for the first time the scene of the navigator's childhood. With the guests, and all the officers who were not on duty, they crowded to the side, to catch the sight. And it was a sight to stir the blood of any man born on the western side of the Atlantic.

There lay the tiny village of Cogoleto, at the foot of the mountains—far up whose sides hanging gardens and vineyards spread their deep rich mantle—while high above shone the heaven-kissing peaks, glistening like icicles in the sun.

The commander ordered the decks cleared, and a salute of nine guns, in quick succession, announced to the wonder-

stricken inhabitants of the simple village, that a powerful but unknown stranger was rapidly approaching their coast. They flocked to the shore, and before the Princeton's boats were lowered, a little fleet of light *feluccas* and *lattines* were launched to greet us.

XLIII.

The commander, the officers and guests, landed amidst a silent and excited crowd of rustic peasants and villagers, and were met by the *Sindaco* of the king, who, on being told that the ship had come from the distant country Columbus discovered, to visit his birth-place, opened his eyes still wider, and showed the party at once, with a thousand inclinations, bows, compliments and thanks, to the house, whose inscriptions declare, that within its walls the immortal navigator first saw the light.

It is a strong, substantially-built stone mansion, of three stories, most of whose rooms are small; forming an irregular pile, without any pretensions to architecture, and covered with the dust and shadows of five centuries. It stands immediately on the beach, and presents a picturesque appearance from the sea. It has been stoutly disputed by many, that Columbus was born at Cogoleto; and angry discussions have been carried on for many years among the Italians. I believe that the Columbus family had two houses—one in Genoa and one in Cogoleto: for it can be proved that they lived in both places.

The house is inhabited by a revenue officer; the first floor being devoted to the sociable purposes of a caffè, where the villagers who have a few *soldi* to spare, assemble in the evening to talk over the heroic achievements of their great citizen, the Sea-King of their little city.

XLIV.

While the party were standing in the room (in the second story) in which Columbus is said to have been born, it was proposed to erect some bust or tribute of respect to him in the church where he was baptized, and whose bells were at that moment ringing out a merry chime in honor of the strange visitors. And here I may say, that it would have been done, had not the Archbishop of the diocese refused his consent to the inauguration of the bust, when it was nearly finished, alleging, as a reason, that it could not be allowed, since it was the offering of heretics! I am also glad to be able to state, that this Jesuitical prelate was, by such illiberal conduct, brought into universal odium. Unfortunately, by the time the new Pope had overruled the decision of the Jesuit, (which he did,) it was too late; for, having been charged with the work, I had left for America, where I returned to the Purser of the Princeton the money raised for the bust. When the resolution of the Americans present was known to the Sindaco, he announced it to the people, who received the news with shouts of joy. They had long desired to see some monument erected to Columbus, in his native village; but the poor fishermen, who compose the population, had never felt able to do it, and no foreigners had ever proposed to aid them.

In the midst of the universal excitement which now filled the village, the party proceeded to the Town Hall, (Heaven save the mark,) where the portly and pompous *Sindaco* exhibited an ancient portrait of Columbus, whose authenticity nobody felt inclined (under the circumstances) to question, if we except a grave-looking *middy*, who suggested

(aside) that the world—that part of it, at least—must have been in a sad state, when it was painted, if such a work of art had not made the artist acquainted with the halter.

XLV.

Then to the church, where they showed us the altar before which the boy Columbus was baptized. Here we felt that we were standing indeed on holy ground. The whole party stood silent and uncovered before it. Around the altar, were suspended many votive offerings, such as poor fishermen might bring. Among many others, were two tiny ships, full rigged! Several officers present took the sacristan aside privately, and asked him 'how much he would take' to get those little ships on board the Princeton! The poor old man looked at the strangers with mute and bland astonishment, not even shaking his head,—he was so thunderstruck by the sacrilegious proposal. Alas! poor Italy! The stranger who visits thee thinks his gold can buy *all* thy treasures and sacred things! It's a comfort to think how often they find themselves disappointed!

Of course all brought away some *souvenir* from the dwelling of Colombo. Some a nail, some a stone from the wall, others a piece of plaster from the old frescos, and many were satisfied with a pebble from the beach where the wondrous boy played in his infancy. One of the officers coolly asked a young mother in the house, if she was rocking her child in Colombo's cradle?

'Si, Signore,' she said, (without the remotest idea of what he said,) blandly and kindly, as all Italian women ask or answer questions. The propounder of the question looked hard, at this very useful instrument of household economy. It

was quite a modern affair, that is to say, an unmistakable willow cradle, for all the world, just like those in which they keep rocking at least a million of babies, in America, from Maine to California. He shook his head, saying:

'It would be hardly fair to wake up the baby, Signora—I guess I won't take it.'

There is something, sometimes, inconceivably droll, and sometimes indescribably painful, in witnessing this broad humor in our countrymen in Europe,—this quizzing of strangers,—a custom, by the by, of which no other nation is ever guilty.

One officer seriously cast his eye up to an iron ring, firmly fastened into the arched ceiling. A bargain was struck—a smith was soon on hand, and a few solid wrenches tore away the unmistakable relic.

It is somewhat doubtful if the proprietor would have yielded on any other occasion; hardly now, perhaps, if the petitioner had not said he wished to take it to the President of the United States! This was too much—he could refuse no longer; and, thinking too, probably, that he would be well paid for his relic, he yielded with a half-reluctant grace.

XLVI.

But the day was wearing away, and the party embarked for the ship. As the boats pushed off, an humble, but hearty salute, of nine guns was fired from the little village cannon, (a large sized pop-gun—dignified with a military term,) which had been duly ordered out by the *Sindaco*, in honor of so grand an occasion. The shore was crowded by thousands of peasants, dressed in the parti-colored costume of the Italian nation—the red slouched cap—the gaudy waistcoat—the

variegated shirt—the sash, red or blue, about the waist, which dispenses with suspenders, for the tight velvet breeches—the red leggins buttoned up on the sides—the velvet jacket, (always swung over the left shoulder, a sort of relic of feudal days, of the court mantle:) add to this the good-natured *dolce far niente* of that sweet land, and you have the Italian peasant. The variegated calico gown—the muslin *pezzotto*, (a light scarf thrown over the head, and falling to the knees,) the hair always beautifully braided, a charm sure to be found in the Italian woman, whatever her rank may be—large gold *filigree* ear-rings, often dangling on the shoulders—fine gold chains around the neck and arms, a profusion of rings, etc., etc.,—all of which constitute the dowery of the Italian girl.

I think that there cannot be many places in the world, where there are so many urchins and specimens of all kinds, as in Cogoleto. They constitute the majority of the population. Strangers cannot account for this. Cogoleto has been, since long before Columbus, prolific in seamen. Some hundreds of its men—nearly all the fathers—live on the sea.

XLVII.

But I have almost forgotten our noble party.

Every discharge of the village cannon was accompanied by a thousand shouts, which went ringing away merrily among the hills. The moment our boats were hoisted up the sides, and all were standing on the quarter deck, gazing on the glorious sea-shore and mountains, the Princeton rolled out her Paixhans, and returned the peasants' salute, with nine guns, and turned her prow towards Genoa. The shouts of the villagers came back faintly over the waters. Eighteen States of the Union had already spoken. 'We'll give the

Discoverer,' said the commander, 'a gun for every State.' The pieces were again run out, and there followed another salute of nine cannon, which made twenty-seven. The echoes were yet playing among the hills, when the great gun on the bow poured forth its thunder, and sent its heavy reverberations away among the distant mountains. The villagers returned it; but we could only judge of their good intentions by the smoke of their little gun—its tiny voice could not get so far away from home. Among the crew and officers, and, indeed, the guests themselves, there was manifest the deepest feeling! Every State had spoken. Not a heart in all that broad land from which the steamer had come, but found utterance that day for all the enthusiasm which the achievements of Columbus have stirred in the hearts of our countrymen. We swept round a vine-covered hill, and the village of Cogoleto, with its fine church tower, and its white clusters of dwellings, was hid from our sight. While the last ten guns were firing, an hundred flags were run up the rigging of the three masts of the Princeton. In their furlings and many colored emblems, they dressed out the steamer like some fair peasant bride for a gala-day.

XLVIII.

As the sun was going to his Alpine home, the beautiful steamer once more entered the harbor, amidst the cheers of ten thousand spectators along the wharfs, and swung gracefully round to her moorings. The chimes of the myriad Genoese bells sent their vesper melody down over the bay. The sun had seemed to go and leave all his golden splendor behind him, flooding the glacier mountain peaks, the blue sea, the marble city, and the purple heavens. The chimings of the

city towers went warbling up the hills, and from their tops the convent bells came down, half sad and soothingly, upon the water, from their guardian cypresses. There is never a *roar* going up from an Italian city—it is but a hum; and now it seemed softer than a murmur. The party all stood a few moments without speaking.

'My noble guests,' said the hospitable Captain Engle, 'you must all be hungry—let us look into the cabin.'

We left the quarter-deck. The tables of the Princeton's cabin were spread with an elegant and sumptuous repast, and the board was surrounded by gay and grateful guests.—Everybody was happy.

We drank to Columbus, who discovered the New World! To Pio IX., who was redeeming Italy! To the Queen of England, (we had some of her fairest subjects present,) and to our own dear land. We drank scores and scores of toasts to the brave, the great, and the beautiful. But of all, the heroes were, Columbus, Washington, and Pius IX. Strange combination! In the second the Americans were, of course, concerned—and who would cherish a warmer or tenderer feeling for that beautiful land, on whose altars of liberty, the ancient fires had once more begun to burn, than the children of Washington?

BOOK FOURTH.

I.

* * * The clarion of Revolution had sounded once more through Europe. I had been in Italy several years without seeing Rome. Ready to start for home—that wild steam world beyond the Atlantic—and Italy rocking to the shock of an earthquake revolution, I did not dare to take my family with me; but I felt safe in leaving them, for there were three or four noble American national vessels lying in our harbor. So, with my family in a hotel, whose windows looked out on those gallant ships, and to which they could, at a moment's notice, escape for the protection of their kind and powerful shelter from the imminent explosion expected almost every hour at Genoa, I packed up my duds for Rome—compelled, for the want of time, to go by sea.

Late at night, it became very rough, and we went to our berths, and at seven in the morning reached Civita Vecchia, the ancient Cento Celle of the Romans. It had been a matter of speculation with us, all the way from Genoa, whether the Pope, by the pressure of events, or by his own inclination, would decide to grant a constitution; but, as we entered the harbor, we saw the tri-color of Italy flying, that ancient sign of Democracy in the Imperial City, which floated there in the time of Napoleon, which announced that the

cause of National Independence had triumphed. When we landed, we saw the constitution; and, in reading it on the corner of the streets, published in large letters, found that it embraced the fundamental principles of religious and political liberty. The next problem to solve was, how Pius IX. could live under such a *regime;* for it had been very evident to everybody that he could not live under any other. So that, whatever may be the result of his policy, it was a matter of life and death to him to adopt it at the time, although it might prove a hazardous experiment in the end.

II.

We had to pass three hours at Civita Vecchia, in the midst of an infamous gang of lazzaroni, venal officers, dirty streets, a drenching rain, a popular yell of brigands, who descended from the mountains for Pius IX., because they hoped to have an opportunity to rob everybody else with impunity; and in the midst also of execrations from priests, Jesuits, and monks, and police officers, because they feared their reign was over.

'Poor Pio Nono! You have a hard job before you, to reform your people; and you will never do it. It is no joke to change the character of five millions of people in a day. They want liberty, God knows; but he knows also that they will not know what to do with it.' Thus I thought.

The regular *diligenza* had started off for Rome, which was fifty miles distant, and we had to start one on our own account. The roads were abominable, and the *diligenza* still worse, so we rocked and swayed from side to side, till I thought I should die. I happened, however, to be one of the fortunate persons who sat in the *coupé*. There were several inside, and among others a young Englishman, who was

traveling with his 'lady' mother and 'French tutor.' The Frenchman had a ribbon in his coat collar, like most of his countrymen—'*c'est une decoration, monsieur.*' 'Clifford' had just left the halls of Cambridge, to begin his education in the world, with 'little Latin, and less Greek.' I *looked* like an Italian, for I wore a beard and moustache; and I *talked* Italian, and did it very respectably. I was not an Englishman. He was just as sure that I was not an American. I could not be a German; and as for the Spaniards, I didn't even remind him of them; so he had to ask—'You must be an American, sir?' Of course I was an American! what else could I be?

III.

Well, for twenty-five miles our ride lay along the sea, or in sight of it, through vast fields grown up to briars—few habitations straggling over the waste—herds of goats with their long white hair—white Roman oxen with their tall spreading horns—horses half wild, but all half starved. For twenty-five miles we saw but one field of growing grain, and one of the richest soils on earth, that had furnished estates for the ancient Roman nobility, that had been enriched with the most prolific productions, domestic and exotic—all baking in a sultry sun one day, and soaking the next in pools of muddy water—everywhere was ruin, decay. Some half-asleep *pastor* lay watching his herds, with his suggestive, but for him, meaningless crook; and all this up to the very gates of Rome! Heaven above! what was the Yankee traveler coming to?

Twenty-two miles from Rome we mounted a hill, and saw in the distance the dome of St. Peter's like a *round* pyramid on a desert; but not another sign of Rome yet—not another building nor spire—nothing but that solitary dome!

Just at this moment, as if the day of all days was to be signalized by some extraordinary event, while we were gazing our eyes out of our heads, down came the old diligenza with a crash, which sounded very much like a declaration of war against going another inch further that night toward Rome!

Well, a carriage came along; I happened to know its owner. He offered me and my friend, the professor, seats to Rome. We could not leave the 'lady,' so we helped her into the vehicle. 'Clifford' must go too; and the 'decoration, monsieur' rode on the luggage.

IV.

The sun was going down in the sea, and casting his floods of gold over the desolation of desert and empire. Postillions and *maestri di posta*, hard at work, jabbering away in pretty intelligible Italian, holding a noisy congress over our diligence, which lay like a cast donkey surrounded by eleven wash women of the *riviera*—everybody disturbed but the donkey.

St. Peter's caught the last rays of sunset, and held them bright after the sun had set *to us;* and then we did not lose sight of it, for the moon was already in the eastern sky, and the dome only looked black after the sunset, in the deep and impressive shadow it cast on itself.

We made a group for a painter. The congress around the fallen diligence had grown more numerous and noisy. Liveried postillions in red, and half smothered in buttons of a very large bright description, with little 'coat tails' not half large enough to do any good to anybody else or themselves either—a score of lean, brown, vacant-looking peasants and shepherds with sheep skin breeches, the wool outside, and the

close knit yellow and blue caps, with long tassels, holding for *hours* together their instruments on their shoulders—no idea of setting them down—with a sprinkling of brigandish looking fellows, whom nature had cut out for some bold business—eyes sharper than steel filings flashing in the light of an emory wheel—smooth, black, shining beards, and the Italian cap of the Middle Ages, with some broken dirty plume hanging lazily over the left shoulder—and, last of all, myself, apart, swigging away at a large cask of Orvietto, and looking fixedly at that distant black dome, and withal a bright gorgeous Venetian moonlight, suggestive of ten thousand gondolas and twenty thousand Bridges of Sighs—it would have made a scene for a painter, if there had been anybody there to paint it.

Late, we got rigged up, and on we went, dragging our crazy old diligence through the desert towards Rome! Horrid roads—desolation on all sides—no railroad—'no nothing.'

Well, there was a comfort in all this—rutty, ruinous roads *ought to take the pilgrim of the western steam world to the grand ruin of ages*—there was something like *harmony* (in artistic language) in approaching old Rome through such a scene of desolation.

V.

As we drew near the Eternal City, the dome grew smaller, as Rome in ancient times grew larger to Gauls, Germans, Indians, Egyptians, Greeks, Carthaginians, and even Britons, as they retired from it—every hour—every step.

At last, near midnight, we entered the gate *Angelica*, which rises beautiful in its massive but chaste proportions under the shadow of St. Peter's, at the northwest corner of the city.

Here, too, all was in keeping. Our baggage had been examined at Civita Vecchia, and declared *free;* but the *bullo,* which had been put on every trunk, box, and band box, 'to save after trouble,' was overhauled at the gate, or would have been, by a band of midnight locusts, who came out rubbing their eyes, with short black pipes in their mouths, to look after the Doginal interest and make large speeches about 'bulli,' and 'it is necessary to open all these trunks, but if you can give us the usual *buono mano,* all will go right, and you will be saved the trouble,' etc., etc., etc. Well, we gave them three pauls, which the Italian gentleman in the *coupé* said was enough, but which they said 'not enough, signori. It will cost you more trouble than that, signori.'

Gods of old Rome! Jupiter and all your celestial family! where have you all gone to, and whom have you given place to? Popes, or somebody else, who have perpetrated worse freaks than you ever did by a very long shot!

We went by St. Peter's, on to the Castle of St. Angelo, over the Tiber, 'chafing with his shores' like a muddy American brook in a thunderstorm!—stopped at the first inn, and tired, cold, wet, half dead, I laid myself down in the city of ruins, feeling almost as antiquated as anything in it.

I could not sleep; I was in Rome. I could as soon have slept in a sepulchre—up—down—Rome—always that mighty sarchophagus of nations.

Towards morning I got rested, and the first shock of feeling myself in Rome having passed, I began to sleep, and—such a sleep! All the bright and glorious things of all my life came *crowding* round my fancy—for it is not enough to say they clustered. Every beautiful statue I had ever seen or heard of was there in one enchanted hall—all waked to

life, breathing music, grouping, bending round me, and so till the sun came through my window, and I looked out and *saw* the ruined city, the tomb where nations had found their sepulchre, and from whose ashes even American civilization had lighted its torch.

VI.

March 8th, 1848. In coming down from the ball of St. Peter's, one afternoon, I found a friend waiting for me, with a pair of fine-blooded English saddle-horses—we mounted, and rode for two or three hours around the western *environs* of Rome. At sundown we entered the city at the western gate; crossed the Tiber by the Castle of St. Angelo; passed through the town; rode under the Arch of Titus, by the Golden House of the Cæsars, around, and through the Coliseum, by the Campidoglio, and came out on the Piazza of Monte Cavallo.

At seven that evening, I went to the Quirinal, and a Monsignore showed me into the Pontiff's audience-chamber, and withdrew. Pius was seated on the side of a large room, [completely draped in crimson velvet, with a ceiling exquisitely painted in fresco, and corniced in gold]—beside a table, and clothed in the usual dress he wears, with the little white silk cap on his head. This first interview, being one which the courtesy of the Pope had extended, without an application, I felt the more bound to comply with the etiquette which is deemed appropriate, if not absolutely necessary, in all audiences with the Sovereign Pontiff. As I entered, the Pope rose partly from his chair. Half way from the door, I dropped on one knee for a moment, when he beckoned me forward. I approached, and knelt. He at once extended

his hand, which I kissed, as I would have kissed the hand of a venerable and beloved father. He at once took both my hands in his, and told me to rise, with such kind words as a Prince and a Pontiff only can afford to say, to one who could lay little claim to his condescension.

VII.

'Santo Padre,' I said, 'you know that I am a Protestant: but in complying with the ceremony which attends the introduction of any man to your presence, I trust that your Holiness will believe, that every token of veneration which I show, comes from my heart. Otherwise I should not be here.'

'Yes, my son, I know it. Speak to me as you would speak to any friend that you love; for I feel towards you as a father. So far as you recognize in my poor person, a representation of the Religion of our common Saviour, so far I recognize in you an equally honest and inspiring faith.'

'Your Holiness has had occasion to know how my countrymen feel towards you. They venerate your name, because your generous and benevolent works have shown that you are a sincere christian, an upright man, and a friend of liberty.'

'Yes, it seems that the Americans *do* love me. They are a free and a great nation; and I hope, that one day we may all be enclosed in the same fold, with the same Shepherd. Your country is full of light, and truth, and liberty; and one of the warmest desires of my heart is, to see every obstacle to a final and glorious union between us, utterly removed: that by the united efforts and prayers of the two Continents, we may emancipate and convert the world. Have you been long resident at Genoa?'

'Six years.'

'And your family?'

'A wife and two children.'

'What are the children's names?'

'Ellen and Charles. I had often promised to bring them to Rome to receive your blessing. They have spent most of the few years of their lives in Italy—the Italian is their mother language—they have grown so familiar with the songs of triumph and liberty they have heard during the last two years, that they will feel how much your blessing is worth. But when I left Genoa, I did not deem it safe to bring them with me. They wept when I parted with them, for I had not redeemed by pledge; and they could hardly understand the reason.'

'But, I will, nevertheless, bless them; and with all my heart.'—[Seating himself again, and desiring me also to be seated, he hastily caught up his pen, and on a sheet of note-paper wrote these words:

'Dio benedica Elena e Carlo Lester.'

'*God bless Ellen and Charles Lester!*]—'Take this to Ellen and Carlino,' he added, 'and tell them that Pio Nono loves them, and will pray for them every day; and, some time or other, they must come to Rome, and see me.'

VIII.

He asked me about my studies. I mentioned the name of Hildebrand, with great admiration, and remarked that I had made what progress I could in the libraries of Genoa for some years, in collecting the materials for the life of that great statesman.

'I am glad to hear you speak so of Hildebrand—he was

a great and glorious defender of the Nationality, and the liberties of Italy, and the Church, during the Dark Ages. He had a breast of steel. He looks to me like a column of fire on the desert of ages. You must write about Hildebrand, and of course you will have to come to Rome to do it. Here, you will find many new and rich materials for such a work, and in this matter I can help you materially. There is much in the Vatican on this subject, which belongs to all mankind, and we must try and dig it out.'

I had taken with me a copy of one or two of my works, which I offered for his acceptance. They were received most graciously, and I was somewhat surprised at the correct pronunciation of the Pope, as he read rapidly aloud the title pages. He rang the bell, when a gentleman entered, to whom he announced that he would be engaged for the evening, and could see no other person. With the assurance that it would be agreeable to his holiness to have me remain for some time, to communicate information in reference to my own country, and at a further, and more pressing invitation, I took my seat, feeling, in spite of all my love and veneration for the man, rather than for the Pope or the Prince, entirely free from any restraint which would have been imposed by any but a strictly private audience.

IX.

I soon learned that one of the new Ministers of Charles lbert, who had done me many kindnesses long before he r aspired to the Cabinet of a King, had written a letter Rome before my arrival, which had secured, without my ncy, the invitation to the audience I was now attending, such assurances as had gained for me courtesies and con-

descensions, to which, according to the customs of the country, I felt myself in no manner entitled. I was better known, in two senses, than I had supposed, and in reply to the object of my visit, I said,—'I have come to Rome, not to see the tombs of the Cæsars—for already the modern has, to me, become grander than the ancient world. I have written voluminously but carefully of the events of the last few years, and I expect to print what I have written when I go home. I have been obliged to speak often, and to say much of yourself; and, in this, as in all other things, I desire to speak only the truth—to make no mistake—and in the midst of a thousand contradictory reports about many things, I did not know what was true. My chief object in coming to Rome, then, was to know the exact truth in regard to yourself and your Pontificate.'

'And I will help you in this kind work. You have the means of making your countrymen understand the truth of me and my country and the times. The business of a historian is noble; he records God's doings on the earth—he could not have a higher office. I will help you. I will send Monsignore ——— to present you to his eminence the Cardinal ———, who is my friend. He knows all about me and my pontificate, and you can take anything from him as though it came from me.' Again he rung the bell, and the Monsignore appeared, received his orders, and withdrew.

X.

It is the custom, of course, at all the courts, for persons who are honored with an audience by a sovereign, to follow, and in no case to lead, the conversation; and to remain in the royal presence until a gracious indication is given of an

adieu. Already more than two hours had passed, and I had or some time been waiting with a little impatience the usual ntimation that the audience was over. Not receiving it, I ose to go.

'No, not yet, if you will stay. I am tired—very—I always m. I do not expect repose, but it rests me to talk with you. There is something new and fresh about these ideas, and this nterview. Anything but public business gives me repose, nore profound than the deepest sleep. Let us go on;' and e asked me a great many questions about America, and xpressed in many forms the kindest feelings towards my ountry. 'I have sent a small present to the Americans. Its alue was not great, but I sent my heart with it.' The ontiff here alluded to a complete collection of the pontifical oins, which were forwarded to this country, of the value of everal thousand dollars, and which, to the very great regret f all the friends of learning and science, were destroyed in he conflagration of the Library of Congress.

XI.

After much more conversation, I again rose. 'Ah, stop a noment if you please; I will not keep you waiting.' Taking a wax candle from the table, and lighting it by the shaded amp before him, he withdrew to an adjoining room, and soon eturned, bringing with him a little morocco case. 'I have brought you a small token of my love. If you carry this vith you when you leave Rome, you will not forget Pius IX.' He handed me the case, and interrupted my thanks by saying hat if I desired to ask him any special questions about his pontificate, or the state of Italian affairs, I could do so with he utmost freedom. I did ask him several questions that

seemed to me to give him an opportunity of explaining, just as far as he wished, and no further, the future policy of his potificate.

'I began,' said he, 'to administer the Holy See with the same views I had always cherished, [viz.,] that there is nothing in the Gospel or the Church of Christ that does not harmonize perfectly with the largest civil liberty; and that when this idea is fully understood by the world, the priests will give up their hostility against liberal governments, and the people their prejudices against the church, and the priesthood.'

Here I asked, 'Is your Holiness persuaded that the principles of the Gospel, as they are understood by the church, harmonize perfectly with full liberty of conscience, as well as with the largest degree of civil liberty.'

'Assuredly I am. No sort of attempt to impose creeds upon men, or to control religious opinions, has ever in the long run been successful. Men's bodies and fortunes may be managed and manipulated by force—but no attempt in christendom has ever succeeded, or ever ought to succeed, of manipulating men's consciences. Least of all should this be done *now*; for we are living at a period when civil and religious liberty have become indispensable to the peace of society. The power of princes, as such, is gone—their physical power I mean; and henceforth they can neither preserve their thrones nor their influence, unless they move on with the rest of the world, and blend their ambitions and interests with the progress of the human race.'

XI.

'If such are the opinions of your Holiness, and God spares your life, I most ardently hope that we shall soon see, not only a political amelioration in the condition of men, but a complete

religious union throughout christendom. The schism of the sixteenth century, seems to me to have taken place on this ground. Had Leo X. held these opinions, Protestantism never could have existed. Liberty, civil and religious, was the only great point at issue between the Protestants and the Papists. Leo denied many of these very principles which, you have conceded to your subjects. Protestants never go back. They may meet you on common ground as far as matters of Christian faith in cardinal principles go, provided you yield to these great principles of civil liberty, which the church has steadily fought against for several centuries. In proof of this, you have already seen the enthusiasm which your reforms have excited among the Protestants of the United States.'

'Yes, and with great delight. I am persuaded that such are the institutions of the United States, that in all ideas of rational liberty, your people are not only better educated, but that in fact you are the freest people in the world.'

I found the Pope bolder and more radical in his views about civil liberty than I expected. I could not but continue, and in reply to one of my remarks he asked:

'Do you think that the Protestants of America would return to the bosom of the church?'

'Not the church their fathers left, by any means. They would, however, I doubt not, under the inspiration of a general movement throughout Christendom, yield everything but those *essential points* which they conceive to lie at the very basis of civil and religious liberty.

XII.

'What will they not give up?'

'There are a few things certainly they cannot and will not

surrender. First. The great principle, that man is endowed by his Creator with the right to act and think with perfect liberty, so far as his thoughts and acts do not contravene the rights and happiness of others. Second. That the church has no power whatever over the souls of men, except that moral power with which God has endowed all preëminent goodness, especially that holiness which, when completely embodied in an ecclesiastical organization, was intended by the Saviour, and is expected of men, to be worthy of veneration, support, love, and, I will even say, obedience. I doubt not that if the Protestants of America become entirely persuaded that the Church of Rome is friendly to the largest degree of civil and religious liberty, which can consist with the greatest order and the greatest progress of mankind, that she is disposed to adapt herself to the spirit and intelligence of the age—that they will recognize, and cheerfully too, your person as the visible head of Christ's Church on the earth. Perhaps it might be necessary to have their concurrence asked, and to have their concurrence given in your election, or the election of your successor, on a true representative principle, by which, as we elect a President, a Pope should be elected—by a college chosen by men who believe in a common Saviour throughout all nations.'

I had been betrayed I was afraid too far already, but a single remark, and a kind look from Pius, emboldened me to continue, and I said:

'I hope that your reforms may be carried as far in the church as they have been in the state; and I doubt not you will find the Protestants more ready to meet you half way, than either the priesthood or the hierarchy of the Catholic Church will be.'

Pius said that he could not but hear such opinions with pleasure. 'I see no object,' said he, 'so great or glorious for a good man to live for, as *a union of all the believers of Christ under the shadow of the Cross of Calvary, and the concentration of their united forces in civilizing and enlightening the world*— of redeeming the great, the entire mass of humanity, through the sublime agency of the Gospel. If we shall live to see that day, God only knows. So far as I may have the means given to me to bring it about by Providence, be assured that I shall use them.'

XIII.

When at last, the good man bowed, and I was to leave, I knelt before him and asked him to give me his benediction. He held his right hand on my head, and said, 'I do give thee my benediction, and I will pray God our Almighty Father, to bless you; for his blessing maketh rich and addeth no sorrow with it,' and then he used these words: 'May the blessing of God descend on your head; may God's good Spirit guide you into all truth; may his Providence uphold and protect you, your wife, and your little children; and may he at last bring us by his grace to the world of the redeemed. And the same blessing I ask for you, I implore for your friends and your country. O God,' he said, as he turned his eyes up to heaven, 'Thou knowest that I love the country of Washington—I pray thee to bless that dear and favored nation which thou hast loved so well. Fill it with the light of eternal truth, and the cheerfulness of thy divine countenance. Preserve its liberties, its union, and its virtue. May it continue to be the asylum of exiles and of the oppressed, until the day comes when man shall everywhere find a home, and in every

man's heart a brother:' And he closed with the Apostolical benediction.

I bowed my head to his foot, and kissed the diamond cross he wore there.

XIV.

Much as I knew of Pius IX., I did not expect all this. I embraced his feet, for I felt that I was in the presence of a man Heaven seemed to have chosen to lead the human race out of the house of bondage. He took my hands, and said, 'come to my heart my son.' He embraced me. 'Do not be discouraged for the world,' he countinued—'statesmen no longer control it. Christ has undertaken the salvation of mankind, and in his immense benevolence and power, he has begun to achieve the miracle of the emancipation of the race. Europe, we hope, will soon be as free as you; and then we must unite all our forces in aid of this glorious design of redeeming our suffering world. Adieu, my son; go in peace. May God watch over you till the last moment, and then take you to himself. I will not forget to pray for you, for your family, for your little Ellena and Carlino—these things I bless for them, and these little medals for those of your friends, who will wear them in affection for me. *Addio mio figlio.*'

I could not speak—I only felt that I was carrying away with me the blessings and the prayers of the best man I had ever seen; for myself, my loved ones, and my country. I have thought of that hour many a day since, and although the sad drapery of disappointed hopes has closed around those golden moments, yet I have never felt that the blessing and the prayers of Pius IX., as he gave them to me that night, will not surround me while I live—that they will not go with me,

efore me, behind me, around me, like guardian angels and ood thoughts, until life's journey is ended.

XV.

Through long suites of apartments, gorgeous in crimson and old, and embellished with the genius of ages; surrounded s I felt myself, almost by a holy radiance, I passed and de-cended long flights of marble steps, and went through two les of halberdiers guarding the entrance to the palace, and merged from the dark shadow of its portals, into the clear lue sky. The midnight moon had flooded this loftiest of the Seven Hills, with its calm, delicious splendor. There stood he imperishable horses of Phydias, matchless and fresh, as hey came from the hand of the Greek, twenty-three centu-ies ago. Below, lay the still city, and its mighty thousands; nd they seemed to me like one vast family watched over n their paradise home, by a powerful, loving, and princely ather.

XVI.

It was a sight to arrest the attention of any man. The vand of ages was waved over me, and along the electric hord, imagination flashed from century to century, until he Cæsars came up to my view, as they stood in the pres-nce of the Romans. And then I thought of that distant Continent, away beyond the sea; and how a new Rome was ising over the dim waters. And then I thought of the little *morocco case.* I took it out, and opened it in the full moon-ight, and found it contained a massive silver medal, bearing n one side, the head of Pius IX.—a most excellent likeness—-—and on the other, Peter and Paul, in the form of the statues Pius had erected to those apostles in the Square of St.

Peter's. In another box, I found the blessed things—they were four medals of the size of half a dollar, and twelve others of the size of a dime in silver, with one hundred and forty-four of adulterated metal; each and all containing the portrait of Pius, and the emblems of the Church of Rome. They all seemed to have some value about them, far greater than it cost to make them. Every thing I had in the world, and all that I hoped for, seemed to be worth more; for I, and they, and all, had been blessed by a good man; and it seemed to me, if I had seen him aright, with his face all beaming with love, and the thousand generous and noble acts of his reign, that such a blessing must have done me good. I could not but exclaim, 'O, for a succession of such Popes: had we always had them, Protestantism with its six hundred wrangling sects never could have existed.'

XVII.

I sat for a long time in my window, breathing the balmy air of spring, in a dreamy, delicious trance; and when the excitement of these new feelings subsided, and I became calm on my pillow—so calm, in fact, that I could not sleep—I thought again of all these new things, and I could not believe that I was in the Rome either of the Popes or the Cæsars. At last I slept, and I dreamed a sweet dream. The magnificent palace of the Quirinal, with its gardens and columns, and all the great works around Monte Cavallo, were sleeping in the moonlight, in full view of my window. It was the last scene I looked on before I put out the candle. It rested on my fancy. In my dream, fair-winged, classic forms went flying, and tripping, and lighting cheerfully, along an immense evergreen continuous wreath that hung in the air from my

hamber window to the Quirinal, and I *felt* a stream of light oming calmly and steadily into my heart, as we feel a ool breeze through a window in the country, on a warm ummer's night, after a dusty and weary day. I could hardly ell when I went to sleep, or when I awoke. I did not know, n fact, whether I really did sleep. I was so calm and happy, hat I lay in a dreamy reverie, from which I almost feared to tir. It did not seem to me that I was in Rome.

XVIII.

The next morning, (the 25th of March, 1848,) the sun ame up clear, warm, and genial, over the Campanian fields, vhich stretch far away to the southeast of Rome; and the great city around me was reposing as calmly at that hour, is though Rome had not yet heard that the strangest and nightiest revolution of the century was convulsing Europe. The last thirty days had been the most wonderful month Europe had ever seen. Before the inrolling tide of revolution, thrones had been submerged, and dynasties swept away. Day by day, and hour by hour, the fall of kingdoms had been triking on the ear, like avalanches from Alpine summits.

On the 24th of February the throne of the Bourbons went own, and Louis Philippe fled in terror from the land of his athers. The magic watchword, *Vive la Republique*, first ttered from the steps of the Hotel de Ville, was caught p by thirty-five millions of people, and the tricolor of Napoleon waved over the ruins of a departed Dynasty.

XIX.

Italy had already been nearly two years struggling like ocoon in the folds of the serpent. The shout from France

went through the Peninsula, and fired the blood of her people: and the last desperate effort was put forth by which she made herself free.

It was no longer possible to resist the demands of his people, nor was it with a begrudging hand nor a cold heart, that Leopoldo, the Grand Duke, gave a Constitution to Tuscany. Its proclamation illuminated every hamlet for many nights in succession, and made every city of old Etruria frantic with joy.

XX.

Charles Albert felt his throne heaving under him—the crisis he had looked for at last came, and the pale king was impatiently walking his crimson room, waiting, as he had, for two sleepless nights, the return of his courier from Rome with the answer of Pius IX., whom he had requested to absolve him from the oath which he had taken years before, never to grant a constitution to his people. At last, the feet of the courier's horse rang through the court-yard of his palace; the king rushed to the balcony, and the Pope's dispatch, in these words, was put into his hands: 'For an oath between man and God, there can be no absolution; an oath which a king makes against his people, God does not accept; Charles Albert is absolved, therefore, from his oath—let him not sacrifice his people to Austria!'

XXI.

The constitution of the Sardinian kingdom had already been prepared; all Turin and half the kingdom had seen Charles Albert's courier flying on his foaming horse to the gates of the capitol; a hundred thousand Piedmontese gath-

ered in the great square of the royal palace, and the haggard king went on his balcony, and uttered that single word—Constitution. The shouts of that vast multitude rang from the passes of the Alps to the banks of the Ticino, in the vale of Lombardy. Thus another Italian kingdom—another absolute monarchy, with five millions of people and a hundred thousand armed men, wheeled into the ranks of liberated nations.

XXII.

The longest and the fiercest struggle had been in Naples and Sicily. There, nine millions were bleeding under the most brutal despotism modern Europe has witnessed. The achievement of their independence had already cost them more blood than was spilled during the whole American Revolution. At last, the cry of Independence went over the island of Sicily, and the song of victory was caught up from the distant mountain-tops of Calabria. The brightest jewel had fallen from the crown of Ferdinand. The following day, the news reached Naples, and struck the death knell of Bourbon despotism. Ferdinand could trifle with his people no longer—he must bend or break. Del Carretto—one of the bloodiest and most beastly hangmen that ever Naples has had—still swayed the king. Naples was giving the king time to think. Every man stood by his arms, waiting the signal. The streets were deserted. A murky air seemed to hang over the city, and an ominous silence everywhere prevailed, resembling one of those mornings that have from age to age preceded the eruptions of Vesuvius.

XXIII.

All was expectation. The shot of a pistol, or the waiving of a tri-color, was enough to begin the revolution. Two young men with umbrellas, one red and the other green, tied together by a white handkerchief, [making the Italian tri-color] walked firmly and rapidly down the deserted *via Toledo*. The population rushed from their houses with the shouts—*Viva Pio Nono!—Viva la Costitutione!*—those words that had become the countersign and the war song of the Italians. As the procession moved on, following the tri-color, boquets of flowers and cockades, which it had been death to keep in their houses, rained down from every window. In half an hour the procession had swelled to two hundred thousand, and was pressing around the palace. Their shouts and cries penetrated the recesses of that stately pile, and struck on the ear of the cowardly king. 'The Constitution!—The Constitution!—Death to Del Carretto!—Death to Del Carretto, and thus live Ferdinand our King!'—were shouted by the infuriated myriads.

XXIV.

The king and all the royal family were gathered in the principal saloon. Ferdinand, who saw that his only salvation lay in yielding to an irresistible demand, cast himself on a sofa, and the sweat rolled in streams from his face. The shouts of the people which had ceased for the moment, like a retreating wave, gathering strength for a deeper and a darker flow; now surged up wilder around the palace. The members of the royal family, and the ministers of the throne, were at the feet of Ferdinand, imploring him with tears to save him-

nd his country, by granting a constitution, and sending
'arretto into exile.

et it be,' said the king, as he sprang to his feet; 'give
tri-color—open the windows and send for Del Carretto,'
lly passed his lips. He seized the flag, and rushing to the
ony, pronounced two words he had never uttered before—
a la Costitutione—Viva Pio Nono,' and he waved the
al, as the deafening, maddening cry of Naples went up to
ıven.

Another kingdom of nine millions, had wheeled in under
standard of Pius IX., and the revolution of Naples was
led.

XXV.

Towards noon, on the 25th of March, a courier came into
ome on a fine Lombard horse, [that fell dead as he passed
e gates of the city,] with the news that Charles Albert had
arched into Lombardy with sixty thousand men; that the
'iceroy had fled from Milan; that the revolution had broken
ut in Vienna; that Metternich, after dissolving the Diet of
Hungary, had fled to England; and that the Emperor of
Austria, a prisoner in his palace, had proclaimed a Constitution
or the empire! No words can describe the scenes which I
witnessed in Rome that day. The tri-color was now floating
from the borders of France on the Atlantic, to the capitals
beyond the Dannbe; and from the shores of the German
Ocean to the farthest point of Calabria.

XXVI.

The army of the Pope, and twelve thousand of the National
Guards, had taken their banners to the palace of the Pontiff,
before they started for Lombardy to join the army of Charles

Albert on the banks of the Po, and Pius IX. had pronounced upon those banners his Apostolical Benediction, and cheered their battalions as they filed before the Quirinal, on this crusade for the liberation of Italy. As in the times of Peter the Hermit, twenty thousand men had gathered in the Coliseum, and there, with the Cross of Christ over their heads, a priest of Rome had made them all swear not to return to the Eternal City, until they had driven the barbarian beyond the Tyrol.

XXVII.

This was the most sudden, sublime, and irresistible movement of nations, that has yet been recorded in history. It paralyzed despotism—it annihilated absolutism—it everywhere inspired the hopes of the despairing, and it commanded the respect of the world. Why did all this fail?

XXVIII.

I repose a moment in the relation of events.——How often, while I was wandering through the ruins of ancient Rome, did I regret that I had not taken my family with me, perilous as the journey had seemed, for the tender, the gentle, and the young. I fancy that events of far less consequence than a visit to Rome, and particularly at such a time, occurred in my own childhood, which have left their impress upon my recollection forever; moulding my character, guiding my thoughts, and tinging my associations. How glad I should have been, to have taken my boy up to the Capitoline Hill, and shown him, on the one side, the ruins of the Forum, the vast Tumuli which now mark the Golden House of the Cæsars, with the Campagna stretching away in the distance; and on the other side, a vast city beating with the pulsations of

arly half a million of men, seeming like wanderers through e tombs of a departed Empire! To have led him through e solitary area of the Coliseum, under the Arch of Con- antine, and through the gateway of Titus—to have had him y his little hand upon the sacred form of Romulus, as he s sucking that wolf-mother—to have seen him measure the ony of the Dying Gladiator, and stand awed by the majesty Cæsar's brow. I think I could have impressed upon him, ernally, the history of the Roman Empire, during a few ys among such scenes, where its memorials seem them- lves to be immortal, defying, as they have, the wasting nd of time, and the spoil of ages.

XXIX.

At last I left Rome. I drove over the same bridge, by the astle of St. Angelo, passed out of the same gate of St. An- lica, and stopped on that same hill-top twenty-two miles stant, and looked back on the Dome of St. Peter's. No an, in any age, has left Rome with higher hopes, or more orious expectations of a reign of splendor, for King, Consul, mperor or Pope, than I did when I took my last look of at glorious temple, after having had the fairest opportuni- es to know what was then the current of events, and what ere the feelings and sentiments of Pius IX., in reference to e past, the present, and the future. Like all the rest of e world, I not only hoped, but, like multitudes, I believed, at the day was breaking for a new period of light and ogress for mankind—when a Sovereign Pontiff of Rome, othed with vast power, and the *prestige* of a holier sanction an any other man could have on the earth, had undertaken e political and moral redemption of men.

XXX.

I embarked at Civita Vecchia in a terrific storm, and our little steamer drifted before it up to Genoa. But wildly as the tempest lashed the sea, and angrily as the waves swept over us, I never experienced a day, nor passed through a scene which seemed more serene, for my spirit had been bathing for many days in the elysium hope, that after the sorrows, the struggles, the sufferings and the failures of mankind, in their efforts for a better age, the era had at last come, when the sun of political and religious redemption was to flame in the East, and mount the zenith to blaze forever. If I had been alone in these sentiments, or if only *millions* had been with me, I might now, since those hopes have turned to ashes, have accused myself of some weakness of judgment, or of undue enthusiasm. But when such men as Count Balbo, Giordano, D'Azelio, and even Gioberti, reposed implicit confidence in the sincerity and the unalterable firmness of Pius IX.; and, when *nations* by the hundred, saw and believed that the Pontiff was resolutely bent upon the accomplishment of a deep, lasting, and all-pervading reform; not only in the political, but in the moral and ecclesiastical state of Italy, and, consequently, of the world, I certainly had a right to hope, that a better day was at last breaking for wearied, oppressed, and insulted nations.

XXXI.

There is something unutterably sad in the final result. On my fancy, Pius looms up like a wreck on the ocean, surrounded with gloom and tempest, and abandoned by those who had freighted their hopes there. It seems wrong—all wrong—and

·t I know it is all right; for there is no virtue, nor can there ·obably be any real progress, without the countervailing rces of opposition, disappointment and occasional defeat. ne of the lessons of history teaches us that *God gives to ·tions all the liberty they deserve.* Progress with them is ke progress with individual men. Muscles grow hard only y tension, effort, labor. This is what we want. Hercules as the exemplar of the brave, as Christ afterwards was of ıe good. The blending of the two makes the divine man, ıd a stable Republic. America reached this under Wash-gton—Europe did not under Pius, nor Lamartine! When ıe will, God only knows.

XXXII.

On the afternoon of the 5th of April, we said good-by to ır old home in Genoa, and started in the diligence for urin. It was the most inauspicious period of the year to ·oss the Alps, which should never be undertaken by the aveler until May or June. The roads were in a horrible ate, and twelve strong Lombard horses had all they could ɔ, to drag the diligence over that spur of the Appenines, hich sweeps round on the north of Genoa. About twenty iles north of the city, as we reached the summit, up a very inding road, the sun was going down. We looked back to ıke our final farewell of the marble town, which lay in the stance, and yet apparently under our feet, white and beauti-l; while beyond it, stretched the blue expanse of the Me-iterranean, on whose glassy bosom were rolling the saffron res of evening.——More than four years have gone by. I ɔ not know that other families who have lived in that part the world, have associated with those tideless waters and

that marble city, so many souvenirs that awaken affection and touch the feelings. I suppose that we remember most fondly, those places where we have been most happy; and I do not know that there has ever been a family, around which more sunbeams have fallen, than around our own. When I look back to our home in Italy, I find every element of domestic happiness mingled in the scenes of our every-day ilfe. Nothing was left to complete our enjoyment.———We were recalling these scenes as we gazed from the windows of the diligence down on distant Genoa, when the crack of the postillion's whip started up the horses, dragging away the old diligence from its last resting place on the brow of the mountains. Genoa with its marble palaces, and the Mediterranean with its blue bosom, were behind us and lost forever. We looked forward, and beneath us on the other side, lay the blushing plains of Lombardy. The next night, we stopped at Asti, for supper. This city was the birthplace of Alfieri. All that I thought and felt, perhaps, will be thought and felt by every scholar, at the mention of the name of this great regenerator of the drama of Italy. His autobiography was the first Italian book I ever read, and I acquired some knowledge of the language by critically reading, and carefully translating that work.

XXXIII.

I knew that at Turin I should find everything changed from the ancient *régime*. I had often been there on official business, when it was necessary to confer with the Minister, or with our own Chargé d'Affaires, [if we happened to have one, and he happened to be on the ground,] or when I was obliged, as I sometimes was, to see the King himself. Charles

Albert had been a riddle for twenty years to his own subjects, and probably was a riddle to himself until the last day of his unhappy life. This king had now cast the die. He had played his last card. Ground into the dust by the despotism of Austria, he had tried for years to break the fetter, but he was placed between two fires. In emancipating himself, he was compelled to liberate his people. He had at last invaded Lombardy, and threatened to carry the war to the very gates of Vienna. He gained a great battle, and while the Viceroy had fled in dismay from Milan, and the Emperor was guarded at sight in his own palace by Italian soldiers, and the shout of freedom had gone over Europe, melting away the foundations of thrones, and scattering the emblems of despotism to the winds, he might have dictated a peace which would have secured independence to Italy, and liberty to all its governments and people. Charles Albert left Turin the day before we got there. Count Cæsar Balbo, was the President of his Council of State, and Chief Secretary of Foreign Affairs.

XXXIV.

I had had much pleasant correspondence before this time, with Count Balbo, who was regarded as one of the most reliable leaders of the liberal party in Italy. He now felt the highest exultation in the prospects of his country. I passed several hours with him in his cabinet, and I had an excellent opportunity to know what the feelings of Charles Albert were, for the Count had been charged with the Government in the absence of the King. He unhesitatingly said, that he believed that Charles Albert was then placed in a position where he would be compelled, not only to be true to the cause of Italian independence, but to be a hero; 'And therefore,

said Balbo, 'you may expect that we shall very shortly receive the news, that the king has dictated a peace to Vienna from the palace of the Viceroy of Milan.'

XXXV.

While we were conversing late that night, a courier drove up to the palace with the last dispatches from the king himself. I saw them, and such was their tenor that I confess for the first time during that entire revolution, I had my confidence in its success materially weakened. In my note-book I find an entry made that night to this effect—'Charles Albert will win one or more victories, but he will either compromise the cause of Italian Independence, or retreat into Piedmont, or abdicate.' The result proved that he did all three. It is not strange that Count Balbo should not have agreed with me, for no man in his situation could help feeling elated, since he had been suddenly raised from the threshold of a prison, to the head of an Empire. That night I could not sleep. There was something about the king's dispatches which made me suspicious and uneasy. I remarked this to my family, and I therefore was not greatly surprised after we got to Paris, to hear, that defeat had overtaken the arms of Italy, and that Charles Albert had narrowly escaped being assassinated by his own soldiers, in the palace of Milan.

XXXVI.

——I skip over our journey from Turin to Paris. I remember many interesting circumstances connected with it, which, if I had space, I would allude to; particularly the passage of Mount Cenis, where we ate strawberries in the morning in Italy, on the southern side of the mountains,

wandered for many hours through a blinding snow-storm, in the midst of eternal glaciers, with narrow escapes, and in the very presence of frightful accidents, [for, before our own eyes, one carriage-load of human beings had been precipitated down a precipice of a thousand feet, with horses and postillions, where their cries were buried in a sepulchre of snow,] and at the foot of the Alps, on the northern side, we ate for our supper a young chamois, with tender green peas, and a beautiful boquet on the table. It was a strange day: in its extreme variations, and startling changes of scenery and events, it seemed to resemble human life so closely, that it would be worth the trouble of narration.

XXXVII.

The pleasantest way of traveling in the whole world, is by *vettura*. We hired a man to take us from Turin to Geneva—about three hundred miles—and, consequently, a six days' journey without a change of horses. We rode leisurely along in the capacious carriage, stopped when we felt inclined to, started when we were ready, got out when we liked, walked, wandered, plucked flowers, visited farm-houses and Swiss cottages, surveyed scenery, talked with the peasants, saw the hunting of the chamois on the hills, looked off from their summits on circumjacent Europe, lying below the shifting scenery of these magnificent mountains, went off from our direct road to many a quiet, interesting spot; but always carried our home, our pleasures, and our comforts along with us.

XXXVIII.

Some kind friends who have followed me thus far in these volumes, might care to know who made up this Alpine party.

Since I have spoken of our taking *home* along with us, of course it will be understood that Nell and the 'little chicks' will not be left out. I need not, like an Irish traveler, remark that I made up one of my own party, but our journey was enlivened by the genial company of Mr. George Leighton Ditson, the author of 'Circassia, or a tour to the Caucasus.' Before the publication of that work, we had had the excitement of talking about Mr. Ditson's tour the year before, in our own house at Genoa; and we were now talking about it, since, on his return from those wild and almost unexplored regions, which must always be contemplated with interest and curiosity as the scenes of the origin of the Caucasian race, he had joined us as we turned our faces once more towards that distant but beloved land to which we, in all our wanderings, gave the magic name of *home*. Mr. Ditson is the first and only American who has ever crossed Mount Caucasus—at least so said Prince Woronzoff, the Viceroy of New Russia. ——Since our return, the publication of Mr. Ditson's work has proved a valuable contribution to our exact knowledge of Circassia, while it has afforded amusement and delight to the curious and the refined.

XXXIX.

Yes, we had turned our faces towards home, but we were in no hurry to get there. We knew that we should have hurry enough when we arrived, and once more struck the soil of the Western world, where all is steam and fire. These were—and we were conscious of it—the last quiet days we should see for years to come; for I take it, it will not be disputed that America is the most restless country on the face of the earth. And so we went leisurely along to Geneva.

Here we passed a week or two in the Hotel d' Ecu—the best hotel in the world. It stands on the bank of the Rhone, just where it leaves the Lake of Geneva, and dashes on towards the Mediterranean. From our windows we had, one very clear and quiet morning, a fine view of Mount Blanc. It shot up into the sky in the east, like the spire of Strasburg Cathedral; and it seemed like a dream of fancy when we were told that there was room on the top of it for an army to manœuvre. We had our rides, walks, and sails in and near that city, which has always been an idiosyncracy in Europe. Geneva is a very curious place, distinguished alike for its manufactories, and its institutions of science and learning. There stands its university, founded in 1368, and revived in 1538 by the influence of Calvin and Beza. There are its public library, its museum of natural science, its manufactories of watches, jewelry, and lace, each of which claimed our attention—and which must ever be looked upon as the repositories of historic interest, when contemplated as they should be, in connecting with the mighty influences of mind and muscle, that have gone out from this city of reformers. There, too, is the tomb of CALVIN, without inscriptions or monument—the birth-place of ROUSSEAU, and the bronze statue erected to his memory.

XL.

There is perhaps no spot in all Europe more interesting to the student of History than this small city, whose mental and moral enginery have wrought out and sent forth to the civilized world sentiments and systems to convulse, revolutionize, and reform. But good-bye to Jean Jaques, Calvin, Mount Blanc, the Rhone, and the glorious Hotel d' Ecu.

We took the malle-poste one morning for Lyons. Some fifteen or twenty miles, as it may be, from the old city of Geneva, we crossed the French frontier where, although we thought we were prepared for it, we looked, with amazement and *quasi* delight, upon those electric words everywhere written, *Fraternité*, *Liberté*, *Egalité*. They were painted on everything—on churches, fortresses, post-offices, Halls of Justice, gates of bridges, *cafés*. Was France then really a Republic? It seemed like a dream then; and it looks like a humbug now.

XLI.

We passed Sunday in Lyons, and saw the workings of Democracy. They were curious enough. It was very noisy; and a procession of Italians was being escorted out of the gates of the city, on their way to join the army of the Pope, for the crusade against Austria. From the balcony of the hotel, Charley saw them go by, and he screamed out *Viva Pio Nono*. He was dressed as one of the National Guards of the Pope, in his Roman uniform, with the Roman helmet. Those familiar words brought back an exultant shout from the Italians.———That evening we took the diligence for Bourges, two hundred and sixty-nine miles. It was a long ride over a white hard road, but we spent a day delightfully, in wandering through and around the magnificent Cathedral of that city, with its crusader mementos and chivalric associations. We started the day after for Orleans, by railway, where we stopped one day, to look at the statue of Joan of Arc, and other wondrous things, and then we took the cars for Paris, and whirled up to that centre of folly, genius and splendor, over one of the finest railways ever made; paying, as I remember, for the children, full fare. But this was not

'acious after all, since they gave them what was paid
ull cushioned seat, designed by the pencil of taste, and
by the hand of luxury; and, besides, a polite servant
Company, in his fine uniform, presented a very pretty
to Nell as she passed the gate that led through a sweet
arden, to the cars where the ladies entered.

XLII.

reached Paris. In driving to the hotel, our carriage
opped by a procession of four hundred and twenty thou-
men, each one carrying a musket, and all singing the
illes Hymn. It shook the city. The next ten days, are
even long after the dust has settled, a whirl to my brain.
ied once more by the Ithurial spear of Liberty, France
vaked to the tocsin of Revolution. Lamartine yet in his
, never showed himself to the people without sending a
from the Church of the Madaline, across the *Place de la*
lution to the other side of the Seine.

few short months had revolutionized without regenerating
pe. The Bourbons had sunk for the third time in France
ected, thrown up, cast out, exiled from the land of Henry
avarre. Over the land of the lilies, the Republican flag
floating. The same emblems of political liberty were
rled from the fortresses of fifty nations, and the palaces of
kings. There were but four places in Europe over which
storm did not sweep. Spain on the South-west, Russia
he North-east, Turkey on the South-east, and England
ie North-west. Those four corners of Europe, and those
bulwarks of positive, well-defined, clearly-understood,
ical forms of Government—that is to say—Spain repre-
d a nation so imbecile, in the last period of her decadence,

that her people were not even startled by the Revolution in France, thus forming an exception to what has been a rule for one hundred and fifty years, that France never was revolutionized without a corresponding result in the Peninsula. The young Sultan of Turkey had got far ahead of his subjects on the road to civilization, and his Mohammedans had not caught up with him. They were satisfied, of course. England trembled: but she had planted so deep in her soil, and in the hearts of her people, some of the main principles of constitutional liberty, that the Revolution of 1848 passed off with only some Chartist smoke on Kensington Common. But many a great Englishman was sorry when the people of England [as they mis-called themselves] came up in phalanxes by the ten thousand to demand their rights, that they had not before purged that ancient system of colossal wrong, from the corruptions and oppressions of successive ages. But these same statesmen, found that a few thousand special constables, sworn in for the occasion, had but to show themselves, and drive back the brutal mass of her degraded lower classes, like dogs to the kennel. England seems to be solving the problem now, that has made so much trouble for her statesmen, and between those she can starve outright, and those she can overwork in her mills and collieries, and those she can transport for small crimes, and those who leave her shores by the million to find a better home in wildernesses towards the sunset, she is getting out of her difficulties by depopulating her home empire. And last, but not least—at the North-east of Europe was the Czar of all the Russias, leading sixty millions of people from barbarism to civilized light, without being very scrupulous in the commission of what the world considers political crimes, by the score, as he moved in his majestic track. Thus, circular

lines might be drawn, embracing France, all Italy, all Germany, and fractions of other peoples, who had risen in the night and splendor of political agitation, to assert the divine rights of man, in the face of Kings, Emperors, and Popes. Such was the state of Europe, when we stepped on board a packet, for our Western home.

XLIII.

What is the state of Europe now? I shall bestow what space I have, on some considerations connected with the causes of the downfall of liberal Governments, the overthrow of Constitutions, and the great revulsion that followed the Revolution of 1848. I think that this matter is not generally as well understood by our people, as it may be. The causes which have brought about such strange and unexpected events, seem to me to lie on the very surface of the history of the last four years. It does not seem necessary to enter into intricate or learned discussions, nor to investigate profoundly the course of history, to reach philosophical, natural, and self-evident conclusions. I shall, therefore, with brevity, and, I trust, with clearness, unfold this matter during a few succeeding paragraphs.

XLIV.

It will not be disputed, at least by American statesmen, that the ultimate cause of the failure of European nations, in the establishment and maintenance of liberal institutions, during and after the Revolution of 1848, was *the political incapacity of the people.* We do not believe that Europe is qualified for Republican institutions, nor that she could enjoy or perpetuate them, even if they were conceded by those who

sway the power. One of our writers has recently said, that were the French 'to-morrow to be governed by the Constitution of the United States, they would no more be Republicans, than would ducks be chickens, though hatched under a hen.' I have very little faith myself in the capacity of any great people in the world, either to establish or to maintain Republican institutions, except the people of the United States. Nor have I much confidence in the capacity of any *race* of men, to found and perpetuate even free Constitutional Governments, except the Anglo Saxon.

XLV.

When the time comes, if it ever does, that all nations shall be reposing under the protecting shield of Republican institutions, my political millenium will be realized; for I do not believe that any other institutions, nor any other form of Government than Republican, can elevate man to the highest political dignity of which he is capable. In saying this, I mean to derogate nothing from the intellectual qualities or the moral worth of any other nation; for other qualities than intellectual or moral, are indispensable to the establishment and perpetuity of Republican institutions. It will hardly be denied that the Greeks were the most philosophical and enlightened of all the ancient nations; and yet they had very faint conceptions of what Americans understand by the term Republic. Plato, who lived in the most florid period of the Democratic experiments of Athens, retired from the disorders and factions that every day pained his eyes, and, in the solitude of his studio, dreamed his Republic. The Democratic principle struggled, during a brief existence, in the Grecian states, but anarchy soon paved the way for the despotism of

Philip, whose son, Alexander, assumed imperial powers, while the immortal orations of Demosthenes were still ringing in the ears of the Greeks.

XLVI.

No nations have preceded us, that we very much resemble: and no very striking analogy can be traced between the origin and the history of the United States, and the origin and the history of any other people. We find no record of annals like our own. Originally peopled as this Northern Continent was, by the boldest, the bravest, and many of the best subjects of the most civilized modern states in Europe—compelled as our early settlers were, for two centuries, to rely upon their own unaided resources, to contend with the severities of the seasons, the merciless cruelties of the savage, and the ferocity of wild beasts—scattered through distant settlements, with few or no reliances except upon their own industry, valor and precaution—it would have been strange indeed if, in such a school, a whole nation had not been taught profoundly the lesson of independence. How well they had learned that lesson, the War of the Revolution subsequently showed.

XLVII.

In its origin, during its progress, in its brilliant termination, and in its priceless results, the American Revolution is regarded by historians as the most important political event that has ever occurred. In the future, it will doubtless prove to have been the mightiest and the most important change that has ever happened in the civil history of mankind. We find nothing comparable with it in the rise and fall of ancient empires. Neither the existence nor the fall of Rome, was attened

by any proximate—perhaps by no final results of such incalculable moment. Other wars have lasted as long, many longer. But who will compare the results of those Punic struggles, with that seven-year battle, of men fighting for nothing but a principle, in the midst of their wilderness homes.

De Tocqueville, Brougham, and Guizot, have, in a very philosophic manner, analized the character of that struggle, and the character of the men who conducted it, with the institutions it gave birth to. The world, too, is doing it for itself, and I am yet to find an emigrant from Europe, coming to fix his home on our shores, who does not apprehend with perfect clearness the grand moral differences that subsist between our government and its institutions, and those of the land he left.

XLVIII.

But where is the European nation, if, indeed, we except Switzerland, that has gone through such struggles for Republican institutions, or that has inherited such souvenirs from is fathers. The Revolution of 1848 began in Rome. The first exciting development of those events occurred in the election of Pius IX. His measures in imparting liberty to his people, stirred the rest of Italy, and flung an influence over the Alps upon the popular mind of other nations, overshadowed as they were with despotic thrones—an influence which resembled in its quickness the transmission of thought by the telegraph. It is hardly necessary to remark, that the importance of an event is not to be measured by the extent of the field on which it is enacted. Accidental circumstances only, were necessary to make Rome once more the radiating centre of Christendom.

:eing the metropolis of the Catholic world, her influence is throughout the globe. This aspect imparts significance to Vatican. But such happened to be the state of the Con- nt at the time that the first step of Pius in favor of liberal itutions excited the attention, and affected the policy of ·y Cabinet in Europe. But the effect of his acts was limited to Cabinets. It told upon the masses. It excited r special wonder, that a power which had been the prop hrones, aristocracies, and hierarchies, should be employed he strange work of setting up free institutions for its own jects. Such an unwonted spectacle, electrified the nations Europe, and had a decisive agency in quickening every ral impulse, and stimulating into activity every latent cause Revolution and progress. The electric spark thrown off n St. Peters, kindled all the combustible material which long been accumulating in Europe.

XLIX.

Ve have spoken of the distinctions between remote and ximate causes of great national changes. This distinction t be kept in view in writing history. Every one knows : processes of preparation have long been going on for its which have recently transpired in the Old World. The gress of the human mind towards liberty at the close of the century, and the beginning of this, was checked by the rn of ancient dynasties, after the overthrow of Napoleon. Congress of Vienna reared a dam across the current of al sentiment, which had begun to sweep angrily over the ıgholds of Feudal despotism. But these measures of the r Alliance, only interposed a temporary barrier to the ress of the age. The work of preparation still went on,

and the coming up on the theatre of a liberal Pontiff, was the immediate occasion of the striking development of causes that had been long in operation. It is always so. Long slumbering causes of stupenduous results, originate, mature, and develop, unaided by mankind. There is the same order in the moral world, that we trace in the physical. Seed time attracts little observation. The sown field, looks much as it did before; but harvest is ostentatious, and attracts universal observation

L.

The eagle of liberty which made its rapid but vagrant flight over Europe in 1848, soared from Brutus' tomb—it was to that tomb it first descended, when it fell from the heavens. Perhaps Pius IX. had undertaken an impossibility. But several things are to be said about this. That he honestly intended to confer upon his subjects all the liberty they were capable of appreciating, and that they soon proved themselves incapable of what they got, is now a matter of history. It is equally well known, that he was urged too rapidly along the road of reform, nor is it doubted that he conceded *some* reforms which he did not dare to withhold, and which he consequently granted with reluctance. The assassination of Count Rossi—the principal minister of State, although it may have meant nothing more at the time than the murder of any other man—profoundly alarmed the Pontiff; and he immediately began to bend his ear to the counsels of the retrograde party, who had, until that time, uttered their forebodings in vain. From the first moment he made known his intentions of reforming the Pontificial Government, the Jesuits, and the leaders and instruments of the retrograde party, brought all the machinery they could, to bear against him. This machinery

was stupendous, all-pervading, subtle: and, in the end, it proved irresistible. Pius IX., in the simplicity of his heart, entertained very limited views of the obstacles he would have to encounter in his contemplated reforms. He acted like an honest and an unsophisticated man—not like a statesman, nor even a politician. He saw colossal evils, and he dreamed that his supreme *fiat* could overwhelm them. It did *on paper;* but each one was a Upas tree, which grew with frightful rankness and luxuriance, under his own eyes. The work of reforming the Pontificate was no child's play.

LI.

First, there was the Congregation of Cardinals—seventy-two Princes, whose authority, dignity, immunities, prerogatives and emoluments, were all to be impaired at the first step. *Second*, there was the whole body of the Roman Hierarchy throughout the world, who, by legions under the never-setting sun, with unflagging vigilance, were wheeling their terrible enginery against him. Not a man in this vast army, but *felt* the ground tremble under him, when he heard that the tripple crown was on the head of a reformer. An electric shock of terror went through the Catholic world, and Protestants and Republicans were louder in their praises of Pius IX., than Monarchists or Catholics; while even the Grand Turk sent one of his most illustrious Ambassadors to Rome, with precious gifts outstripping even the fabled wealth of the Orient, bearing homage to this great representative of Christendom, against whose empire his barbaric ancestors had fought for one thousand years. The Republicans of America, in tumultous mass-meetings, adopted resolutions and pronounced orations, in honor of this Vatican reformer. *Third*, there was

not an absolute Sovereign in Europe, but heard with a tremor, of the reforms of the new Pope; and all their Ambassadors were in a grand intrigue to alarm the Pontiff, and arrest him in his course. It should not be forgotten that when the combined diplomacy of Europe centres upon any one-point, the effect is soon visible; and, in the long run, it generally proves irresistible. Fifty Ministers at a single court, with all their efforts bent on a common point, can sway the policy of any Government in the world, unless there is at the head of it a man like Metternich, Pitt, or Napoleon. Such men are not often sent into the world. There was one of the three still living in 1848; and although the first step of the earthquake drove him to England, yet, from that distant and narrow island, he still wove the web and woof of European destiny. *Fifth:* with the best intentions in the world, as the leading men of the Roman states doubtless had, and distinguished as many of them were, particularly in the Constituent Assembly of the Roman Republic, which was founded after the flight of Pius IX. to the protection of the King of Naples, it is still doubtful whether there was a single man in the Roman States fit either to elaborate a system of Republican Government, or guide a newly-emancipated people in their path to Republican institutions. Fifteen centuries of political despotism and religious bigotry were weighing upon the Roman nation. This almost interminable period of servile degradation, had been but a poor school to educate a whole nation in the sublime philosophy of self-government. It were as rational to hope that England should give to the world a Napoleon, or France a Washington. Ducks, though hatched under a hen, always put for the water.—— So Pius IX., by the intrigues of Jesuits, the holy lamen-

tations of the Hierarchy, the persuasions of the diplomatists, the intrinsic difficulties of the case, the unfitness of his own people, and, perhaps, more than all, the lack of high elements of statesmanship in his own character, at last got worn out with this ceaseless attrition, and his feeble purpose bent before that resistless current which would have swept without injury by the adamantine will of a Cromwell or a Richelieu.

LII.

The tried, perplexed, and broken-willed Pope, abandoned his people, and fled to the fortress of Gaeta. France sent thirty thousand soldiers to crush the Republic of Brutus—the tri-color was trailed in the blood of noble Romans, and once more the cross of Christ, and the keys of St. Peter waved over the Eternal City. Thus died the modern Republic of Rome.

LIII.

Here a precedent was established. Liberty had been shot down in Rome by Republican bullets: of course, it did not take long to exterminate it in Naples. Charles Albert had been glad already to retreat from his disastrous and humiliating campaign against Radetzky in Lombardy; and, a single steamer brought us the news, that the tyrant of Naples was once more master of his kingdom, and had sent twenty thousand of his best subjects to imprisonment or exile—that the poor Grand Duke of Tuscany had been compelled to play the re-enthroned tyrant in Florence—that the newly revived Republic of Venice had submitted to its old masters—that the blushing plains of Lombardy had again come under the iron sway of Austrian barbarism; and that nothing but wise

political management could save the kingdom of Sardinia from a still more lamentable fate.

LIV.

The timely abdication of Charles Albert, and the immediate proclamation and coronation of his son, Victor Emanuel, had saved the independence of that state, and as it held the hardiest, the noblest, and the most enlightened portion of the Italian people, with such men as Count Cæsar Balbo, the Marquis D'Azeglio, Count Cavour, and many others of the same stamp, all of whom, with four millions of their fellow-subjects, who were determined to reap, at any cost, the fruits of the great Revolution of 1848, we can very readily account for the cheering fact, that to this hour, the Constitution which Charles Albert granted to his people, has been preserved; and that Sardinia is now reckoned among the free nations of Europe, with a Parliament to make her laws, and a king to abide by them.

LV.

Lamartine's Republic was a dream of fancy from the beginning. It was founded by a poet, and it was for a while sustained by enthusiasm. But it was at last compelled to give way before the irresistible impulses and the ever-changing caprices of the French people. The political incapacity of Lamartine, of every member of the Provincial Government, of General Cavignac himself, and every other French statesman, became ludicrously apparent as time went on. It was very evident to all close observers of the French nation, long before the star of Louis Napoleon began to blaze in the eastern sky, that there was *a prodivity in the French mind*

towards the Napoleon race; and, that the restoration of the Napoleon Dynasty, was an inevitable event in France. If any proofs are asked, after what has happened, we might point to the dethronement in 1830 of Charles X., which sounded the death knell of the elder branch of the Bourbons. At that period, France was ready for the restoration of the Napoleon Dynasty; and, it was only on the recommendation of that *soi disant* patriot and statesman, Lafayette, that Louis Philippe, who had betrayed all parties and belonged to none, put on a suit of clothes made for him by a tailor in the Rue Rivoli, and went upon the balcony and pronounced the word *Constitution.* Joseph Bonaparte, the ex-King of Spain, wrote immediately to Lafayette, telling him the only way to give peace and prosperity and glory to France, was to declare to the world the restoration of The Napoleon Dynasty, by the coronotion of Napoleon's son—the King of Rome, who was then living a prisoner in the hands, and at the mercy of Austria. Boy as I was, at that time, I wrote, as well as I could, in advocacy of this fact, which I deemed cardinal to the peace of Europe, and the idea has lived and grown with me. In a work recently published, entitled "THE NAPOLEON DYNASTY," I find this idea amplified as follows :

LVI.

"It is not necessary for us to record the annals of his Presidency—they are known to the world, and still fresh in the recollection of our readers : Much less do we feel called upon to attack or defend his administration. A few observations may however be required.

"His election was the signal of order, political tranquillity, and national progress. This is what France meant in the

overwhelming majority over all his rivals—or she meant nothing. A political storm had just swept over Europe, and all the elements of agitation were still actively at work in Paris. Nobody had any confidence in the stability of the present state of things. There was no security for life or property. What scenes of carnage the next day-break might unfold, no man could tell. France held forty million men, women and children—not one of whom felt secure. A mighty nation was on the verge of chaos. All France felt it, and subsequent events proved it. Louis Napoleon felt it, and acted accordingly. He was the only man in France who understood his own position—he alone understood the feelings, the wants, the desires of her forty million countrymen. He knew, moreover, the exact position of parties in France; and he knew that unless these factions were suppressed, there could be no permanent repose for his country.

"In every other country in Europe, popular rights had been crushed, and constitutions blotted out. Everywhere the counter-revolution had triumphed, except in Paris. There a Republic was still left—but its existence was threatened every hour. Nobody believed in its permanence. Men can bear up under the certain blow of a great calamity—so can nations. Hence thirty millions slept calmly in France every night during Robespierre's Reign of Terror—But neither men nor nations can bear uncertainty. It is the most intolerable of all evils. France had got rid of the Bourbons, and now she wanted repose and progress. In Louis Napoleon she believed she had both.

"France had nothing to fear except from internal factions and parties, and they were ready to tear her to pieces. There was the old Bourbon faction, which had been defeated

in 1830, when Charles X. was driven into exile This was the party of the *reactionaires* of the Revolution of 1789—befriended and restored to power in 1815, by the coalition of the monarchs of Europe. They were the remains of Feudalism -the representatives of a past, dead age. They had contemplated the elevation of Louis Philippe with no more complacency than that of Louis Napoleon. They still dream of raising an elder Bourbon to the throne of France, under the title of Henry V. This faction is small—but despotism is on its side.

"The next is the faction of the younger Bourbons—the friends of Louis Philippe—the moderate monarchists. They said that the Prince de Joinville would be elected in 1848. Of 8,000,0000 be had 800—one in eighty thousand!

LVII.

"There was, however, a faction far more formidable—it was the Communists. However great the diversity of their views, and however numerous the masters they followed—from Prudhomme and Fourier, who gilded their moral and political fallacies with the charm of learning and the guise of philosophy—down to Cabet and the Socialist,—Romancists, they held without distiction, doctrines subversive of all government, human and divine. Their views were for a long time treated as the harmless ravings of fanatical dreamers. But gradually the poison had been distilled throughout France and Germany —chiefly through the romances of Eugene Sue, George Sand, and others—till Communism was openly recognized by the Provincial Government, and proclaimed as a dogma of Government by Louis Blanc, and some of his associates in the administration. The feeble Presidency of Lamartine was soon

compelled to give way to more vigorous hands, and nothing but the firmness and straight-forward conduct of Cavaignac saved Paris from another Reign of Terror.

"Such was the state of France when Louis Napoleon was called to the Government; and such the elements of anarchy which he had to contend with. He and all the friends of order and tranquillity clearly saw, that France could be saved only by a vigorous execution of law—that there must be a triumphant vindication of the authority of the Government, or political chaos was inevitable. Such was the actual state of affairs; and the President regulated his course accordingly.

LVIII.

"His enemies were just as numerous as the partizans of these factions—and no more. All the rest of France was with him; and has been with him ever since. The politicians have been against him from the beginning—the Socialists, the Revolutionists, the Bourbonists, the Orleanists, the Monarchists, the Pamphleteers, the Dreamers, the Theorists—have all been against him. But the *people* have been on his side. There are more owners of the soil in France than in any other European country—more than in the United States. They have all been with him. The Capitalists and Manufacturers have been with him and are with him still—everybody has been with him but the Factionists. We know this is not the common opinion in America. But this can be easily accounted for. We have derived our opinions on this subject, as we do on all others which concern the Continent of Europe, from English sources.

"With a few remarks on the general subject, which are the result of our own reflections, we shall bring the sketch of

Louis Napoleon to a close. His return from exile, his triumphant election as President of the Republic, for four years with his *coup d'etat* of December 2d, 1851, and the absolution the nation passed on that act by seven million votes—the apparent stability of his government, and the success which has attended every movement of his administration of power, have excited the wonder of mankind, and appeared to baffle philosophical solution. From the beginning, however, we confess we have seen nothing mysterious in the whole affair. It has been rather a matter of surprise that none of the public writers of the time, should have revealed the causes which would satisfactorily explain the progress of events, their tendencies and results.

"It would be preposterous to suppose that an individual like Louis Napoleon, without wealth and destitute of power, with few or no connections with men who could advance his prospects or gratify his ambition, should, in a day, spring from something worse than obscurity—the odium of repeated failures—into an Empire which cost Napoleon the Great, many years of incomprehensible toil, and almost miraculous achievement. It all seems to us to admit of a very simple solution. France itself was ready for his coming, or his coming never would have been greeted as it was. *The Napoleon Dynasty is and will be for some time to come, an inevitable government in France—it is the only possible compromise between Bourbonism, or the past, and Republicanism, or the future.*

LIX.

"After the Feudal system was broken up in France, the residuum was ruin. Political chaos was the natural result.

The fabric of government, within whose inclosure dwelt thirty millions of men, could not be shattered to atoms in an hour without anarchy and blood.

"The work of reconstruction Napoleon attempted, and, in some respects, completed; but it was in strictly physical or civil relations, that he could succeed during his short reign. The great social work which was to pervade all France, blending the remnants of the impossible past, with the new forms of the rising and inevitable future, establish and consolidate a structure that would endure for another cycle of time, was to be the achievement of generations.

"This work of progress which the government gave no aid or direction to, during the period of the Bourbon restoration, was all the time receiving an irresistible impulse from the inward tendencies of things; and, in 1830, Charles X., who neither understood France nor the age he was living in, fled from a throne he had never been worthy of.

"Something was conceded to the *new principle* in 1830, by the elevation of Louis Philippe, the representative of the younger branch of the Bourbons. His elevation to the throne was another step of progress. It was a compromise between the past and the future, which lasted eighteen years. But things at last reached such a crisis that the French nation became persuaded that no Bourbon whatever—be he of the elder or of the cadet branch, could any longer rule France, and the consequences can be read in the Revolution of the 27th of February, 1848, when Louis Philippe had become almost, if not quite as odious to the French people as Charles X. himself in 1830—not to say Louis XVI. in 1789.

"We do not know what the effect of a great monarchial alliance against Louis Napoleon—an alliance of Sovereigns,

Pope, Jesuits, Cardinals and Priests, Princes, Despots and tyrants of all grades,—might be, particularly since the events of the last few years have converted Austria, and Prussia, also into military despotisms. But if Napoleon himself found it impossible by military power alone to resist the progress of public opinion, we may find therein a reason why military combinations of tyrannical sovereigns will find themselves far too weak to cope with the terrible opposition of enlightened men. So then, we return to the idea that, France being pre-eminently above all European nations, a country of social progress, the Napoleon Dynasty is the only possible compromise between Bourbonism, which has ceased, we think, to exist forever in that country, and the American type of well-balanced Democratic liberty, which exists only on our own side of the ocean.

"Therefore, we see nothing mysterious in the ascendent of Louis Napoleon's star. It has risen calmly and steadily *into* the heavens—as wonderful, perhaps, if regarded simply as a civil event, as Napoleon's elevation was, regarded as the fruit of political revolutions and military achievements: nor do we see any reason why the rule of Louis Napoleon is not likely to be even more permanent than his uncle's. There is a conviction (whether it be clearly expressed or not,) that his ascendancy and government constitute an inevitable interval in the political history and progress of France. The affinities between him and the great mass of the people, are so indissoluble—so natural—and withal, understanding as he seems to, so much better than any other man, the actual tendencies, tastes, feelings, and sympathies of the French People, his downfall can hereafter be anticipated only from causes which would bring about the downfall of any other

man. We know, therefore, of no reason why the dominion of Louis Napoleon should not continue.

"It will be said that some of his political acts—particularly his *Coup d' Etat*—the shooting of one or two thousand men in the streets of Paris, and the charge of his *Chasseurs de Vincennes* upon the naked breasts of the people—his cramping the liberty of the Press—his arrest of a vast number of eminent men—his imprisonment of many of them, and the exile of others, with many acts besides that we might enumerate, stamp him with the black seal of a Caligula. Without being disposed to justify such measures, we are only contemplating them as facts that have occurred, and we fancy it would be by no means a difficult task to show that in whatever he has done that has excited the indignation or courted the criticism of foreign nations, he has been sustained by a very large majority of the French People themselves.

"It does very well for Englishmen who rarely or never find anything in France, except the gauzes and silks of Lyons, or the laces of Valenciennes, or the porcelain of Sevres, or the grizettes of Paris, to their liking, to pour out their hottest indignation and their bitterest satire upon the man they call a Usurper, and it seems natural enough that American Democrats who have even made advances from the principles of Jefferson, should discover abundant material for fault-finding in what Louis Napoleon has done.

"But if we would be philosophical as writers, or just as men, we must place ourselves on the same point of observation with the man we criticise, and examine for a moment a few circumstances, which, so far as our knowledge of other men's opinions has gone, have been almost if not entirely overlooked.

"The political incompetency of all the great men in France, who have attempted to guide public events, or administer government or justice, since the Revolution of the 27th February, has already become a proverb. The very men whose agitations at the time of the prohibited Banquets, and for many years before, had contributed to foment the Revolution that exiled Louis Philippe, had as fair a chance as men ever had, to display their capacity for governing a country; and Lamartine himself, one of the purest, noblest and most gifted of writers, and of men, turned out so utterly incompetent to the great task of controlling the unchained passions of the million, that nothing but repeated harangues, from his eloquent and persuasive tongue, to the mob of Paris, day by day and hour by hour, kept the city from being whelmed in an ocean of blood. Socialist dreamers in the Provisional Government, were allowed to proclaim to the mob the adoption by the government of the Utopian schemes of the Socialists. It was only with the hope of a consolidated government, on the part of one class of the community, and the dream of Agrarianism on the other, that Lamartine's government lasted a few weeks. And finally, had it not been for Cavaignac's accession to power, and had he not held in his hand the sword of the army, with the *prestige* of military achievements, the mob of Paris never would have been awed into subjection to authority and law. And when the election of a President for four years came on, and every man in France was allowed to give his vote, and thereby declare his preference for a ruler of the State, who was the man whom nine-tenths of the people clamored for? It was Louis Napoleon: And although perhaps not one in one thousand of the men who voted for him, stopped to reason, debate, or

reflect, yet it is perfectly evident to the philosophical observer, that every vote so cast, was but an involuntary expression of a sentiment which seemed to have been an intuitive and instinctive one, among the French; from which we gather, that France, in its transition state, could not discover, nor did she desire anything else than the Napoleon Dynasty, as a compromise between Bourbonism, or the past, and Republicanism, or the future.

"Everybody out of France, except a few men who understood the actual state of things, prophesied that the National Assembly would interpose barriers to what were called the usurpations of Louis Napoleon; but when it was found that the Assembly itself, controlled by the outward pressure of the people, and guided by the natural instincts of Frenchmen, interposed few or no checks to the 'usurpations' of the President, then it was supposed in England and in America, that, as a matter of course, infernal machines or daggers would soon put an end to the life of this trifler with the fate of France, and the peace of Europe.

"Again, when all these prophecies failed, foreign nations seemed to repose all their hopes on the election of May, 1852, when a new President by the Constitution was to be chosen, and when, of course, Louis Napoleon would be succeeded by the Prince de Joinville, Cavaignac, Thiers, or some other illustrious man. Everybody out of France seems to have been deluded by this chimera. Agitators in England, even uttered warnings against the French Prince, in the British House of Commons. The Chartists, Repealers, and Reformers, rang many changes on the same expectancy. The Italian revolutionists secretly nurtured this hope in their hearts, and the Roman republicans were everywhere

writing to their friends among foreign nations, that they were only waiting for a general rising, until the month of May. Our own confederation, with its thirty republics, then listening to the magical eloquence of the Hungarian Patriot, saw but a single Mecca for all his hopes of revolution; and it was generally understood, and he himself universally conveyed the idea, that at the period of the new election in France, the tocsin of a European revolution would be sounded, and those enchained countries once more be liberated from the thraldom of their tyrants.

"But suddenly, unexpectedly, almost tranquilly, on the 2d of December, 1852, fell the Coup d' Etat of Louis Napoleon like a bolt from Heaven. It stunned the world—it paralyzed opposition, and ended the struggle. In a single hour, by one bold stroke from the hand of a man who knew where he stood, and who he was dealing with, the tocsin of revolution ceased to sound, socialism hung its head, and the world began to wake up from the dream of Agrarianism.

"Such is Louis Napoleon. It were all vain to say that such a man is either destitute of great qualities for government, or a knowledge of the spirit of the nation over which he presides."

LX.

While these Republics of the South of Europe were flaming up into the sky, like eruptions of Italian volcanoes, quite as lurid, and half as hopeless, the shout of Freedom came from the fastnesses of Hungary, and the startling announcement was made to us, in this Western world, that Kossuth, with his invincible legions, was on his march to Vienna. We all know the result; for we have lived to see it. But it is almost laughable to tell Americans that Hungary, with her fourteen

millions of people, was frantic for liberty, and lost it after all; for these same Americans will tell you, 'we never had but three millions on this Continent, when we achieved our Independence, and if Hungary, with twelve or fourteen millions, and a military nation at that, could not do it, she was not fit for it.' I care not how many Czars, Emperors, or Kings, crowded in their cohorts or Cossacks—what would twelve millions of Americans have cared for Cossacks, or Emperors, or Kings, or any other humbugs, for humbugs they would have been, had they stood between a great nation fighting for liberty, and proving as much by the achievement of it.

LXI.

As for Germany, she went by the board. Germany has no nationality. It was all spoiled long time ago, by being split up into fragments, no one of which is large enough to inspire heroism or make a country worth fighting for.———And so *Europe* went by the board. Louis Napoleon has turned out to be the only man of consequence among two hundred million. He dashed heroically for his inheritance twice, and fell like a wounded eagle; but he never fell a prey to his enemies; and when, at last, he escaped their grasp, he came back once more to France, entered her National Assembly, looked that great nation in the face, showed himself in the arena, outstripped competition, and put himself upon the throne of the Hero of Austerlitz. This man was ridiculed alike by Republicans and Monarchists. He was thundered at from St. Petersburg, and shot at from the Faubourg St. Antoine. He was hated alike by priests and sinners, Republicans, Red Republicans, Monarchists, Anarchists, Absolutists, Bourbonists—all *ists*. He ought to be a better man than any of them have taken him

ince he is the best abused man of the nineteenth century. grand satisfaction that he must have in the midst of it all at all these people have had time to laugh on the other of their faces. The old adage tells us, that he that laughs laughs best. A pretty serious world is now looking at mperial smile of the man who has sent to Rome for the Pontiff to come over the Alps and put the crown on his . The world has pretty nearly got through either laugh- sneering, or making fun of this man. He has become too and tremendous a fact, in the midst of Europe, to be ed with levity. It was really amusing to read European ials, which announced, in the beginning, the ludicrous ment, that this 'adventurer' had presumed to throw his into the political urn, that was to throw out a President irty-six millions. This Louis Napoleon appears to have n what he was about—a species of knowledge of which eems to have had the entire monopoly. It was more ous still, to see the prophecies of Europe, about the time and manner in which he was to be despatched by raged people; some prescribing daggers, others infernal nes, and some poison *a la Italienne;* but it was side- ing to hear their prophecies after the 2d of December, that *coup de etát* fell, shocking everybody except French- orrifying England, curdling the blood of America, and g asses of Christendom.

LXII.

Louis Napoleon, and the Constitution and Parliament dinia, are the only two facts we have left after the tion of Lamartine and Pius IX. It seems hardly the trouble even to say, that Louis Napoleon was the

only man in France that either understood the nation or himself. This makes him all he can ask his best friends to say of him, and his enemies as bad as they could ever wish one another. Victor Hugo writes a very smart, spicy little book, and calls it Napoleon the Little—but it is, after all, but an autobiography, dictated by spleen, of Victor Hugo the Less, as an exile from what he would have been, if he had let politics alone, and attended to book-making, for which he is generally considered very competent. Hereafter, we shall not be at all surprised to learn, that the author of *Notre Dame* has become one of the principal sycophants around the purlieus of the Court of Napoleon the Third. It would be just like a French Socialist.

LXIII.

This name compels me to say one word more. The very moment the old tri-color, that had waved over the glorious fields of Napoleon's Consulate and Empire, was again unfurled from the towers of Paris, the red hydra of Socialism lifted his head, and Lamartine, abashed by his presence, resorted to the timid and childish policy of dealing out two francs a day to every disturber of the public peace. Ledru Rollin's policy of Agrarianism was nothing to this. Cavignac was a brave man, but he had such precise ideas of military subordination, [or there was a screw loose somewhere else,] that he hardly attempted to crush this Herculean monster in the cradle. But all in good time came Louis Napoleon, and when the bloody mob of Paris found out that they would be mowed down by the acre with grape-shot, they went about their business, and France is now reposing under a great and magnificent Government. God bless thee, *Imperial* France, for thou canst not live under a *Republic!*

LXIV.

We turn from this contemplation of European affairs, to ome late and striking events in our own history. We may hus furnish a *plain analysis between European and American Democracy.*

The acquisition and settlement of California, and the estab-shment of a well ordered and complete government, within he short space of three years, is a phenomenon which Euro-eans cannot understand or explain. In fact, it cannot be hilosophically accounted for, except by analyzing the diffe-ence between European and American democracy. During he very period this astonishing phenomenon has been working tself out on the shores of the Pacific, Europe has been con-ulsed by a political earthquake which, for months, set most f its governments and thrones reeling to the convulsion; and n the Old World, we saw two hundred millions of men making hat has turned out to be a futile attempt to achieve the iberty of nations, and the establishment of democratic sys-ems of government. In the one case, we discover a few thou-and adventurers landing upon a wild and unknown coast, nost of them desperate in fortune, and some of them desperate n character, but all bent upon the great object of winning the miles of fortune, and accomplishing the great purpose of life. n a solitary and desolate territory, with none of 'the appli-nces or means to boot,' except those resources which lay vithin themselves—their early education in the principles of lemocracy, and their unconquerable love of independence—hey give existence in a day, to the thirty-first republic of the Jnited States, and the day following send its representatives o gain admission for their new State into the confederacy.

LXV.

That such a State should rise from nothing, and spring into existence like Minerva from the head of Jove, in armed perfection, never could have been, except among men who had been thoroughly educated in the principles of American democracy. In Europe, democracy never shows itself, except in a violent form. Here, it is the natural order of society. There, it is a volcanic eruption—a struggle—a conspiracy—a battle of life and death, of blood and despair. Here, it is a practical system of every-day life, wrought into the American character. It is with us a philosophical system. It corresponds, in some degree, in the permanence of its basis, to the primary geological formation of the earth, on whose everlasting basis are reared other strata and formations, admitting of endless advancement, and everlasting variety. In Europe, democracy is extraneous. It is a foreign substance. It may be called into existence by a convulsion; but society is not fitted for it. It finds itself surrounded by hostile elements, which at once begin to work its overthrow. It is unnatural; it is an exception to their system, and it rushes at once into every manner of extravagance, violence and excess. All classes become dissatisfied with the new state of things Dreamers begin to scheme, and impracticable theories are set afloat. Fanatics in their zeal—dreamers in their illusions—egotists, sensualists, and demagogues in their ultraisms—all jostle together in the great game of experiment. The ordinary system of life ceases—the hand of labor is paralyzed at its toil—alarm spreads over the public mind—money ceases to find its usual avenues of commerce and trade; and in the general paralysis of society which follows the shock that gave origin to demo-

racy, such as it is, one of two results must follow—the despotism of one man, or the despotism of the mob.

LXVI.

In such a state of affairs, a well ordered and firmly established democracy cannot exist, because it has no basis. Nobody has been educated for such a system of government, or for such a system of life. Princes, nobles, and aristocrats may smile upon a people whom they fear, convulsed by the electric shock of freedom, and transported by the undefined but glowing hope of liberty, sending up their shouts of triumph over the fall of kings and thrones; but before the popular mind has grown calm, aristocrats have been able to plot the overthrow of the new republic, and by force of corruption, intimidation, intrigue and foreign intervention, the will of the multitude is made at last to yield to the power of the few. But the main cause why these intrigues are so generally successful, can be traced to the existence of a false system of democracy, which, in France, has shown its fearful form in the shape of socialism. When we use this term, we mean the great doctrine which, under various modifications, is preached, and has well nigh been reduced to practice, in France, of changing the entire structure of society, and subverting all the foundations upon which organized governments have rested. Socialism has been the bane of true reformation abroad. The doctrines that were advocated in France by those fanatics, frightened the real friends of liberty throughout the continent; for in the general alarm, even such men as had, for a quarter of a century, all through Germany, boldly and constantly advocated the great principles of republicanism, foresaw that Europe was not ready to carry their principles into effect, without rushing

ferociously into those excesses which, during the first French revolution, made the nations turn pale with horror, and which came so near deluging that country with blood during the fierce struggle of 1848.

LXVII.

Any one who will take the pains to read Lamartine's History of that Revolution, may see for himself that from the hour the Provisional Government was proclaimed, until the election of the President, France was resting on a volcano. An organization had been formed in Paris, and through all the large provincial towns, under the management of the leading Socialists, which, but for the irresistible force of half a million of armed men, brought to suppress it, would have ended in such scenes of convulsion and distress as have probably not been witnessed since the irruption of the barbarians into Italy, before the fall of the Roman Empire. There were, probably, hundreds of thousands of intelligent men throughout the continent, who entertained, up to that period, the brightest hopes that the day was at hand when democracy would pass its last struggle, and achieve its great victory; who were prepared at any moment that promised a fair hope of success, to establish the democratic principle in Europe, and who were alarmed by the painful discovery that, if monarchy was abolished on the continent, at that time, it would be sure to be followed by socialism, and that socialism must inevitably end in chaos. Then was witnessed, on a larger scale than was ever before seen in the world, an illustration of that great principle, which has in all ages been found true, namely, that the mass of mankind everywhere, will choose protection and security to their persons and property, even under despotism,

ather than risk all that they have in the attempt to establish epublics. So long as man is a social being, living in his ouse, surrounded by his wife and his children—so long as amilies exist upon the earth, around whose hearthstones are athered the chief treasures of the human heart—so long will rotection be dearer to man under despotism, than liberty ever an be, when it perils his fortunes.

LXVIII

Hence the hopelessness of any attempt at the present time, o establish democracy in Europe. It cannot exist permaently in a nation, until more correct ideas in regard to human ights and duties prevail. Men must be educated to demoracy to make them democrats, as they must be educated in cience, to fit them to be the teachers of mankind. The comnon idea, of democracy, which prevails among nine men in ten n Europe, is licentiousness—liberty to every body to do what hey please, without the restraints of law, or even of constitutions. And, indeed, among the more enlightened and educated lasses, very few correct notions on the subject of self-governnent prevail. De Tocqueville wrote a very philosophical ook about democracy in America; but few men in France lid more to bring back the reign of despotism in Europe, than his same philosopher. Having distinguished himself under he reign of monarchy, as the very Don Quixote of republicanism, fighting its battles when there was no struggle going on, fortune gave him the first chance to mingle in the combat, and to lead the democratic host. He did take the leadership after the victory was gained, and betrayed his party and his principles. So long as he remained in power, he proved a traitor to the doctrines he had preached and pub-

lished by the volume. These philosophers know very little about practical democracy. Why, our Californians—take them as they run—some of them digging gold in lumps, and some cleaning boots at five dollars a pair—some of them loafers, and some of them scoundrels, but all republicans by nature, education and habits—know infinitely more about self-government than the best philosophers of Europe. They are more capable of organizing a State; they can lay the foundations of liberty broader and deeper; they can construct a more perfect system, than even Lamartine himself. Why? They have been educated in the great business of self-government, in the district school-house of New England, in the town meeting, under the orations of the Fourth of July, with all their fudge, and brag, and humbug, in county conventions, in popular meetings, in State legislatures, on the stump and in the caucus, in the church and in the town-house—everywhere, at all times, and under all sorts of circumstances—these men have been steadily, infallibly, training to become founders of states and empires.

LXIX.

And now, when the fair fabric of European democracy, which burst into a gilded existence in a day, and with its shining domes and flashing minarets, with its interminable vistas of future freedom and glory, which made the eye of the world joyous to see, and the heart of mankind glad, has been smitten, as it were, by a bolt from heaven, and driven to hopeless atoms by the shock, leaving ruin for the present, and all but hopelessness for the future—these democratic Californians, these Anglo-Saxon loafers, these district school-boy gold diggers, in the midst of all their gamblings and bowie-knife exercises, and shooting of revolvers, on whom the

sneers of Europe have been poured, and against whom even some of their own countrymen affect to hurl the shafts of ridicule, have, during a few moments of leisure, elaborated a great system of government, and laid the foundations of one of the most powerful empires, that is yet destined to control the fortunes of mankind.

Such are some of the more palpable differences between democracy in the Old and New World.

LXX.

But if we plume ourselves so highly on our capacity to found and enjoy Republican institutions, and if we have made, thus far, a wise use of them, there are some other things in which the whole world knows that we have yet room enough for progress.

In the fine arts, which adorn and enrich civilized life, we have yet scarcely made a beginning. The *sentiment* of art does not grow up with the youth of a nation—it is a later and a sublime development. If, in tracing the history of nations, we watch the growing up of the artistic spirit, we shall find that no people in its youth has reached a florid period of artistic development. In the history of Greece, we cannot go back much farther than Phidias, who lived in her most splendid era. Most of the great works of art which adorned the Capitol of the Roman Empire, were conceived and carried into perfection under the Emperors. Little was done for art in France until the time of Henry of Navarre, and we might even protract that period until the coronation of Louis XIV. Spain achieved her eminence in art, chiefly during the time of Murillo. There was indeed a period in the history of England, but it was anterior to the introduction of the Protestant

religion, that her cathedrals and sacred places were adorned by artistic embellishments of her previous history. But if the American traveler now wanders over the soil of Europe, he will be arrested by some evidence of artistic taste at every step he takes. I am yet to learn that our people have ever felt deeply the sentiment of art—that we have ever got beyond the philosophy of utility—that we have ever bestowed reflection enough upon the great objects of life, to inquire even if it be not a matter of importance to embellish our homes with whatever can refine taste and elevate the social feelings.

LXXI

It is the glory of Europe—and our writers record it whenever they are just—that for some ages her governments, despotic though they have been, and her people un-republican as *they* have been, have displayed an appreciation of the beautiful in art, to an extent which has had no imperceptible influence in refining the ideas even of our own people. The influence of this artistic spirit, in Europe, has been transmitted to us through its various literatures, and by affecting the minds of our best and most eminent writers, has thus been transfused, in some slight degree, into the common mind. It was not all in vain that Irving and Cooper, in their young and impressive days of budding authorship, traveled over the ancient world. They impressed upon the works they have left for their countrymen, a thousand lessons of taste and wisdom, and reflected upon the popular fancy of a vast nation many of those rich and radiant hues which have illuminated so many firesides, and softened so many of the rougher habits of the American mind. Bracebridge Hall may seem a very tame tale to Englishmen, although English criticism has reck-

oned it amongst the finest delineations ever made of the domestic and pastoral life of the English people. But Bracebridge Hall has left upon the imagination of Irving's readers in America, ten thousand images of refinements, and spread over the associations of her Saxon descended people, almost an ancestoral sacredness of recollection.

LXXII.

In speaking of art, I have either thus far limited myself in its developments to what is technically understood by that term, or such might be the inference. But I would, in this paragraph, extend the domain of art much farther. I do not now speak of the emblems sculpture has raised over the tombs of Crusaders who died on the plains of Syria fighting against the Children of the Prophet. I would not even now recall the bones of the chivalry of Europe, over which the sands of the desert have drifted for seven hundred years. But I would use the epithet ART, in a far higher sense. I would even detach this word from the Venus di Medicis, from the Madonna di Sedia—I would carry it into la Scala at Milan, and San Carlos at Naples, where the noblest operas of Mozart, Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti and Verdi have been first performed, and where, if they ever die, they will cluster back, like a group of descending angels, to find an honorable grave——: But I would speak of *society* which, in Europe, is made an art—which does not consist altogether, nor for that matter, I might add, in part, in buying or selling negroes, cotton, sugar, or stocks; but which recognizes, the duty of men and women who are qualified for the noble pursuit, of devoting themselves, a portion of every day, to the refinement of society, to the diffusion of elegant and beautiful ideas, to the inculca-

tion of those thoughts and sentiments which make life worth living for, and which make us love and admire the beautiful, the refined, the elegant, the intellectual, and the accomplished. Why is it, let me ask, that two such men as Daniel Webster, the prince of orators, and Levi Woodbury, the very impersonation of Greek refinement, were not offered the highest honors of the Republic, by a grateful and appreciating nation? Why such reluctance to voting a pension to the widow of Worth? Why are we afraid to inaugurate a colossal statue to the Father of American liberty, when we have such a sculptor as Clarke Mills? Why so sensitive a dread about ordering some men of learning to purchase a public library for the Congress of the United States? Why is it that, with all our boasting about public education, we are so reluctant to vote a little money to enrich the libraries of our District Schools, for the various States, with the best national books that have been written by our American authors? Why are we so slow to endow, by public vote, our institutions of learning? Why is it that we have not yet a national, or state, or city gallery of art? Why is it that our American painters and sculptors are starved out of their native land, and obliged to go abroad, and, by the quick appreciation of foreigners, to wait for the slow appreciation of Americans, to enable them to support their wives and children who, but for the aid foreigners give them, would starve abroad, as they almost starved at home? Why is it that party-spirit 'hawks at and tears' the memory and the fame of every man who has deserved well of the country, provided any American proposes to inaugurate, in memory of his genius or public services, some enduring emblem for future times?

LXXIII.

It is too true that, in this country, all those schemes for public improvement, and the honor of national men who have rendered high services to the nations, are allowed either to pass into oblivion, or not to be recognized at all. It is equally true, that we have yet paid no attention whatever, worth noticing, to the great art of architecture. We commit our city, our county, and our state-buildings to common stone-masons, to design and to erect, and they are voted to political favorites, because they are supposed to be, as they generally turn out to be, only profitable jobs. I am yet to learn of a foreign nation, whose annals have been inscribed upon the records of the civilized world, that has surrendered its public edifices to such men, either in their origin, progress, or use. We talk much about our public buildings, but they are generally only huge masses of brick and mortar. Until we can rise above this low and sordid spirit, and commit such works to our great men, to our citizens who have achieved eminence in the same department, or manifested a genius for it by their designs, we certainly cannot expect that European nations will recognize in us that kind of respect for art, which has inspired the public spirit of every people, that has shown appreciation for public refinement.

LXXIV.

In proportion as I love my own country, am I jealous for its eminence and glory in everything which can exalt and adorn refined life. I have elsewhere, perhaps, in this book, said that it is not all of life to live; but this was when I spoke of individuals. In speaking of nations, this becomes pre-emi-

nently true. One of those elements of perpetuity that can preserve us, and one of those elements that will preserve us if we go on to prosper, will be veneration for the genius of the artist which embellishes our history, for the patriotism of our citizens who will not sell their birthright; for the uprightness of our judges, who cannot be bribed; for the public spirit and the pride of our Legislators, who, in every vote they give, will remember that they are born to a great heritage, and that they hold themselves answerable to God only, for the last appeal, whether or not they have discharged their duties, as the faithful, the reverent, and the devoted children of Washington.

BOOK FIFTH.

I.

I CANNOT close these volumes, without a brief, but thorough, examination of THE CONSULAR SYSTEM,—THE ORIGIN AND OBJECTS OF THE CONSULAR OFFICE—THE FAULTS OF OUR PRESENT SYSTEM—THE NECESSITY OF A COMPLETE REFORM—AND THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A WELL DEFINED CONSULAR CODE.

We have now reached a point in our history, around *which* those great issues are gathering which will decide our fate in time to come. The Infancy of our Nation is passed—our manhood is come—with its nervous energy, its deep and solemn purposes, its irresistible strength. The men *of* our times, have risen upon a theatre where a new drama will be played—its character, its machinery, its acting, and its *dénouement*, unknown before, and uncopied from former generations. The Anglo-Saxon dominion must one day cover this continent; this is now reduced only to a question of *time*. The hope of the world has been 'broken to the heart' of man by every great empire that has yet overshadowed the nations, and mankind have waited for some grand movement which should give repose to the fever of expectation. Humane, hoping, philosophical men, greeted the French Revolution of 1789 with enthusiasm; they thought the great work of regenerating the old world, would then be consummated.

The same hopes were inspired in 1848 by Lamartine, Kossuth, and Pius IX. We know the result. History itself, with her wearied pen, and tired Hope, have waited for our Age and our Republic.

II.

It becomes, to the thoughtful man, a question of grave and earnest import, shall this last trial for man and for God fail? How shall the fearful elements among us be controlled, and how shall we bear our name and our influence, our commerce, our arts, and our literature, abroad among the nations? Many intelligent men contemplate the meeting of the next Congress with an interest they have never felt for any other that has assembled. The whole nation expects its members to lend their influence to any movement which will tend to foster a wide National Spirit throughout the country.

From conversations with many of our statesmen, as well as from the general spirit of the best journals, I am led to hope, that, among other important considerations that will be likely to come before Congress, and win the support of all patriotic men, the revision of our Consular System will stand out prominent. Hoping I might contribute in some humble manner, to the consummation of a measure of such vital importance, I determined to incorporate in this volume some observations on a revision of our Consular System which are the result of many years of Consular experience.

This matter has often arrested the attention of successive Congresses. The evils of our present system are so glaring, the subject has been so often and so ably discussed, the conviction has for many years been so universal, that some change

ought to take place; and, above all, the entire commercial system of America, so imperiously demands bold and immediate action, that I can discover no reason to justify our National Legislature in a further postponement of a sweeping Reform Bill.

In the language of Mr. Livingston, 'who would question even the right of consuls to complain of the abuses of the system under which they suffer in the service of their government, although they sought a change chiefly for their own advantage; and last of all, when the change they sought for was so essential to the great interests of the State?' This is the language of the able secretary of General Jackson, who in vain attempted a Consular Reform.

As public servants, they feel that they too are entitled to their share of the fruits of a free and a liberal Government—at least all those feel it who honor their country by their representation. This number I am well convinced is not small. —'For all the wonder is,' as Mr. Livingston once remarked, 'not that we have bad consuls, but that we have good ones—for we have taken a great deal of pains to settle upon the worst Consular System in the world—and no thanks to us, if we are not represented by men as universally bad as the system under which they serve.' In order to do what little my limits will allow to so great a subject, it will be desirable to consider:

III.

I. THE ORIGIN AND DESIGN OF THE CONSULAR OFFICE.—We have derived this term from the Romans. When the Tarquins were driven from Rome, and the Commonwealth established, the government was committed to two Consuls, who represented the power and dignity of the nation, and were

regarded with the greatest reverence by the people, and by foreign princes. They were chosen annually, by a general election, and for a long period the office was filled by the purest and most illustrious names in Rome. No one could aspire to the consulship with any hope of success, who had not rendered some signal service to the State. They held correspondence with kings, and gave audience to foreign ambassadors. Their *insignia* (with the exception of the crown) were like those of kings. They had the control of the Roman armies, and led them to battle. They were the guardians of the public honor, and the public safety, at home and abroad; and so faithfully did they execute their high trust, it was under their administration that Rome made her name feared throughout the world.

In the latter periods of the Republic, Consuls were frequently placed over the Government of the Provinces; and the custom prevailed even under the Empire, till its final downfall. Some of the greatest historians have attributed the glory and the power of Rome chiefly to her Consular office, without which, they tell us, she never could have controlled her distant colonies and consolidated her home empire.

IV.

But although the term Consul, is derived from the old Romans, yet the *office* of such public agents, was even more ancient than the era of Roman Liberty. We have the positive lights of history to guide us to such a conclusion. All the maritime nations of antiquity, had their commercial agents in foreign countries visited by their vessels or trading citizens; sent to guard their interests, and protect their property and lives. Without such protection, every adventurer who com-

mitted his property to the sea, was likely to fall into the hands of pirates, or be treated with injustice in foreign ports. In few of the ancient nations, was there any regard paid to individual rights. The sacredness of private rights, was a principle almost as unknown as the operations of galvanism. We have heard much of the civilization of Rome; but while her orators and poets were bringing her beautiful tongue to classic perfection, and sculptors and architects were transmitting to future times their matchless ideals of grace and beauty, she treated all foreign nations as her natural foes. A vessel driven by stress of weather upon her coasts, was confiscated, and her crew put to death. In those days, might so effectually constituted right, that the weaker party no more thought of asking for justice, than the enemy conquered in battle hoped for mercy.

The Phœnicians, who became so celebrated for their extended commerce, acknowledged no law but that of force, in their dealings with other people. The Tyrians were characterized by the utmost barbarity in all their intercoure with foreigners; and scenes of the most refined cruelty were enacted in their ports, when the stranger was cast upon their mercy. The Carthaginians were perhaps still more avaricious and terrible. Strabo tells us, that every foreign sailor cast on their coasts, was thrown into the sea. And Polybius informs us that while they held the Island of Sardinia, no Roman sailor was allowed to touch its soil. Historians concur in the fact that the Phœnicians derided all idea of justice, honor and right, in their intercourse with foreigners. Nor, perhaps, can any commercial power of antiquity be exempted from this general charge of injustice, cruelty and avarice, except the people of Rhodes. For a considerable period, they had scarcely a rival on the

sea; and yet historians agree that they founded and extended their naval dominion, on principles of international justice and freedom of the seas. 'Their code of maritime legislation,' says Warden, 'was adopted by the Roman Emperors, by Augustus and by the Antonines, for the decision of naval and commercial disputes. The ports of Rhodes were open to all trading nations who equally enjoyed the protection of a wise and humane legislation.'

V.

It is a cheerful province for the historian, and for all those writers who present portions only of human history, for the contemplation of their own times, to hold up such beautiful instances of true civilization to the admiration of the world. For although we are told that civilization has been steadily advancing in all ages, (and, in a limited sense, this is true,) yet the student of history traces its progress only as Napoleon did the path of the Allied Armies, by watchfires kindled on the Bohemian mountains. More than one bright light flames over the summits of antiquity, but all around is thick darkness. A striking illustration is furnished in Rome's vaunted civilization, which may all be summed up in a word—universal spoilation abroad, and cruel oppression at home.

Such was the spirit of antiquity, and such the obstacles that attended the growth of commerce in primitive times. But we must go back to those early periods, to trace the origin of that commercial magistracy which has, in all ages, proved the only safeguard of commerce. For although the title of such magistrates, and the power vested in them, have been subject to every degree of variation, yet, from the earliest times, those nations that extended their maritime relations to foreign coun-

tries, always delegated public agents to watch over their interests, and protect their citizens in the pursuit of gain.

In the early history of maritime adventures 'the Greeks had an officer of Consular description, named *Προξενος*, who was instructed, by a decree of the people, to receive and entertain strangers, and to act as a judge and conciliator of the disputes of foreign merchants. His functions, in some respects, resembled those of a modern Consul. At Sparta, this honor was the price of signal services, rendered by the person on whom it was conferred, and was attended with various privileges and immunities. He received ambassadors, assisted at the national assemblies, and presided at religious ceremonies and public *fêtes*.

'At Athens, the affairs of the *Προξενια* could not be judged but by the Polemarch, or their archos. The Delians decreed them grants of land, the first places at sacrifices, public *fêtes*, and free entry into the Senate and assembly of the people. Like the Consuls of modern times, they affixed over the outer door or entrance of the house, the arms of the town of which they were the agents. In Athens and some other Greek towns, agents resided who were clothed with supreme judicial powers, and they controlled all the maritime affairs of the nations they represented.

'The Epidamnians, a colony of Corcyrians established in Macedonia on the Adriatic Gulf, appointed a magistrate to regulate their commerce with the Illyrians, a neighboring nation whose influence they dreaded. Teos, the birth-place of Anacreon, and other towns of great antiquity, had magistrates named *Timuques*, whose employment was to superintend commercial affairs. The *Prætor mercatorum* of the Romans, like the commercial magistrates of the Greeks, decided the

disputes of sailors in the cabin of the vessel to which they belonged. When Sicily and Sardinia became provinces of the Roman Empire, they were governed by *Prætors*. Spain, after its subjugation, was also governed by a magistrate of the same description.'

All the Roman Colonies were committed to the government of magistrates, who, under various titles, were vested with all those powers which have since been committed by different nations to Consular Agents. In some instances, these prerogatives appertained to the supreme magistrate; in others, the Imperial Government made a division of power; and while all civil affairs were controlled by the executive magistrate, every commercial interest was committed to the administration of the Consul.

We have but few lights to guide us, in tracing minutely the history of the commerce of the ancient world; but we can clearly trace the advancement of the wild piracy of barbarian adventurers down to the organization of the commercial codes, which have grown out of the system of modern States. In this gradual revolution, no agency has been so powerful as the Consular System; none has contributed so much to the advancement of commerce and maritime law.

VI.

It has long been a disputed point with whom the modern Consular System originated, and what nation first led the way, in the establishment of the commercial code, which was finally adopted by modern States, and has, in our times, worked itself so deeply into the Law of Nations. It is, perhaps, the most interesting question connected with the rise of modern civilization. Nor could it be placed in its proper light without

great toil, and learning, aided by all the facilities which might be derived from investigations conducted on the shores and islands of the Mediterranean. But a diversity of opinions has prevailed on this point, among learned men, which can hardly be accounted for; for, it seems to me, that the archives of Florence and Pisa [which, under an order of the Grand Duke Leopoldo, I examined carefully] place the matter beyond dispute.

VII.

Pisa was among the first Republics that rose into great power after the dismemberment of the Roman Empire; and to her, modern times are more indebted for their civilization than to any other people who have flourished since the ancient Romans. She has certainly no pretended rival in the *antiquity* of her commercial laws except the Republic of Amalfi. That brave and enlightened people established their power on the Gulf of Salernum, and held at one time almost undisputed possession of the Southern Mediterranean seas. They framed a regular Maritime Code, which neighboring commercial nations were forced to obey. They had, from the time of Justinian, been entrusted with a most sacred treasure,—a MS. copy of the Roman Pandects, which was destined one day to exert a high agency in the advancement of civilization. Giannone, in his *Storia Civile del Regno di Napoli*, has observed, that from the Tables of Amalfi we have derived all our laws on navigation. This statement should perhaps be received with some modification. He is entitled to more concurrence not unlikely, in the opinion he advanced, that the laws of Amalfi originated less from the maritime experience of that people, than from the Eastern emperors with whom they carried on a wide and constant traffic.

Brencmannus, in his second Dissertation on the History of Amalfi, supposes the enlightened maxims of this Code to have been derived from the copy of the Pandects known to have been in their possession for many ages.

Being exceedingly anxious to arrive at some well sustained conclusion on this point, I made what investigation I could in Florence and in Pisa, and was favored with the results of the studies of several of the learned Jurists of Tuscany, who have devoted much attention to the matter. I am well persuaded that Pisa can date her commercial power, and perhaps her maritime code, to an earlier age than even the Republic of Amalfi.

VIII.

Almost every Jurist of England and America has fallen into a mistake on the origin of the *Consolato del Mare*. The opinion has commonly prevailed, that this noble Code originated with the commercial cities of Spain; and the idea has been often advanced, that Arragon and Barcelona can date their commercial power and civilization to a more ancient period than Pisa. But such an opinion, however commonly entertained, is controverted by indubitable facts.

In the year 1130, the Pisans affected the conquest of Amalfi, and bore away with them its most precious treasure —the only copy of the Justinian Pandects in existence. To this cause, more than one respectable writer has attributed the origin of the Maritime Laws of Pisa. But we have documentary and historical proof that the Pisans had formed a maritime code long before this period, and that the discovery of the Pandects and the Tables of Amalfi, had little to do with the *Leggi Pisane*, or the *Leggi Nautiche*, which were published in Rome in 1075. This Code, which was composed

of the Maritime Statutes of the Pisan Republic, enacted during successive centuries, gave origin to what was afterwards known as the *Consolato del Mare.* In fact, it was not only the basis of that Code, but it constituted the body of the Code itself. The Barcelonians, or more properly, the Kings of Arragon, adopted the Pisan Code almost without modification; but that Code which is now known under the title of *Consolato del Mare* is much more modern than the first Code which bore that name. The *Pisani Statuti* were published in Rome in 1075, and received its sworn observance that year—they were adopted at Acre, in 1111; at Majorca, in 1112, Marseilles, 1162; Genoa, 1186; Rhodes, 1190; Venice, 1215; Germanic States, 1224; Sicily, 1225; Nantes, 1250; and Constantinople, in 1262.

IX.

These statements are confirmed by the learned Essay of D. Francesco Masi, of Pisa—'Della Navigazione e Commercio, della Republica Pisana: Pisa: 1797.' He there adduces an array of evidence, including some of the first judicial authors of Italy, and even of Spain, which ought to satisfy every candid mind.

To this learned author, and to the 'Sistema Universale dei Principj del Dritto Marittimo di Europa; Firenze: 1795,' I appeal for the support of my opinions on these points, and others which I shall consider in tracing the rise of the Modern Consular System.

In the *Consolato del Mare,* we find a clear provision for the appointment, etc., of Consuls. The first eight chapters are devoted exclusively to the Consuls, and their powers and provinces are clearly defined. We learn from the Chronicles

of Pisa, that wherever her commerce was extended among foreign nations, she was represented by her own Consuls. But about the close of the eleventh century, she had nearly perfected the Modern Consular System. More than a hundred years before, she had established a magistracy of two consuls at home, who constituted a Supreme Admiralty Court, to take cognizance of all marine cases. This Court received the sanction of Gregory VII. (Azuni.)

During some negotiations carried on between the Pisans and the Emperor Alexis, an interruption of friendly intercourse took place. The Republic seized the emperor's son, and threw him into prison, and the price they demanded for his liberation was the establishment of their Maritime Code in his empire, with inviolability to the Consuls of the Republic. Her Consular System, which was the soul of her Maritime Code, was readily adopted by surrounding nations; and before the Crusades were over, all the Commercial Powers on the Mediterranean were thus represented in the ports of other nations, with whom they maintained commercial relations.

X.

After a careful study of *The Consolato del Mare*, I collected the most authentic editions in various languages, and began an English translation. I could not learn that one had ever been made, and I thought it would be regarded as a valuable contribution to our Juridical Literature. I informed the late Mr. Justice Story of my design, and in a long and exceedingly interesting reply to my letter, he said:—

'CAMBRIDGE, August 13th, 1845.

'DEAR SIR:—I had the pleasure of receiving your letter yesterday. * * * I do not know of any English transla-

tion of the *Consolato del Mare*, except of two chapters by Doct. Robinson on Prize Law. I have long most anxiously desired to see a translation of the whole work as one of the earliest, most curious, and most important of the collections on Maritime Law. Many of its principles are still of great use and frequent citation in our courts of Admiralty. I dare say that you have seen and examined the editions of Casereges and Caponarey, and above all of Pardessus, in his collection of Maritime Laws. So highly do I value the Consulato, that if a translation of it were published, I should at once recommend six copies of it to be obtained for the Law Library at Cambridge. I hope most earnestly that you will publish your translation, and that it will meet with public patronage. I am quite sure that Mr. Chancellor Kent will think as I do on the subject.

'Believe me, with the greatest respect, truly yours,

'JOSEPH STORY.'

'C. EDWARDS LESTER, Esq.

This letter, which has never been published, was among the latest, if not the very last written by that great jurist and noble man. He died suddenly a few days after its date. I also had occasion to know how often in public and in private, he expressed a desire to see an entire revision of our Cousular System; and he was about addressing me his views on the subject, when he was unexpectedly taken away from the scenes of his usefulness and his fame.

XI.

Robertson has not overrated the benign effect of the Crusades upon the civilization of Modern Europe. (Introduction to the Life of Charles V.) From their commencement, we

date the origin of the Modern System of Commerce. The Pisans, the Venetians, and the Genoese, were all engaged in transporting the Crusaders to Asia. They were generously paid for their services, and all those Republics received charters from the princes they served, which secured to them great privileges and immunities; the right of forming establishments in maritime towns, as well as on the borders of rivers, and of governing themselves within their own precincts, by laws and ordinances of their own creation. (Muratori's Antiq. Ital., Medii Ævi, t. ii., p. 906.) In this manner the Italian trade in the Levant became extended, till the commerce of the world was centred in the hands of those powerful Republics.

Genoa contributed more powerfully than any other Italian State to the early Crusades. She formed treaties with the Moorish and African Princes, and gained by diplomacy or conquest, a strong foothold in the Black Sea, where she founded a powerful colony that augmented her commercial wealth incredibly.

Pisa and Venice were controlled by the same wakeful policy, and extended their commerce under the same auspices. They all now appointed their commercial agents throughout the East; for the exigencies of their commerce demanded the protection and surveillance of public agents in all ports visited by their vessels. These representatives were vested with great powers, and their magistracy was regarded with great respect. The office of a Consul in those times was no inconsiderable matter. No man was thought worthy of so important a trust, who did not perfectly understand all the great questions of commerce and diplomacy; for they were entrusted with treaties of commerce and international negotiations, and with

judicial powers involving every principle of civil, common, and maritime law. They represented the governments that sent them in all their authority and dignity. They were sent to their destination in public vessels, and maintained at the public expense. They were generally prohibited from engaging in speculations in commerce and the pursuits of business, that they might devote all their time to their official duties, and be swayed by no private interests in their administration. The early Italian writers tell us, that the Consular office was guarded with the utmost jealousy, and looked upon as the great support of their commerce with foreign nations.

In later periods, when the rising Powers of Europe began to offer an effectual rivalry to these maritime republics of Italy, and they exchanged ambassadors, they gave them the most imperious commands to watch over the commercial interests of their country, and concede to other princes nothing that could impair their maritime power. The indolent loungers around the courts of princes were busy in tricks of courtiers and negotiations of marriage, but the Genoese, the Pisan, and Venetian Ambassadors were occupied in promoting the commercial power of the states which had commissioned them. And what was the consequence?

Venice, which had been founded by a few old men and women and children, who had fled to the marshes of the Adriatic to escape the rage and devastation of the northern barbarians who were sweeping over Italy, became in a few centuries the first power in Europe. Pisa, which had been obliged to struggle for many years against the most formidable obstacles that can ever impede the growth of new states, with a malaria which annually swept off a multitude of her population, soon made her name feared from the Pillars of Hercules to the

shores of the Danube and the banks of the Nile, and became the commercial Lawgiver of future ages.

XII.

At last the Northern States of Europe began to feel the maritime enthusiasm of the age, and launched upon the seas for discovery and adventure. Macpherson remarks, in his Annals of Commerce, (Vol. i., p. 536, note,) that the earliest notice of a Consul of Merchants in any English record, is found in an application of the Consul of the Venetian merchants at Bruges and an English merchant, which induced the king to take all the merchants of Venice trading to England, Ireland, and his other dominions under his protection, during one year, (1346.)

I believe the earliest appointment of a Consul by England, was in the year 1485, when Richard III. commissioned Lorenzo Strozzi, a princely merchant of Florence, to act as British Consul in Tuscany, allowing him a fourth part of one per cent. on all goods exported or imported by Englishmen. (Fœdera, vol. xii., p. 261.) From this period, English commerce rapidly extended under the vigilance of Consular agents, who were appointed in every country with whom she maintained commercial relations.

In the 17th century, the consular system of the Italian States became general throughout the civilized world. But although essential service has been derived from the system adopted by England, France, and the other great powers, yet it was without a question inferior to that of the Italian republics. But to it, such as it has been, and still is, we must attribute no inconsiderable share of the commercial power and prosperity of all modern states.

XIII.

II. THE OBJECTS CONTEMPLATED BY THE MODERN CONSULAR SYSTEM—The advancement of the prosperity and power of nations. In modern times, when commerce has become the great question of governments, and its prosperity or decline are an index of the advancement or decadence of a nation, it is surely worthy of some consideration from the government of a Republic like our own, which, to surpass the power and the civilization of all other people, needs only to be guided by wisdom.

The Consul to a foreign nation, is sent to be the guardian of *all* the interests of his country, and sacred is his trust. This is, or ought to be, his business. No pains should be spared, no exertion or fatigue considered, which can in any manner result in advantage to his country.

He should fully understand the structure, the history, the spirit, and the policy of the nation he represents, and the government to which he is accredited.

He should know their past commercial history and relations, the origin and progress of their commerce, and the causes of its advancement or decline.

He should make himself perfectly familiar with the agricultural, the mechanical, and the maritime power of the country to which he is sent—all its branches of industry, and all its resources of wealth—how the great system of barter and exchange is carried on, and how it may be extended—the defects of commercial treaties, and how they may be remedied—the branches of commerce which are sustained by the essential wants and abundance of the two nations, and have therefore a basis for permanent prosperity, and

those which depend only upon exaggerated and ephemeral speculation—what new articles of luxury or convenience may be exchanged—what encouragement given to new fields of industry and adventure—what new improvements in agriculture, in manufactures, in science, and in all the mechanic and liberal arts—how the ingenuity of man in one country, may administer to the economy of life in another; and finally, what fruit may be gathered by his country from the experiments of men and governments in past ages. These are the absolute and indispensable objects contemplated by the Consulship. But we have thus far limited ourselves to the 'bare necessities' of the office; let us go a step further.

XIV.

He is the protector of his *countrymen*, as well as of their general interests. Wherever American Consuls are found, there will be found their fellow-citizens, in the pursuit of gain, or intelligence, or pleasure; or it may be they are cast upon his charity by adversity. It is wasting words to say that the Consul who does his duty, will protect his fellow-citizens when they appeal to him for aid in a foreign country He will do something more, if he be a man worthy of his station. He will see that they travel or live in a foreign country, with the same security and peace, and that they are treated with all that respect, and allowed to enjoy all that liberty, which the most favored of its own subjects enjoy. Owing to their ignorance of the laws, the language, and the customs of the country, mistakes may often arise which, without timely explanation or interference, may involve them in serious difficulties, expense, and dangers—or it may frequently happen that the mistakes, the venality, the insolence, or the injustice

of civil officers, may expose them to a violation of those rights which are secured by international law, or the courtesy of civilized nations. If there be no Consul on the spot, or if he be a dilatory, ignorant, selfish, or interested man, or if his influence be small with the government near which he is stationed; or if, in a word, he be disqualified, by any circumstance whatever, from exercising his Consular trusts with fidelity, wisdom, and success, it is certain his countrymen can never carry on business, or reside, or even travel through that country, with safety.

He may feel all this, and in a measure do his prescribed duty; yet his work will be poorly done, however good his intentions may be, unless he inspires respect for his Government, his countrymen and himself, in the country where he dwells. All men, and particularly civil officers, always presume upon those for whom their superiors do not manifest respect; and the Consul whose ignorance, or ill-breeding, or immorality, or indiscretion, or dishonor, have lost for him that regard so essential to his success in all public undertakings, will find that neither the power of his Government, nor the prosperity of its commerce, nor the respectability of his fellow-citizens, can save him or them from a thousand insults and abuses they never would have presumed to practice, had he been a different man. I am quite certain the fair character and high standing of the Consul abroad, unaided by an Ambassador or Commercial Treaty, can do more for his country and its interests, than ambassadors and treaties can ever effect alone. Indeed, I am somewhat skeptical on the point of such commercial treaties as we have generally entered into. We should make better ones.

XV.

A good Consul, on the spot, is worth to the commerce of a country, more than all the treaties in the world. His vigilance is constant, his care unwearied; and by fidelity and wise management, he may win from even half-civilized Governments, by private influence, what would never have been conceded by treaty. Machiavelli declared: '*Il vero Ambasciatore é il Console*' (the Consul is the real Ambassador). Unless the Consul, by a fixed residence in a foreign country, comes to understand its real policy and interests better than the newly appointed Minister can understand them, he has failed in his duty. Almost every difficulty that finally ruptures the peace of nations, begins in some commercial question under the immediate province of the Consul. This is particularly true in our times, when *Commerce is King*. 'I fear no war,' said M. Guizot to me, 'except one that may grow out of commerce.' England and France adjusted peaceably, the Tahiti and Morocco affairs, which, less than twenty-five years ago, would have kindled a flame that would have set the world in a blaze. Why? 'We have come to the sensible conclusion,' said the *Times*, 'that a little spurious honor is worth less than a good many thousand bales of cotton.' '*Parbleu!*' says a French Gazette; 'do you think you can stuff it down our throats, as the Rouen *Fabricants* do *la gazeuse* that *le Consul Pritchard*, if we had him, would be worth a cargo of Lyons silk?'

There is more in all this, than words. *The Times* and *Le Journal des Debats* speak out the voice of universal civilization. Nations will hereafter fight for *the Commerce King*, and not for the whim of a corsetted, perfumed Louis Quatorze.

As long ago as Cardinal Mazarin's time, that wonderfully clear-sighted statesman declared, that no man could be a complete Ambassador, or Minister of a Cabinet, who had not been a good Consul.

XVI.

III.—LET US BRIEFLY CONTEMPLATE OUR PRESENT CONSULAR SYSTEM.—if, indeed, it be worthy of the name. In a word, then, the American Consul is often a foreigner, who knows little, and cares less about the country he represents; almost always a merchant, actively engaged in trade and speculations, which totally unfit him for the Consular office; never paid by his Government, and yet expected to maintain with dignity, an office which is only a bill of expense; his Consulate unfurnished with Books, Laws, or authorities to guide him in his official conduct, and yet every mistake rendering him liable to the displeasure of his Government; with all the responsibilities of the highest trust, with no portion of the honors, advantages, or emoluments which, in other nations, have been regarded as essential to such stations.

And yet his Government expects from him all attention to its interests, whatever may be his occupations; and his fellow-citizens consider him their property, to be disposed of as wants, pleasures, or caprices may dictate. A large number of his countrymen seem to think they may command the attentions of the Consul, as freely as the couriers, who attend them in their travels; that the simple fact of his holding an office under the Government lays him under such obligations. Consuls are not unfrequently burdened with perplexing commissions, purely of a private nature, which the traveler should by all means have committed to his agent, banker, or merchant; for they are always attended with more or less expense,

and often no little disturbance. In many instances, Consuls are subjected to expense on the receiving and franking of letters and parcels for their countrymen, greater than all their Consular fees. And yet much of this is for people they never saw, and who often have no disposition to reimburse sums. I have even known persons who had been troubling a Consul in this manner for several months, object to pay him his legal fees for a passport, and attempt to evade it. Now, far be it from me to suppose that the nature of the Consular office and the laws of courtesy do not require of the Consul every service to his countrymen it may be in his power to render; but I can conceive of no *claim* his fellow-citizen can have upon him, except for his official services.

XVII.

A Consular System, however, might and should be established, expressly for the advantage of American citizens abroad, and upon a basis which would give them a *right* to claim from their Consuls, all the attention and hospitality they could bestow. For this reason, I attach far less blame to those Americans abroad, who unconsciously increase the burdens of the Consul, than to the Government which has provided no remedy; for I have not seen one of my countrymen in Europe who did not feel that the Government was deeply to blame for these very evils. They know why a Consul should be sent abroad, and they suppose he is paid or maintained at his post for this purpose, till they discover their mistake.

Says an American Consul who writes me on this subject: 'The Consul is not only expected to find out his countryman in town, but call at his hotel, invite him to dinner, sending

a carriage—get him (in Italy) a box at the opera, free of expense, of course—spin street yarn with him for a day or more, as it may be, showing him the lions of the city, with just as much *gusto* as though he had not already seen them a thousand times, and be his humble servant for a week or ten days, taking drives out into the country, etc., etc.; and when he comes to go away, he is expected to *visè* his passport *gratis*, and even send it to his lodging. If he charge his $2—'Why! that man must be turned out.'

'The master of a vessel expects to call on his Consul, get legal advice, commercial information, defences before Tribunals of Commerce, and help in all his difficulties. He stays three weeks, and when he goes away, leaves two or three destitute seamen on the Consul's hands, whom he is bound by law of Congress to support. The Government requires him to aid those men, and often refuses to pay him his disbursements in doing it. Finally, when the Captain comes to weigh anchor, he goes up to the Consulate and refuses to pay anything more than '$4—for receiving and delivering his papers,' and he thinks even this an unreasonable charge. He's a hopeful subject you say. Yes, but a subject too often met with. * * * Well, next the Government, once in a few months, comes out with a circular, (which would be unnecessary if our Consular System was properly constructed, and Consuls did their duty,) calling for particular and minute information in regard to the productions and condition of the country, its foreign commerce and domestic manufactures, prices of labor in every department of industry, exports, imports, etc., etc. The next day he receives a letter from the 4th Auditor of the Treasury, informing him that his draft (sent with proper vouchers) for $125 53½ cts., being

sums disbursed for destitute and distressed seamen during the last year or six months, as the case may be, is *protested*. 'You are authorized by law to expend only twenty cents per day, Federal money, for distressed seamen.' A seaman is discharged from a vessel sick; he goes to a hospital—is destitute and naked—he must have clothes, and food, and lodging—he wants some little comforts—and yet twenty cents *per diem* is the allowance for this! And the Government has been known to protest Consuls' drafts even for twenty cents per diem, Federal money, for shipwrecked seamen, taken off shoals and reefs by fishermen, and the Consul recalled for—God knows what—and to cap the climax, a foreigner, who could not speak a word of English, appointed in his place.'

XVIII.

My correspondent may be guilty of a shade of extravagance—but so far as my observation goes, this is pretty nearly what Cotton Mather calls the 'living royal truth.' There are many exceptions, and even all such cases as these are but exceptions; for I can say for myself, that, from the great proportion of my countrymen I have seen abroad, I have experienced a degree of delicacy and good breeding which left upon my mind a sentiment of the highest respect; and I have been proud of more than one captain of a merchantman as one of my guests, when I numbered among them men who bore titles and orders of nobility. They were well-bred, good-mannered, and intelligent men. Such qualities (Americans profess at home) ought to entitle a man to admission to any circle—why not carry out this principle abroad, and be Americans still?

Sometimes the Government, through the influence of a

powerful friend, makes a Consul a *Chargé d'Affaires*, after he has served several years faithfully in his office. This is invariably the policy of other Governments, who seem to understand their own interests a good deal better in such respects than ourselves. But more commonly, after the Consul has gone to all the expense of establishing himself in a foreign country, and has just commenced a successful business, some broken-down politician goes to Washington, and the Consul is told he is no longer Consul—Postage on the valuable document unpaid.

Now let me ask any reasonable man what sort of a Consular System we are likely to have under these circumstances. He will answer without a moment's hesitation—'the very worst in the world,' and facts bear him out in his answer. It is quite certain there are not ten American Consulates in the world that will maintain a Consul even with the greatest economy; and the greater proportion of them do not even pay their own expenses. Their total receipts will not defray the expense of office, rent and stationery—to say nothing of a Secretary, and the incidental expenses of the Consulate. The evils that naturally flow from such a system are more numerous and more serious than any man supposes, who has not been a Consul.

XIX.

1. The office of a Consul is generally held by American *merchants* or *foreigners;* for, with few exceptions, no American who is qualified for such a station, will ask for, or accept an office which is only a bill of expense, except with a view of making his official standing contribute to his own speculations. There are many ports where an American

business cannot be supported, and, in such cases, those Consulates are filled by foreigners.

Some Consuls go abroad with exaggerated ideas of the emoluments of the office, and finding out their mistake, leave very soon; while many others are cheated out of their fees by the persons left in charge of the Consulate *ad interim*, or so discouraged by their representations that they abandon their posts. This is very common. Those whose private fortunes are adequate to their support, will not confine themselves for any length of time to the drudgery of a Consulship, and they who are so rich as not to care for the fees, are rich enough to travel, and they throw up their commissions. Some Consuls, who supposed their offices would at least with strict economy maintain them, and perhaps spent their all in getting to their stations, are sometimes too poor even to go home—like some of Carlyle's Chartists, '*too lean to rebel*,' —and they stay and get all they can out of their office,—exceed their lawful fees, and this they must do or starve—nor are they the only men 'the State makes dishonest.' Endless disputes and difficulties between masters, commercial houses, and the Consul, arise. The Consul is complained of, and perhaps turned out. It may be he deserved it; he did, most certainly, if he violated the law; and yet that same man may be much purer and better than the law itself. The poor consul is the slave of an unjust and unwise system.

Edward Livingston in 1833, while Secretary of State, called the attention of Congress to a Reform in our Consular System in an able Report, which, after all, seems to have had very little effect.

He says,—'In many, perhaps in the greater number of cases, the office is sought for, chiefly, for the advantages and

influence it will give to extend the commercial affairs of the officer. Can it be believed this influence will always be properly exercised? When it is, will not contrary suspicions be entertained? This must create jealousy, detraction, and all the arts that rivalship will exercise and provoke, amidst which the dignity of the public officer is degraded, and his influence with the foreign functionary lost.'

XX.

If he cherish the views and feelings I have before mentioned, of his country and his office, he will find it is enough to be a Consul, without spending eight or ten hours a day in his counting-room. But there is no little danger that in spite of himself, his own interests, or prejudices, or relations, will sway his judgment more or less in all his official conduct. A ship enters the port with a cargo of—no matter what. His own interests are to be seriously affected by the sale or consignment of that cargo. It must be so if he be a merchant, for commerce is a system of competition between man and man. Is it likely he will give the captain such information or advice as will most directly prejudice his own interests? For the information the captain wants is just the information the Consul will sacrifice his own interests by communicating. The captain has a difficulty with a merchant, and the case is carried to an arbitration or a judicial tribunal. Is it likely the Consul will give any advice or take any measures calculated to injure the interests or excite the animosity of the merchants, or the local authorities where he resides? His success in business is in a great degree dependent on the good will of these very same authorities and individuals. It is perfectly certain, too, that sooner or later disputes and difficulties will

arise, where he will fail in his official duty, or take part with the captain at the expense of his own personal popularity and influence. And how is he to act when he, as consignee, has a difficulty with his captain? Has he two identities—a Consular and a Mercantile one? No! The Judge, the Jury, the Counsel, the Witness, the Merchant, and the Consul, sit in the same chair! He can administer the oath to himself—examine and cross-examine himself—Why! the idea is enough to disturb the gravity of an Esquimaux Indian!

But what security is there that the Merchant-Consul is to be so pure, high-minded, and honorable a man? There are such I know, and I well know too, they are few. More than one Consul has been appointed who had become a bankrupt for a large amount at home, and left no very dubious character as a sinking-fund for his creditors. They hope in a foreign country to begin anew to court fortune—finally get consignments, and at last become rich. Some do. I might state facts that have fallen under my observation, bearing on this point, but my motives would not be understood. I might call some Consuls by name, who are merchants, and who are among the very best Consuls we have. But the odds on the other side are fearful. It is more commonly the case, that the Merchant-Consul utterly neglects his official duty to attend to his own affairs, and he finds a pretty good excuse in the fact that the government has conferred upon him no obligation, and can therefore look for no particular exertion, or expenditure of time or money in return.

But it is perfectly certain the Merchant-Consul will, in foreign countries, have little influence with the government to which he is accredited. By entering into business, he voluntarily gives up the station he might otherwise occupy, other

things being equal. Commerce is more than respectable, I well know; it is everywhere honorable; but in nearly all countries, although the merchant, as a merchant, may be often received in polite society, yet he does not expect to move in so high a circle as an official character. The merchant-Consul will find that he lowers his standing by entering actively into business, and this will appear wherever the experiment is made. Why not allow Ministers and Chargés d'Affaires to carry on business? An Ambassador could undoubtedly make money sailing ships, and a very insignificant Chargé might keep a very good shop of Yankee notions, which would most likely sell very well. But he would, at least, seem to be a very odd Chargé. Not unlikely his customers might indulge a smile at his expense, when he rode by in his lace, chapeau and sword, going to Court. And yet it is honorable to buy and sell goods. Oh, yes! Commerce is the great humanizer of mankind,—the agent of Civilization. Yes, all that—'but one thing at a time, if ye care for having things well done.' A Consul is not clothed with diplomatic powers. Generally he is not, (our Consuls I refer to,) but his office partakes more or less of the diplomatic character, and he is often called on to conduct the most important international affairs. His relative position to the Chargé d'Affaires, is the same the position of the latter to the Ambassador: and frequently the Consulate is more important than the Legation.

XXI.

The Consul may be, and often is, called on by the ministry of the Government, for information, for correspondence, for an audience with a sovereign—he not unfrequently presents commodores and commanders of national vessels to governors,

admirals, princes, and kings, and is often obliged to conduct some of the most difficult and delicate matters that arise between functionaries of governments. In all such cases the difference between the Consul who maintains his station and dignity, and is known to be a man of letters and polite education, and the common Consul-Merchant, will be found to be just great enough, to secure for one all the respect paid to a diplomatist, and the other all the attention a business man receives from the courtier. Although the former makes no pretensions, yet he is *a priori* considered to be a man of more elevated and liberal views, more polite education, more finished address, and more rich and extended learning.

In all European countries, where wide distinctions of rank exist, and where merchants mingle little with the first class, the Consul, who would otherwise naturally be found there, voluntarily cuts himself off from all such associations, by assuming the garb of an inferior class. The effect of it all will appear when an important crisis arrives, and great interests are committed to his hands. I need not enlarge here—every intelligent man understands this. Nor need I disclaim any fondness for European aristocracy, with its stupidity, its vulgarity, and its vice. I have too long been committed to other principles to be misunderstood. The whole thing is said in two words. The Merchant-Consul will be treated by everybody, from the king to the boatman, as a merchant, in all his applications, relations, and intercourse—the Consul, in the high sense of that term, will be treated as the representative of his country, whose lofty province it is, to watch over the interests of a great and respectable people.

XXII.

Let us look at the policy adopted by other nations. None of the great powers, and only a few of the smaller ones, suffer their Consuls to have anything to do with commercial speculations. They know the myriad evils that flow from a system we cling to so tenaciously, and they are careful to avoid them. They universally pay their Consuls salaries adequate to their support, and, in most instances, better than our *Chargés d'Affaires*. The fees of their offices generally go to the Government, and all causes of dispute and difficulty on this subject are removed. The title of their representatives is that of Consul-General, which gives them a higher grade than our own. A generous provision is made for the support of an efficient and respectable Chancery, a Vice-Consul, a Secretary, etc. A Consulate composed of a commodious suite of rooms, well furnished—a Library made up of all the valuable works on Law, Commerce and Diplomacy.

Under such a system, the office of a Consul becomes a desirable one, and is sought for by able and well educated, cultivated, and experienced men. Their Consuls make their pursuit a business—a profession. Before they are promoted to a Consul-Generalship, they must have served the requisite period in the lower grades, and become familiar with their duty. There is nothing less than an Ambassadorship for the foreign Vice-Consul to aspire to, and he is sure one day to come to the honor, if he display the requisite ability. It is regarded as the legitimate termination of the Consular and diplomatic career. Many of the ablest Ambassadors and Cabinet Ministers of Modern Europe, began their career as Vice-Consuls. They are never appointed without some quali-

fication, and they are never recalled unless guilty of maladministration, although they are shifted occasionally from place to place, for wise purposes. When they retire from their official career, they enjoy a generous pension, proportionate to the length and the character of their services.

They are endowed with all necessary powers for an efficient execution of justice between their countrymen, and there is no appeal from their decision except to the supreme tribunals of their country.

In fine, theirs is a profession filled with honor, and attended by a generous reward, which enables them to maintain a dignity corresponding with the rank of their country, and extend that hospitality to their countrymen which makes their houses the resort of enlightened and educated men.

XXIII.

The consequences that flow from such a system are natural. Foreign nations are represented with greater ability and dignity than ourselves. Their Consuls are treated with more honor, and their fellow-countrymen with more respect. Their Governments receive privileges, and concessions, and favors which are utterly denied to our own. While they are represented by a class of men who command great respect for the Governments that send them, we are frequently so represented, foreign Governments cannot feel much respect for us or our Institutions. They know the wretchedness of our System of foreign representation, and they know too, how easily they might be obviated. They perceive that our Government bestows not a thought on the subject—they conclude that the System is a fair representation of our country, and

how can they avoid coming to a conclusion exceedingly unfavorable to our reputation?

A better illustration perhaps could not be had of the superiority of other nations over us in this respect, than is found in Italy. For example—no place in Europe, of the same size, has so splendid a Consular representation as Genoa. The Consuls of most of the Great Powers, and many of the smaller States, are noblemen—some of them have been Chargés d'Affaires and Secretaries of Legation, at the first courts of Europe. Their salaries, with the perquisites of their offices, vary from $5,000 to $20,000 *per annum*. Many of these Consuls would in America be esteemed fit for foreign Embassies, and they would honor any country in the highest stations. They are prohibited from engaging in commerce—all their time is devoted to the duties of their office, to literature, and to society. They often pass whole months without seeing a vessel of their own flag. Indeed, in some instances, no direct commerce at all is carried on between Genoa and the States they represent. And yet those nations esteem it essential to their true interests, to maintain in such places highly respectable Representatives, and men are appointed who reflect great credit upon their country.

Few nations have more commerce with Genoa than our own, and yet the fees of that Consulate will not defray the expense of a Secretary, and the rent of an office! Is it any wonder, that up to 1841, during the short period of four years, the Consulate passed through *five* different hands—three of whom were foreigners; nor that after I left the office it went through three hands in twelve months?

XXIV.

2. Another great evil, is the appointment of foreigners to the Consular office. In a great number of instances, I am aware, none but foreigners could be found to accept such posts. They are not desirable places of residence—there is no motive for an American to go there, unless it may be for commercial pursuits, and the consequence is, that the office is filled either by a merchant or a foreigner. It is certainly a beggarly business, for a great and powerful Republic to degrade itself so far, as to ask a foreigner to be generous enough to pay out of his own pocket, the expense of maintaining a representative of her Government abroad, expressly for the benefit of her own citizens—when those very citizens would not accept such a post themselves. I think it requires no argument to prove that no foreigner, under any circumstances, should ever hold office under our Government. *By foreigner, I mean, of course, a man who owes allegiance to a foreign power.* Sooner or later, questions will come before the Consul, whose decision might perplex even an American civilian. And I do not conceive there is any great probability, that a man who has been born and educated under totally different institutions, and spent most of his life in foreign countries, is likely to possess that knowledge of our Laws, and Constitution, and Commerce, which will qualify him to be the guardian and the magistrate of our country.

I am equally well persuaded that a mere commercial education, however enlightened or full of experience, can never qualify a man for the able discharge of Consular functions. All this is necessary, absolutely so; but without a thorough knowledge of, at least, the established principles of Common

Law, I do not understand how the Consul is to discharge his duty in any involved or difficult question. If he *must* dispense with commercial or legal knowledge, let him give up the former, by all means; for his higher or more responsible province lies in the application of the principles of law and of equity in his official conduct. But he should be wanting in neither of these two great branches of knowledge. He should be familiar with the Law of Nations, and the art of Diplomacy. For every occurrence that brings him or his countrymen into collision with other nations, or with the officers of state, involves some one or more great principle or precedent, now regarded as one of the established maxims of International Law, or courtesy.

XXV.

Who ever heard of Great Britain asking a foreigner to hold an office for her? John Bull ask another dog to watch his fold? Not he! This is one of the good things in the exclusiveness and pride of England. This is the spirit that has borne her to the top of the world. And what is her policy?

In the most distant port of the most barbarous nation, where no American would accept a Consulship,—thereby excluding himself from Christendom, from enlightened society, and the charities of home,—England sends an intelligent, educated, experienced man, and maintains him with dignity. His business is to serve his country; he is sent to his post for that purpose; he is well paid for doing it; and his work is well done. This is one of the principal reasons why that tremendous Power is so universally dreaded. She is everywhere present, and no man or nation can tread upon the folds of her mantle, without finding time to regret his folly.

Very well, John Bull! I like you for it. Your pride sticks

to you like life to the adder's tail, and it will make you glorious, like old Rome, even in your decay. It has made you what you are. It makes you very disagreeable, but it makes you great.

XXVI.

3. The duties, the rights, the powers, and the responsibilities of our Consuls are not fully or clearly defined. Consuls, when they receive their commissions, are furnished with a small Tract called 'Instructions to Consuls,' but no Consul can gain much light from those meagre instructions on any point of doubt or difficulty, and such points are continually arising. What is he to do in such cases? The Consul looks through his archives to find light: for nothing is more natural than that provision should be made for every chancery of the government, of all those aids and authorities that may be needed in discharging official duties. But he looks in vain. He cannot find a copy of the Treaty of Commerce in force between his government and the one to which he is accredited —he cannot find the Laws of his country—not even the Constitution of the United States! What is to be done? He is perplexed and disturbed, and he does as well as he can—sometimes he is right—just as likely, however, he is wrong.

'But who shall blame him?' said Mr. Livingston; 'no man can be expected to make brick without straw. We offer the Consul no facilities for the high discharge of his duty, and unless a mal-disposition appears in the officer, we must not rebuke him for doing as well as he could.'

This is a frank confession, and our successive administrations have felt themselves obliged to overlook many mistakes of our Consuls, and some of them of a serious nature, which they never would have pardoned in other officers of the govern-

ment. These Consular Instructions are not only deficient in minuteness, but they are not even clear as far as they go.

Again: these Instructions inform the Consul that he has no judicial power or authority. If this be strictly true, the Consul has no authority of any kind. His decisions are biding upon no one: the Alpha and Omega of his office and dignity is that of a *Counselor*, who can give advice, but never exercise authority. Let us cite a case. A brutal fight takes place on board an American vessel in the port of Genoa. A violent, bloody seaman falls upon a quiet, inoffensive companion, bites off a lip and two ears, and nearly kills him. The laws of Sardinia do not interfere, if there be an American Consul in the port. The crime has taken place (at least this point is conceded by courtesy, if not by right) on the high seas, and does not fall under the jurisdiction of the local authorities. The captain appeals to the Consul: 'I can't have this man on board my ship, sir. He has nearly killed one man, and wounded others, and he says he will take the life of any one who offers him any resistance. Here I am in a foreign port; the laws require me to appeal to my Consul in such cases, and I wish you to notice the case.'

What is the Consul to do? He has no judicial power! Not even the authority of a common Justice of the Peace! Human life may be sacrificed—violence perpetrated—and yet, on a strict interpretation of the 'Instructions,' the Consul has no authority to interpose. These same instructions declare that an American seaman cannot be imprisoned in a foreign port! And yet they are imprisoned every day, and will be as long as there are men among them who deserve it. The Consul must either put a liberal construction upon all such clauses, or throw up his commission, or else adopt the

only safe course, and the one recommended to me by a very distinguished judge of our country. 'Exercise, with discretion, just as much authority as is necessary to secure justice between man and man; and the higher Courts will bear you out in it, whatever may be the decisions of the Department of State.'

XXVII.

What is to be done in the following case? A captain of a merchant vessel—such cases sometimes occur to my own knowledge—attempts to leave a foreign port without paying his honest debts, or even his port charges! No Consul, who has firmness, and a sense of justice, and a proper regard to the reputation of his country, will allow that master to go, until he has fulfilled his obligations—particularly as he is himself, in some instances, responsible for the payment of the port charges, and must pay them if the captain does not. Who would pretend to say there is any justice or law either, in a Consul's tacitly consenting to such a base and dishonest proceeding?

Once a master of a merchant vessel made such an attempt. He knocked an honest tradesman over the side of his vessel, for going on board to demand the payment of a just bill. He sent up to the Consulate for his papers, saying he would pay the Consular bill and port charges at his consignee's. I complied with his request. When the Secretary laid his papers down in the counting-room of the merchant, the captain seized them up, hurried down to his ship, and attempted to escape. What was to be done? Why, every just man on earth will say he ought to be stopped. I did stop him, and I had to do it by force. I do not know whether I kept myself 'in the limits of the Law,' and, I must confess, it was a matter upon

which I bestowed little solicitude. He was doing wrong—violating every principle of justice. I happened to be the only person who could stop him, and I exercised just authority enough to do it. I afterwards learned that this same man had attempted the same thing in several other foreign ports, and succeeded.

Cases are every day arising of disputes, difficulties, and violences between seamen and officers and masters of our merchant vessels, where the greatest degree of injustice is sure to prevail towards some of the parties, without the interposition of the Consul. And yet this cannot be done without the exercise of authority; and although the law declares such authority is not vested in a Consul, yet the Supreme Court has confirmed many such decisions, and the Government itself has practically acknowledged the justice of such proceedings.

But still a great number of questions in regard to Consuls has never been contemplated by our law, or definitely decided by our courts. As often as these questions arise, the same doubts are to be solved, and the same difficulties overcome by each Consul for himself; and disputes, and insults, and injustice, and injuries grow out of these sources of confusion, which clothe the administration of a Consulship with the most serious embarrassments, and almost destroy its efficacy. Indeed, our Consular System is not a system. Each Consul is obliged to make a system for himself;—and its wisdom, its justice, and its efficacy must depend upon the intelligence, the firmness, and the integrity of the Consul.

I will close this point by three remarks, to which I think no exception will be taken. First, there is not an American merchant, nor an American master, nor an American seaman, who is not disgusted with the wretched system, and who would

not rejoice in a change. Second, there is not an American Consul [unless a merchant] who will not join with them. Third, our commerce is laboring under embarrassments which can never be removed, until we have organized an efficient and well-regulated Consular Establishment.

XXVIII.

IV.—WHAT SYSTEM SHALL WE ADOPT? I would not assume the qualifications for so arduous a task as the construction of a Consular establishment suited to the wants of our commerce, and the spirit of our country. When such a work is achieved, it will not be the work of one man, however wise he may be in counsel, or ripe in experience. The experience and the wisdom of all who can contribute to such a labor should be enlisted.

It might not be a bad commencement, to solicit contributions from citizens eminently qualified for such a task. Such is often the course adopted by foreign States. Prizes are awarded by European sovereigns for luminous dissertations upon matters that demand the attention of the state; and there is perhaps no policy more worthy of the adoption of governments. An almost necessary preparatory step would be, an order from the Secretary of State to all our Consuls, to prepare, within a given space of time, a Historical Table, showing the progress of American Commerce, with every country in the world. These tables can be made out by consulting the Consular Archives, where they have been properly kept, (if, indeed, we have one such Consulate, which is exceedingly doubtful,) by examinations of the Custom House Records, and Archives of foreign nations, files of Commercial Gazettes, works on Commerce, and intercourse with intelli-

gent men. Each Consul should also be required to prepare a statement of the practical operation of the present system in all its aspects.

These Reports should be published and submitted to the people for discussion, and referred, with all the essays, propositions, and *raisonnements* that may be offered, to an able body of Congressional Commisioners, furnished with every possible facility for doing their work well, and, after mature deliberation, a full and luminous Report should be digested and submitted to Congress, with a plan for a new Consular System.

If any one of the different propositions already offered to Congress should be adopted, great advantages would immediately flow to our commerce—for all these plans have, I believe, contemplated the most essential points. But all of them, I am inclined to think, have been deficient in some respects. I have had occasion to learn that there would probably be little difference of of opinion among our non-commercial Consuls, or commercial, or even sea-faring men in regard to the following points:—

XXIX.

1. A Consular System should be adopted totally different from the present, in all its distinguishing features.

2. Consuls should be paid salaries adequate to their support, and an appropriation should be made for an outfit, for the pay of Vice-Consuls, and Secretaries and Clerks; and this sum should be sufficient to maintain the Consul in a manner corresponding with the rank of his country, and the dignity of his station.

3. They should be clothed with all necessary authority for a firm and efficient execution of justice, in all cases that may

arise in foreign countries, affecting the interests, or the reputation of our citizens or government.

4. Every Consul should be provided with a well-regulated *Chancery*, which would require a Vice-Consul, (appointed by himself, with the advice and consent of the President or Senate,) a Library, made up of all the standard works on Law, Commerce, and Diplomacy—the necessary furniture, etc., etc.

5. His powers, his rights, his responsibilities, his duties, his qualifications, and his privileges, should all be clearly and fully defined, and no modification or change should be introduced, but by the direct action of Congress.

6. He should be prohibited from engaging actively or passively, in any commercial or business operation, and every violation of his instructions should be followed by a peremptory recall.

7. Consular fees should be few, and clearly defined, and all go to the Government.

8. The necessary grades of Consular rank should be established. In the chief port or capital of every kingdom or state, a Consul-General should be appointed, of diplomatic rank, endowed with a limited control over the Consuls and Vice-Consuls under the same Government. This would dispense with the necessity of appointing Chargés d'Affaires. In those countries where we send *Ministers*, the Consul-General should still hold the same rank, and be subjected in a proper degree to the Minister—but this dependence should not infringe upon any of his rights or privileges, and his responsibilities should still remain the same.

9. No person should be appointed to the office of a Consul-General, who had not served three years as a Consul. He

should also be able to write and speak French, and the language of the country to which he is sent. He should also be a citizen of the United States.

10. In connection with the Consular Establishment, Commercial Agents should be appointed, whose sole occupation should be to gather commercial information for the use of the Government. We have seldom had such officers, and yet, in their sphere, they are quite as useful as Consuls. At the great meeting of Zollverein in 1843, thirteen commercial agents of Great Britain were on the spot! One American was there by accident, and, at the time, the only traveling commercial agent of the United States, I think, in the world. Is it to be supposed our Congress can be well informed on the commercial condition, policy, and relations, of foreign countries, when no more pains are taken to gather commercial information? They must be close students, indeed, to know much about these matters, if they rely upon newspapers, or commercial treatises, or books of travel. My own observation has convinced me that upon commercial information gathered in that way, very little reliance can be placed. The price of stocks, and the fluctuations of trade may be pretty accurately known from such sources—but what has our Government to do with all this in regulating its foreign policy? The information the statesman wants for his guidance in public deliberations, is more important and more extended; nor is it to be gained from published documents, or acquired without great labor and careful investigation on the spot.

XXX.

It is really too humiliating to contemplate the insensibility of our Government to these great interests. True, we are

prosperous and powerful, and our commerce is rapidly extending—and our public men seem to think this is enough. It would be well to consider how much of all this prosperity is to be attributed to the wisdom of our policy, and the vigilance of our public men, and how much of it we can trace to the spirit of adventure and shrewd speculation which characterizes our people. For this is what has borne us on in our rapid career of advancement, in spite of the protection and the folly of our Government.

Why! instances of the violation of the rights of our citizens in foreign countries, might be quoted without number, which have probably never come to the knowledge of the Government, or been listened to only to be forgotten. Our travelers can tell of most flagrant cases of this description, of which they have been either the observers or the victims, and we read of them every day in the newspapers.

I never heard of our Government bestowing any attention on such cases. Many of our Consuls have assured me they are tired of communicating anything to the Government; for they seldom receive any reply to their communications, and they find it is best to let things take their own course! I must confess, such a conclusion is the result of my own Consular experience.

The blame of all this cannot be laid upon the people, for such facts are slow in coming to their knowledge. It is the business of their public servants, whom they have chosen for no other reason than to take care of their interests while they are cultivating the soil, making every valley ring with their machinery, and sending their vessels to sea. But it has been too true, for a long time, that many of our public men have been too busy to attend to the interests of the people;—too

much time has been spent in political struggles, which only corrupted the nation. Any measure that met with the favor of partizans was debated day after day, week after week; and Congress has often been a theatre of low and offensive discussion and conflict, which has brought us into contempt, all over the world.

XXXI.

To win the favor of a party, or a clique, millions have been coolly voted away, for purposes that never would have met with the approbation of the people; while, under the pretext of economy, lighthouses have been extinguished along our coast, to save a few gallons of oil, and the merchantman left without a protector, when she went laden with her precious cargo to a distant port. Many thousand dollars more than was necessary have been paid, year after year, for printing public documents that were carted away to the lumber rooms of the Capitol; while half that sum could not be given to adorn that noble edifice with the choicest library for sale in Europe, and a petty German Prince takes it away, while three hundred Representatives of 'the best educated people in the world' are voting it would be of little service to America, as most of the Books and MSS. are in foreign languages. Such is the very reason why it should have been bought, for we have long had nearly all the Books in our own language worth possessing; and it is time our Scholars, and Cabinets, and Senators, and Jurists should consult the Literature, the History, the Science and the Laws of other nations.

XXXII.

I feel humbled at the necessity which so often forces me into a comparison of ourselves with foreign nations; but it is

a comfort at least to feel that I am not to blame for it, and I never will be. Let us once more allude to the wakeful, the everlasting vigilance of British Cabinets. The British people hold every Cabinet responsible for all that is done throughout the world, during their administration. Parliament votes money to sustain a noble and efficient Diplomatic and Consul corps, and the people hold the Cabinet responsible to take care that they are well represented. If an Ambassador or a Consul fails in his duty, the minister must give an account of it. If a British subject is treated with injustice or indignity, he appeals at once to the nearest Representative of his country, and is sure to receive reparation; and the minister is called to account if this be not done. This is as it should be, for when the means of accomplishing a public good are committed to a public agent, let him pay the penalty of his folly or neglect. Besides, Parliament never complains of a minister for spending money, whenever he shows that by it he rendered a service to his country. No agent of Great Britain ever had a bill protested, when he was able to show that he had incurred the expense in advocating any public interest, in securing justice for any British subject, in saving from disgrace, or in covering with honor the British name, in procuring any information which even a remote possibility might make useful, in throwing any new light upon History, or Science, or Art. Lord Melbourne's ministry sent Dr. Bowring through the East, and all along the shores of the Mediterranean, with a *carte-blanche*, to look after the interests of the British Empire. He was gone several years, and filled one of the noblest missions ever committed to a statesman and a scholar. He scoured every country he went through, and made himself perfectly familiar with the policy, the history,

the resources, the statistics of every nation he visited. Everything that could throw light over history, or commerce, or agriculture, or manufactures, or the mechanic or fine arts; everything that could contribute to enlighten the Cabinet in their movements or policy, in regard to any question that could ever concern their interests at home or abroad, was the object of his deepest solicitude, his most earnest endeavors, his most untiring efforts. Every facility the government could furnish him was put into his hands. In every country he visited, he employed the ablest men to aid him in his investigations. At one time several hundred of the most efficient men in Europe, Asia, Africa, and the Islands of the Mediterranean, were at work for him. All the materials brought together by this all-pervading, all-searching, all-powerful machinery, were analyzed, condensed, and clearly prepared for the use of the government. And, to the praise of the British Parliament and the British People, an appropriation was made, not only to cover the enormous expense of this noble mission, but generously to reward the agent himself. The British people, saw few immediate practical results to justify all this expenditure; but they knew the Archives were enriched by the mission. Several years have gone by, and its fruits are now palpable. It made the British Government familiar with every question that concerned their interests, in a large portion of the world. It enabled them to adopt a subtle and refined policy towards many governments—it gave them several valuable treaties, which opened new channels of trade, and gave them control of ports, and harbors, and fortifications—put them in possession of that kind of intelligence which enabled them to give enlightened and minute instructions to all their public agents—to deal a bold and sudden

blow in any quarter—in a word, to use the language of one of the most enlightened Diplomatists of Great Brtitain (Lord Erskine,) 'That mission,' he once said to me at Genoa, 'was worth more to any one of the great interests of England than it cost; and its final results no man can measure, for they will last till the end of time.' He added, too, 'It has always been a matter of great surprise to me that your government pays no more attention to your foreign interests. You choose foreigners or merchants for your Consuls, and you recall all your Ambassadors before they have had time to get ready to be of any service to your country, Lord Erskine spoke from personal knowledge. Experience will one day teach us wisdom.

XXXIII.

FINALLY:—I will offer but one more suggestion, and I doubt not it will be adopted by our Government at no distant day. It has been found a necessary provision in nearly all other States, particularly in Republics and Commonwealths.

THERE SHOULD BE A SECRETARY, OR BOARD OF COMMERCE established at the Seat of Government, to whom all commercial questions and interests should be committed. Similar arrangements have been found necessary in our Navy, and I believe experience has proved, that the different *Bureaux* have added no little efficiency to our Marine. I am persuaded still greater advantages would flow from the adoption of something like it in connection with Commerce.

Such a Department should have the executive control of the entire Consular System. Consuls should pass an examination before them as rigid as that of the Naval officer before our Naval Boards, and their acquiescence be necessary in their appointment to the same extent. All the official correspon-

dence of Consuls and Commercial Agents should be carried on with this Department, which should prepare periodical Reports for every Congress, embracing all the information thus contributed—audit all Consular accounts for sums disbursed for destitute and distressed seamen, franking and freight of official packages, etc., etc.

Such a Board or Department would find a plenty of occupation; and the advantages to be derived from it could hardly be over-estimated. Their *surveillance* would impart inconceivable efficiency to our Consular Establishment, and their Statistical Reports pour illumination over all our public councils. A spirit of liberality should pervade the new system, and a generous sum allowed to Consuls for purchasing commercial documents and tables, maps and charts, for surveys of harbors and coasts—new works on the sciences and arts—models of inventions, samples of manufactures, improvements in mechanism, natural curiosities, etc. These might be distributed through Public Departments, Institutions and Libraries, etc., and in a few years we should have some of the most valuable galleries of this kind in the world.

Such a spirit has prevailed in the Navy Department; and the enlightened gentlemen who have controlled it, have now the gratitude and esteem of all our citizens who appreciate the benign effects of such beautiful aids to the Lights of Science and general intelligence. This spirit belongs to the genius of our Institutions, and ought to characterize *all* our National Councils. This was the spirit that gave birth to all our Exploring Expeditions, which have done so much for the science, commerce, and honor of the Nation.

XXXIV.

I hope such enterprises will emanate frequently from our Government. Their advantages cannot be estimated by any pecuniary calculation—interests inconceivably more grand are promoted—love of science and truth diffused among the people—a noble display of that enlightened policy that ought to characterize nations, offered to the contemplation of foreigners, and a spirit inflamed in all ranks of society, that would contribute to the preservation of our social and political virtue, and the perpetuation of our free Constitution. Few sovereigns have ever displayed the same liberality as the Italian Republics of the Middle Ages or the Commonwealths of Antiquity—and have not the friends of Liberal principles, throughout the world, who are watching the workings of our Political System with great and anxious interest, reason to expect that we shall as far surpass former Republics in our patronage of all that can contribute, in the Arts and the Sciences, to the diffusion of public light and virtue, as we are believed to have outstripped them in our rapid career of advancement?

Legislators are mistaken, if they suppose their constituents to be opposed to such a spirit. Every generous act of this kind has been greeted with joy by the country—every public man who has given it his support, and every President who, in his appointments, has been mindful of the services literary and scientific men have rendered to the country, has won golden opinions from all classes. Nor is it unworthy the consideration of our chief men, to remember, that the display of such a spirit wins for them a warm and enthusiastic support, from that powerful class of our citizens, who have with-

drawn from the vortex of political struggle, to devote themselves to the elegant pursuits of Art and Literature. This number is small, I am aware, but rapidly increasing. Their influence, however, is not to be measured by their numbers. They are the moulding power of the nation—by their writings, addresses, correspondence and conversations, they put forth an influence to which no limits can be assigned in any direction it takes its way. Shall not our Republic receive the services of its best educated men?

THE END

DEC 13 1939

[redacted]

[redacted]